MEMOIR OF

REV. GEORGE T. DAY.

1868

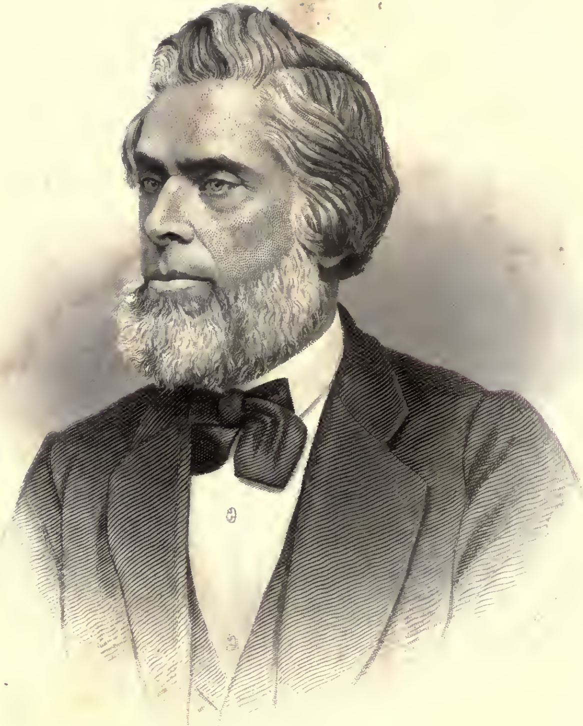
THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

350
Ko

Reconstruction

Lee

127



Truly Yours,
Geo. T. Day

M. M. Fraser
From C—

MEMOIR

OF

GEORGE T. DAY, D. D.

MINISTER AND EDITOR:
1846—1875.

see 27 -
148 -
143

BY

WILLIAM H. BOWEN, D.D.

DOVER, N. H.:
FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
1876.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by
I. D. STEWART,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BX
6379
D33B67

TO

THE YOUNG MEN

OF THE DENOMINATION OF WHICH HE

OF WHOM WE WRITE

WAS A MOST HELPFUL AND EFFICIENT SERVANT,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

WITH A DEVOUT DESIRE THAT IT

MAY FURNISH QUICKENING AND ENCOURAGEMENT

FOR THEIR OWN CHRISTIAN SERVICE,

BY THE

AUTHOR.

550389

PREFACE.

The preparation of this memoir of my early spiritual guide and my latest counsellor, has been invested with the sacredness of duty and love.

Dr. Day left no sketch of his life, — not even a record or notes of the most important events of it. His private correspondence, in those forms which lay open the sanctuary of the inner life, was very limited; that which is found upon these pages, so rich in Christian experience, so characteristic, leaves us ardently longing for more.

The first sermon, of those inserted, is the only one found in MS. which has not been already published, except two or three belonging to the earliest years of his ministry. We have attempted to represent his pulpit work, therefore, chiefly by selecting from the multitude of such brief sketches as he usually carried to the pulpit, some of "The tops of thoughts" written in the quietude of his study. These appear as, "Studies of the Word and Life." While we regret that they must partially take the place of pithy, electric utterances thrown off under the inspiration of the hour of delivery, yet we hope that these brief sentences which suggested the living utterance, or often constituted it, will go far toward renewing and preserving valuable impressions of by-gone Sabbath hours. We have also, in the same chapter, given numerous extracts from his editorials in the *Morning Star*.

The peculiar value of his characteristic letters from abroad, specially emphasize many expressed wishes for their insertion. All his lectures, — excepting "Across the Desert," and "Europe," the chief features of which are given in his foreign letters, — are found in these pages.

The difficulties arising in our task from the absence of usual materials for a memoir among Dr. Day's papers, have been greatly relieved by the cheerful and valuable help rendered by many who, more or less intimately, were associated with his life.

We have aimed to exhibit his character and work to the fullest extent possible within the limits of a single volume. We have endeavored to do this in such a way that, in accordance with the meaning of his whole life, they should be full of helpful ministries to mind and heart, that his "works" may "follow him." Not the least welcome and durable of those "works" will be that which he will continue to perform by his words recorded for hearts bowed in affliction. As we have trodden the old familiar ways anew with our father in Israel, another presence hath accompanied us; for, in the same month in which he ascended, one who, in the fullness of his loving, sunny boyhood, used to call him "Papa Day," entered one of the "many mansions."

If this memoir shall create in the hearts of readers who had not the rare privilege of his personal acquaintance, a sense of loss because they did not know him; — if, especially, it shall suggest to his friends, or enable them to supply, those nameless, inexpressible graces which each holds peculiar and dearest, the most ardent wish of the author will be satisfied.

Lewiston, Me., Dec. 20, 1875.

CONTENTS.

I.

PAGE.
YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD - - - - - 11

II.

IN THE MINISTRY: Grafton, Chester, Olneyville - - 35

III.

IN THE MINISTRY: Providence. Letters - - - 76

IV.

EDITORIAL LIFE - - - - - - - - 127

V.

MEMORIALS of his Death and Character - - - 160

VI.

RECREATION in Europe and the East - - - - 196

VII.

STUDIES OF THE WORD AND LIFE - - - - 241

VIII.

SERMONS AND LECTURES:

I. Religious Prosperity - - - - - - 294
II. Christ's Vital Relations to Men - - - - 319
III. Christianity: Our Help and Hope - - - - 344
IV. The Bright and Dark Sides of Life - - - 372
V. Public Opinion - - - - - - - 383
VI. Crusades and Crusaders - - - - - 399
VII. Anglo-Saxon: The Old and the New - - - 416

GEORGE TIFFANY DAY.

I.

YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

1822—1847.

ON the eighth of December, 1822, a new-born child was welcomed to a home of piety and love, in the town of Concord, now Day, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

He was the fifth son and tenth child of Benjamin and Cynthia (Kent) Day. Other Georges had entered life with greater earthly advantages, certainly, to help answer the question, "What manner of child shall this be?" He owned no illustrious ancestry, nor family name honored even in decay. No delicate training, nor luxurious shielding from rough, unkindly influences awaited his steps. But intellectual power and royal gifts refuse to enter no cottage, however humble, nor avoid the dwellings of poverty.

At three years of age, he showed unusual aptitude of mind in learning and reciting stanzas of poetry, and some entire Psalms. When three and a half years old, he removed with his parents to Hope, in the town of Scituate, R. I., where he spent nearly two years. At five years of age, George was sent with the older children, to work in the cotton mill, his little help in contributing to family support being deemed necessary.

For several years his time was divided between the mill and the school. Often, however, he worked until nine o'clock in the morning, returning to the mill at the close of school in the afternoon. The days of labor at that period were strangely long and wearisome; beginning, the year round, with the earliest light, and closing at eight o'clock at night, in the fall and winter, and at sunset in spring and summer. It was not uncommon to find children of that tender age, even more closely confined to the mill than he.

Removing from Hope to Hebronville, Mass., and thence, after two years, to Kent, now Lebanon, Mass., the family remained together until October, 1834, just preceding George's twelfth birthday, when his mother, for whom he possessed a most ardent affection, died. Thirteen of her fourteen children survived her. His father died about eight years after.

The mother keeps the home for the children's returning footsteps and love, and when she passes away, the wide world claims them. With three other members of the family, George left home for work in the mill at Lonsdale, R. I., soon after his mother's death. Here he remained, with the exception of a few months, until he was eighteen years of age. While at Kent he attended school for a short time only. After removing to Lonsdale, his school - days were interrupted altogether.

His parents were members of the Congregational church in Hebronville. Amid poverty and the cares of so large a household, they conscientiously carried forward the religious training of their children. They insisted, with the strictness of an earlier time, upon the observance of religious duties. The catechism and Scriptures furnished tasks to be learned on Sunday. One of the reminiscences of his boyhood, is of a Sunday when he was left at home by his father, with the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm to be committed to memory and recited before sunset. He regularly attended Sunday school at Hebronville, previous to his mother's death. Before his sixth birthday he was sprinkled by Rev. Thomas Williams, pastor of the Congregational church at H.

His mature estimate of the value and wisdom of this form of early discipline, finds this expression:—"There is certainly much to commend in the earnestness with which our New England ancestry sought to indoctrinate the youth of their charge. They believed the sentiments taught in the catechism as fundamental in practical religion, as is education in a popular government. To reject the 'Westminster Confession of Faith,' seemed to them equivalent to a rejection of God's plan of saving the soul. Their faith was practical, and their conviction expressed itself in action. They felt that their duty was done only when they had securely deposited within the store - house of their children's intellects, that whole digest of theology; and then they waited for religion to spring up from the soil which their training had prepared.

"Nor was their labor in vain. It may sometimes have cramped the intellect by repressing its inquiries, and curtailing its rational freedom. It may sometimes have increased the tendency to fling the charge of heresy at every dissatisfied inquirer, and begotten such a tendency where it was not before. The doctrines of divine appointment and providence, may have sometimes weakened the feeling of individual obligation, and induced a few daring minds, unable to reconcile the statements with philosophy or consciousness, to plunge boldly into skepticism. After all, that early training operated powerfully as a conservative force in the moral life of that early time; and aided in nurturing and developing elements of character that have done much to make whatever is valuable in American mind and American institutions. It kept alive a solemn reverence for God, for truth, for sacred things, for duty, for moral heroism, for the civil magistracy, for age and for order."*

The religious training was answered by this large number of children, without exception, by lives of virtue and positions of respectability.

Martin Cheney, pastor of the F. Baptist church at Olneyville, in labors most abundant and self-denying, unable to confine his work to his immediate field, answered frequent and earnest calls for his labors in neighboring towns and villages. Many were thus brought under the influence of the Gospel who had never else heard it. He was accustomed to visit, among these outposts of labor, the village of Lonsdale, at the invitation of some families who had removed thither from Olneyville. Indications of unusual interest induced him to commence a series of meetings in the beginning of the winter of 1839—40. His hopes of a revival were not disappointed, a number being brought to Christ.

---

*Life of Martin Cheney, p. 15.

The religious interest had almost lost its special power, and still George, who had attended the meetings with some regularity, seemed entirely unmoved. The final result is given in his own words: "One day I was meditating upon the matter. The question was asked me: 'Are you willing to live longer such an ungrateful life?' I pondered, I decided. 'Will you live hereafter in obedience to God?' Another season of reflection, and the last decision was made. Only an hour had passed, and I felt that I was in a new relation to God, entering upon a new life." His attention had been arrested by a sermon from Mr. Cheney on the text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This process of calm, intellectual reflection and decision, which characterized his conversion, was reproduced to no small extent in the experience of many whom he led to Christ. Though his appeals from the pulpit, and in private, lacked somewhat in the emotional element, they stirred hearts profoundly. It was his conviction that the better way to radically affect the life and secure continued and abundant fruitage for the Master, was to reach the heart chiefly through the intellect. The large spiritual results of his ministry, and their permanency, go far to prove the correctness of his theory. Many can recall the earnest pleading, the apt illustrations, the cogent reasoning, and the loving, brotherly interest with which he attempted to draw their love and life to his own Helper and Redeemer. As one who could not be denied for Christ's sake, he entered the lists in behalf of wayward, straying souls, to help them win the great battle of life.

In his own case, the fruitage showed the genuineness of his faith and the fullness of his consecration. His conversion, occurring in 1840, in the spring following his seventeenth birthday, gave significance and direction to his entire future.

At five years of age he had read with great eagerness and intelligent comprehension, every book which the library of his Sunday school could furnish; but years of severe toil greatly diminished this love of books, and straitened pecuniary circumstances could not allow food for its growth. Special encouragement to learning which others might have supplied, being wanting, the physical prostration incident to his labors, and the demands of a growing body for recreation being especially exacting, little trace of that early thirst for knowledge seems to have appeared in the interval between his twelfth and seventeenth years. Ambition took new and surprising directions; the better and higher aims were held in abeyance, and there seemed to be little promise of a high and noble manhood.

His life was kept, however, from gross vices. Amid all his wildness and seeming recklessness in the companionship of low associates, he never was known to make religion, either in its professors or its claims, the subject of joke or sarcasm. "When I was tempted to use profane words, like some of my companions, I always seemed to feel the pressure of my mother's hand as it used to rest in boyhood upon my head as she commended me nightly to God in prayer," is his touching testimony to the maternal influence which never left his spirit. As it was the earliest influence, so it was the latest, to which he responded. It was recognized all through the waywardness, and the consecration, and the vicissitudes of his life. It was upon him in his last public address delivered at the Anniversary of the Free Baptist Woman's Mission Society, Oct., 1874. The tenderest, sweetest portion of that address was a tribute to the virtues and life of that mother whose tones earliest evoked his own, and which sang themselves all through his life, to burst out in notes of devotion and praise, in this his own dying song.

He speaks of her as the "meek and saintly spirit that lighted our early home with piety and love, even now acting on our hearts freely, sweeping all its chords with strange power, though it be many years since she obeyed the summons, 'come up higher.'" As, in the closing hour of a most busy and trying week, he summoned his flagging energies to the fulfillment of a promised service in behalf of womanhood in India, that motherly patience and self-denial, sensitive love and thoughtful tenderness seemed to culminate in his own spirit, imparting to it a chastened dignity and a mellow luster which impressed his audience as on no previous occasion.

The tenderest spirits are strongest, and often yearn for the grander exhibitions of God's nature, and most freely respond to their power. With the spell of the holy influences of the evening before still upon him, he preached Sunday morning from the words: "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God. . . . . ." It was an effort of surpassing power, magnificent in imagery and reach of thought, full of devotion and fidelity to a love better to him than life. It was fittingly his last sermon.

We are aware of digression from the special promise of this chapter, but the grouping of events may sometimes most fittingly require other than mere chronological order.

Such a character as that of Martin Cheney, definite, independent, full of sincerity and daring impulses, was needed to make the required impression upon this young disciple, whose years had recently been full of frivolity and aimlessness. He must be trained by some master hand and made to listen to truth spoken with authority, before his true life-work should stand out clothed with significance. Mr. Cheney was now at the height of his fame and power as a preacher, and his personal magnetism was in fullest play, and as a master he directed and inspired the soul of his awakened and willing pupil.

Then came a most perplexing question in respect to church membership. The preferences of the family were with the Congregationalists, to whose customs and tenets his acquaintance had been almost wholly confined, and his connection with that order was naturally sought with some eagerness. He had known a little of the Calvinist Baptists. An Episcopal society held services in the village. He knew nothing of the Free Baptists save through Mr. Cheney. At length, after procuring and carefully studying the confessions of faith of these and some other religious bodies, he decided to unite with the F. Baptist church in Olneyville. He was baptized by Mr. Cheney on the second Sunday in May, 1840, and received into church fellowship.

An older brother about this time removing to Saccarappa, Me., George accompanied him, and for two years continued at work in the mill. But now a new ambition burns within him, his early thirst for knowledge comes back with manifold power, baptized with holy fervor. Within this period he read wholly by candle-light more than twelve thousand pages. His religious purposes gained strength, and his desire for Christian service began to manifest itself in decided forms. He found duty in the prayer room, where his exercises both in prayer and word, became increasingly welcome, and where he was often assigned leadership. Gradually the conviction arose in his own heart and with others, that the gospel ministry was likely to become his life service. Though unsettled as to his future sphere of toil, he could not feel that any position was to be successfully entered upon without systematic literary training. He accordingly returned to Rhode Island, and at the commencement of the academical year, in 1843, began study in Smithville Seminary, Rev. Hosea Quinby, Principal.

His entrance upon student life was characterized by an intelligent, deep enthusiasm. His long cherished dream was about to be realized; the conquest of the realm of knowledge, upon which he had desired to enter, especially since his conversion, seemed more practicable now. Freed from the burdens and hindrances of daily manual labor, he entered most joyfully into the more exhausting toil of the study and class-room. He had a definite purpose; knew the value of his opportunities and grasped them as a miser his gold. He was now almost twenty years of age, and the time had already gone by in which the majority of youth complete their academical studies.

The prescribed hours of study were easy limits to his ambition and his endurance, the average time spent over his books being from twelve to fourteen hours daily. The tasks set for his class were faithfully and quickly learned, and then left for other studies and literary pursuits. He was excessively fond of, and expert in, youthful sports in his early life, but he sparingly, or rarely, indulged in them at Smithville. He was avaricious of even the moments which had, with wisdom, been given to recreation.

His work in the classroom was marked by exactness, and showed careful and liberal preparation.

His recitations were not confined to the routine of the text-book, but conveyed the result of collateral reading and study. The manual was the starting-point from which he proceeded to new investigations, and afforded stimulus to inquiries in fields beyond. Although not mingling with great freedom, nor promiscuously, with his fellow students, yet he gained no unpleasant reputation for exclusiveness, but by his kindly, conciliatory spirit, and his eminent abilities, won their admiration and love. The attitude of Principal and teachers toward him soon became more like that toward a younger brother than a pupil. In the fall of his second year, the Principal having occasion to be absent for two weeks, he was put in charge of the classes of the Principal and of the government of the school. His services were attended by the respect and obedience of pupils, and the satisfaction of teachers.

In December of this year, he accepted the charge of the High school in Bristol, R. I. His work as a teacher and disciplinarian received commendation, and met success. His hours out of school were still devoted to close study, or the writing of essays and lectures, upon which he spent much time and labor. His lectures were delivered before various associations in the town. Though his time of study and reading had been very limited, yet these productions show more than an ordinary acquaintance with the geological theories of the time, with the issues of the temperance controversy, and with the history of the slavery question, and its prominent actors. They exhibit, besides, no ordinary acquaintance with English prose writers, and poets. His discussions were mature in thought and style; the arguments carefully stated, and supported by abundant proofs. We can not help the expression of regret, as we examine these early productions and note their ability and promise, that greater wisdom had not regulated his application, and that a more intelligent decision did not fix the kind and amount of his intellectual training. It did not require the keen insight of Dr. Shepard to enable one to declare, as he did: "Mr. Day will make one of our ablest men."

During the winter, among other lectures, he prepared, with his usual care, one upon Temperance. His brother Lewis, then a resident of the town, was desirous that it should be delivered in the Congregational church. Upon expressing his wish to Rev. T. P. Shepard, the pastor, he was met by the reply: "We have had a great many temperance lectures; they are all about alike, and the people, I think, are getting tired of them; but if your brother wishes to speak, I will announce his address, to be given in the vestry, and will at the same time say that other speakers may be expected also; so if he does not get on well, I, with others, will try to help him out." At the hour fixed, the speaker was introduced not a little distrustfully. After listening five minutes with increasing interest, anxiety fully giving way to confidence, Mr. Shepard left the platform and took a seat among the audience, directly in front of the speaker, who continued to hold undivided attention for an hour. Mr. S. referring to it afterward, said with nervous emphasis: "I didn't know the man."

He was soon after invited to lecture in the audience room of the church, where he was greeted, on his appearance, by a large congregation. On whatever topic he spoke subsequently, during that winter, he never failed of a flattering reception. He is remembered by some of the older residents of the town with special interest, and reference to his efforts still awakens enthusiasm. A part of another winter was also spent in teaching in the same town.

His religious life at the Seminary gave no outward occasion for anxiety, yet he often had seasons of self-reproach for his coldness and inactivity. Concern also for the religious welfare of the school, mingled largely in his meditations and prayers. At one time he writes:

"There is a religious stupidity among us at the Seminary which is truly alarming. Science has its votaries, pleasure pleads successfully, and worldly intellectual ambition enthralls many hearts; but religion, bearing to us the great lessons, the great aspirations and hopes of life, revealed by the blood of Immanuel, is forgotten. My soul, arouse thy dormant energies, awake and gird thyself for thy arduous task. Not only thy own destiny but that of a thousand others may depend upon thy activity or indolence."

On the evening of his twenty-first birthday, after recounting, with deep gratitude, the many mercies which had crowned his life, among which he specially mentions the prayerful love of Christian parents, and the helpful solicitude of brothers and sisters, he concludes his reflections with these devout words:

"And what shall I do but dedicate myself anew to God, consecrate myself afresh to his service, and devote my life to the work of aiding the cause of righteousness in promoting the highest present and future welfare of mankind? Holy Father, confirm and seal these resolutions of faithfulness, that my life may tell to some good account. And when I shall have fulfilled all thy will on earth, may I be permitted an inheritance among the sanctified, through the merits and sacrifice of an atoning Redeemer."

It was often remarked by his friends that "He ought to go to college." This question of a collegiate course, after giving it considerable attention, he decided in the negative, although specially encouraged by one of his brothers, and also by others, to pursue a liberal course of study. His advanced age, together with an ardent desire to enter, soon as possible, upon active life, was allowed to influence his decision unduly. Cherishing somewhat erroneous ideas of the nature of a true culture,—ideas which in after years were greatly modified,—he believed he could obtain what he wanted and needed, in the way of discipline and actual attainments, easier and better by foregoing collegiate privileges.

This decision, with its consequences to mind and body, he regarded in his mature years with regret. During the entire four years of his first pastorate, at Grafton, he buried himself in his books, and attempted by intense study to supply what a limited attendance upon the schools had denied. It can not be questioned that he succeeded in gaining a more thorough and intelligent acquaintance with English literature than the graduates of colleges usually reach, and a wider and more comprehensive theological knowledge than the majority of graduates from our foremost theological seminaries, but his victory was won at too great a cost.

At the time of entering his pastorate at Olneyville, in 1852, his daily hours of actual, severe study had become reduced, by mental and physical inability, from twelve to two. This lower limit he rarely, afterward, was able to exceed, although his power of application, in the easier forms of literary service, continued for many years the day long, save in time of actual prostration. His after life of almost continual pain,—often of intense suffering,—was chiefly born of the unwise, but absorbing devotion to study in the ten years succeeding his entering Smithville Seminary. His change of feeling with reference to collegiate education, is partly evinced by his direction of the life of his son, whom, at no small sacrifice, he placed within the reach of college privileges.

Having decided to enter upon a course of theological study, he left Smithville in the spring of 1845, and entered the F. Baptist Theological School at Whitestown, N. Y. His examination for admission showed an independence of thought which was well nigh arraigned by one of the examining committee as heresy. It was certainly an advance in knowledge, and power of thought, beyond what had been usually witnessed on similar occasions. He became not only a student, but an ornament of the school, giving it new acceptability and higher reputation in the community of which it was the center.

Rev. Dr. Butler speaks of his "marked ability and originality of thought." "Throughout the course of study he was diligent, earnest, courteous, and eminently successful. My remembrance of him in the class-room, is unexceptionally pleasant and endearing; he commended himself to other teachers also, and to the students, in a manner to obtain a large place in their hearts."

Thoroughness and promptness characterized his exercises in the class-room; a spirit of devotion and activity marked his attendance upon the meetings for prayer. He was courteous in social intercourse, free from sharpness in debate, and abstained from decided expressions of approval or displeasure.

The students were accustomed to hold extemporaneous debates, in which he took a lively interest. At such times a question would be proposed, and speakers called at once to discuss it. His impromptu arguments at these debates, were a source of constant surprise to his class-mates. He would open the question systematically, and argue with a clearness and effective rhetorical arrangement that seemed the fruit of long study upon it. His language was grammatical, eloquent and forcible.

"The critics had a lean subject when he was upon the floor."

For a number of years he held substantially the position of his early religious guide, Martin Cheney, upon the Peace question: that all wars are wrong; that armies and navies are excluded by the spirit of Christianity; that Government has no right to resort to force of arms to restrain vice or to punish criminals; that capital punishment is totally unallowable; that "to control, or attempt to control the actions of men by a resort to force, is a practical refusal to recognize them as moral beings."

He frequently discussed this question at Whitestown; and having studied it more than his opponents, he maintained his position to their discomfiture. His opinions on this subject were either greatly modified or abandoned, as he came in more direct and serious contact with questions of morals and government, especially when the stern logic of events, the hand of Providence, laid the fearful issues of life and death before the nation, at the inauguration of civil strife.

Toward the close of his studies, Nov. 4, 1846, he delivered an address of signal ability, entitled "The reign of Force and Reason," before the Rhetorical Society. In this, his Peace principles received an ornate setting, and somewhat thorough presentation.

The term Reason was employed by him in its widest sense, to denote all that is implied in the very trite phrase: "moral suasion." We introduce two or three paragraphs from it, to illustrate the beauty and strength of his style at that time, rather than the course of argument or the nature of his opinions:

"The first act of homage was paid it," (the reign of Force) "when the earth was yet young. 'And Cain talked with Abel his brother, and it came to pass, that when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him.' He talked with Abel; for Reason had until now equipped him with his implements of control; but he abjured her mildness in his passionate heat, and grasping the proffered sword of Force, sent it quivering to his brother's heart.

"The history of the reign of Reason is sad, not in its character, but in its brevity. Not an age has honored it, not a nation has welcomed it. . . . . It has sometimes peered out, amid the almost universal despotism of force, most lovingly upon the world, showing that it has other homes, when earth will not give it a shelter. . . . It has been like a lone bright star, gazing out through the cloudy folds of midnight; like a rose blooming on the bosom of winter; like an angel's song bursting up from the heart of chaos.

"If the natural sympathies of your renovated souls had instinctively clung around the sword as the great instrument of social blessing; if they had harmonized with the reign of Force, why choose Whitestown rather than West Point as the place of instruction? Why seek skill in the use of the Bible, rather than the pistol and scimetar? Why covet the ornamental graces of the Spirit rather than sash and epaulette? Why gather from week to week for logical, rather than military power? Why cultivate a persuasive eloquence rather than a frightening fury? Those belong to the sway of Reason, these are essential elements in the reign of Force."

On the nineteenth of the same month, he also addressed the "Society of Christian Research," presenting, "The Christian Scholar's Mission." He was expecting to enter upon his first pastorate two weeks later. The address, therefore, possesses some interest as indicating his convictions of work and duty. In it he declares: "It becomes a matter of less importance what functions it will be our lot to discharge, than how we shall discharge them." A sentiment full of meaning as he afterward translated it into life. "He who dignifies his office, whatever it may be, seldom does it by mere accident. . . . It is the Christian who searches most deeply and earnestly into the things of God, that honors best his high and sacred profession." His unremitting efforts to win abiding gains; his utter unwillingness to accept show for substance, and to rest upon reputation rather than character, show that the young candidate for the pulpit had wrought this truth into his own being, before it gained the utterance of the tongue.

With similar spirit he proceeds to say: "The scholar's obligations are commensurate with his power. Every scholar has his specific sphere and his specific duties; a sphere and a class of duties, which, so to speak, are created by his scholarship. . . . For what are schools, seminaries and colleges established? Not to twist the cords of caste but to sunder them; not to disqualify men for bearing a part among the multitudes of their fellows, but to gird them with higher efficiency for this very work; not to break off their fellowship with the rest of human souls, but to strengthen, exalt and sanctify that fellowship, and make it an instrument of universal blessing."

This is his farewell word, spoken at the close of the address, to those with whom he had been associated in study: "Let us prosecute our work, whether here or elsewhere, now and hereafter, with manly fortitude and singleness of heart. As the night is doubly welcome to the weary laborer, so will heaven be sweeter after the toils and warfare of a faithful life."

In the eighteen months which comprised his connection with the Theological School, he had completed, to the satisfaction of the faculty, the studies of the three years' course.

This chapter has attempted to reveal some of the moulding forces of his life, and his response to them in the forming and cherishing of purposes, and choosing his field of service. We must now follow him to the battle-field; to the tent of rest by the way-side; to heroic endurance; to the test and fruitage of early choices and principles.

II.

IN THE MINISTRY.

GRAFTON, CHESTER, OLNEYVILLE.

1846—1857.

ON the first of December, 1846, he entered upon his first pastorate with a church of sixty members, in the quiet village of Grafton, Mass. The stipulated salary was $350 per annum. At the beginning of the second year, fearing this amount was too great for the ability of the parish, he requested that it might be reduced to $300.

His ordination occurred in connection with a session of the R. I. Quarterly Meeting, held at Olneyville, May 20, 1847; Martin Cheney preaching the sermon, and M. W. Burlingame offering the prayer of consecration.

During the four years in this pastorate, his life was almost wholly free from cares beyond the limits of his parish. He was cheered and helped in very significant ways, by the abundant hospitality, the kind social intercourse and confidence of his people. Not unfrequently he took his books to the woods, or chose for the place of composing his sermons, some rock or mossy bank by the stream. His communion with nature was then, as always, intimate and free, and she readily gave back to him help for the work of promoting the spiritual life of men, and refreshment for his own mind and heart.

He was married Dec. 23, 1846, to Miss Frances L. Green, of Lonsdale. The house which welcomed them was most frugally furnished, and the books which aided the young pastor were few; yet he always spoke of this beginning with the greatest satisfaction, and from amid the heat and pressure of multiplied cares in after years, often looked back upon it as a desert traveler upon an oasis of waving palms and cooling waters.

His coming to his chosen field was not greeted with special enthusiasm. Many inquiries were made as to the wisdom of the choice of the church, because of his unprepossessing personal appearance; complexion being dark, his form stooping, and manner suggesting awkwardness. But prejudice and doubt quickly vanished as he earnestly and ably addressed himself to his work. The first two years were comparatively barren of spiritual results. The last two years were blessed by a number of conversions; and the house of worship was crowded regularly. On pleasant, mild Sundays, even the steps and entrance would be filled with eager listeners.

The opening of the year, 1848, brought to the household its first great grief, when "an infant of days," ascending, bound earth to heaven with stronger bands. Its body rests beside his own in the cemetery at Mulberry Grove, a place which, because of the presence of the dust of that little form, and of his own prospective resting there, he called "the sweetest spot on earth."

His pastorate closed October 29, 1850. His farewell sermon, proclaiming "The Duties and Rights of Ministers," was no attempt at self-defense or inculpation of the people, but a robust, manly presentation of the mutual relations of pulpit and pew. The limits of these pages allow only brief extracts from it:

"*It is the duty of the minister to give instruction in the great doctrines and duties of the Gospel.* To teach, or rather to interpret and illustrate God's teachings, is his primary work. Whatever else he may do, if he does not dismiss his congregation to their homes from Sabbath to Sabbath, with new means of wisdom and clearer views of duty, he and his labors must be found wanting.

"They mistake the character of the Gospel sadly, who suppose that it comprises only a few common-place ideas connected with the salvation of men. It has these, certainly, shining out gloriously and distinctly on its surface, so that even the weakest may learn the methods and the means of redemption. But no minister whose opportunities and capacities enable him to look from the surface to the interior of a truth, from a principle to its modes of application, can be justified in simply repeating these general truths from week to week and from year to year, investing them with no new meaning, and giving them no new application.

"Is it objected that these are the great fundamental truths of the Gospel, and should therefore be constantly insisted on? My reply is that this suggests a reason why they should not occupy exclusive attention. A wise builder does not work forever on his foundation. He has the building still to erect above it, and the value of that foundation is estimated in proportion as it meets the wants of the structure above it. The alphabet is the foundation of learning, but a wise and faithful teacher does not always keep his pupils repeating it. And so the inculcation of these primary truths in Christianity has reference, in a wise minister's labors, to the noble and godlike character he seeks, by wider teaching, to rear upon them.—Is it said that Paul knew nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and therefore his successors should be satisfied with following his example? I ask what did Paul mean by this language? That his mission should be confined to the simple announcement that Christ died for the world's salvation? Not at all. Take up any of his discourses recorded in the Acts; or follow him through his epistles to the churches, and his comprehensive meaning will soon be learned. The cross is the central truth in his system of teaching; but he shows it sustaining relations broad as the universe and vast as eternity. He makes it link itself with the soul's highest destiny, and with all the facts of human history, and with all the hopes and passions of human hearts. It takes a firm step and a strong head to follow him over the dizzy heights of wisdom he traverses. Now he welds an argument with the strength of steel; now he throws an all comprehensive truth into an epigram; and then with a burst of imagination, he flashes light upon a vast field of inquiry, where all was dark and unintelligible before.

" It is strange that Paul's example should ever be quoted in support of barrenness in pulpit teaching. Never was there better illustration of his own precept: ' Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection.'

" Whatever else you may forget or neglect of my teachings, do not forget nor neglect that part of them by which you have been urged to receive and study the Bible as the inspired word of God; that part which has aimed to show the importance of a living, trustful sympathy with Christ."

While at Grafton he composed his sermons with great care, usually writing them out with considerable fullness. They were marked by carefulness in expression, and elegance of style. He devoted special labor to the preparation of his illustrations; appreciating the value of complete, definite pictures, which should lose nothing of effect from lack of fitness or from imperfect finish. This early habit reveals not a little of the secret of the masterly use of illustrations which attended the maturity of his powers. He also gave careful study to the conclusions of his sermons; not satisfied to leave them wholly, nor chiefly, to the working of his mind at the moment of delivery. He could never be accused of a rambling, pointless, ineffective close. There was a reserving of strength, a hiding of resources for the final declaration of the discourse, which made it the culmination of thought and eloquence.

In an essay read before the R. I. Minister's Conference, near the close of his labors at Grafton, he says: "It is claimed that the preacher should follow his tendencies, whether they be natural or acquired; that 'he must be like himself,' 'maintain his individuality,' forgetting that he may be like himself, may be individual, and yet have a cultivated style. If he cultivate himself, as he certainly should, his style will be like him. Cultivation of mind and of style go hand in hand. The style of the pulpit should be the purest possible, but frequently instead, as once when the sons of God were assembled, Satan is found also."

Among a thousand sketches of sermons written subsequently to this pastorate, there is rarely one covering more than a sheet of note paper. Hard study accompanied his early written productions, whether essays or sermons. It is not easy to think of him spending, as he once declared, four hours of study upon the composition of half a page of manuscript, or a week upon a single sheet. Those valuable qualities of speech which signalized his last years, were not the result of genius, nor gained without difficult struggles.

On being asked if he ever experienced difficulty in finding words to clothe his thought, he would reply: "Not the least; the chief task is to choose the most fitting of those words which present themselves." With him this very facility of expression was an element to be controlled and guided. Readiness in the use of language, this "almost fatal facility of words," as one fitly describes it, has proved disastrous to multitudes as gifted as he. But we find in him no resting in the ready tongue and quick utterance; language must embody thought and be the vehicle of real spiritual forces.

His abiding, resolute choice of unfaltering service, forbade dependence upon a readiness of expression that might seem likely to retain acceptability with his audience.

Great as was the promise of the opening of his career, he was saved from comparative uselessness and obscurity, by the spirit which entered into his labors. He scorned subterfuge and formality, and strove to make his work stand not in the sight of men, but of God. His conscience was kept too keen to allow him to attempt a sonorous utterance, rather than a thoughtful, self-denying helpfulness. The decisive, telling utterances of his later years had been impossible without these qualities.

One substantial proof of his strength of mind and the nobility of his nature, is exhibited by his steady development in precision of statement, terseness of expression and weight of thought. A feeble, unheroic nature would have given over the severe struggle; fallen back upon some fancied superiority of mind, or upon a fluent utterance, and missed the grandeur of a life of self-sacrificing toil.

Continuing to supply the pulpit at Grafton until the close of December, he accepted in the beginning of January following, an invitation to visit Ohio and preach as his services might be sought by the churches. He then became acquainted with the church in Chester, acceptably supplying its pulpit for several Sundays in the absence of the pastor,

But the chief event connected with this tour, was a series of meetings held with the church at Greensburg, where some religious interest had been observed and promoted, previous to his arrival. He cheerfully accepted the invitation of the pastor to aid him by preaching a single sermon. At the conclusion of the services it was felt that the interest had received a specially needed help and direction. He responded to what seemed an indication of Providence, by preaching nearly every evening for three weeks, when he was compelled by exhausted strength to give the work up to other human hands. A number of conversions resulted from the meetings.

This large draft upon his resources was, of course, wholly unexpected, and found him in a measure unprepared. He had not studied the nature of his work in vain, nor did his heart lack vital sympathy with Christ and regard for the salvation of men. There had been a deep and true foundation for enduring power, laid in mind and heart. He yearned to win triumphs for Christ, in the wisest, most self-sacrificing ways, and his desire had not been wholly disappointed. Still there was needed a special vitalizing of waiting forces,—the stirring of valuable soul-depths, to reveal the man, the Christian and the minister.

Fortunately for him and the world, the needful quickening was not long to be missed from his life. He was thrown by these revival meetings, upon his own resources, as never before. The few sketches of sermons which he had brought from home, soon failed to serve as guides to thought, or helps in embarrassment. He was then in no little anxiety over the question: "How is it possible that I can continuously feed and guide this people?" He was compelled to abandon the methods and routine of labor to which he had been quite closely bound; and as never before, was brought in contact with the active forces and immediate power of the Gospel. His preaching at once exhibited marked improvement. He had formerly spoken with a small voice without much emphasis or force; but now his whole nature was roused; his eye began to kindle with that significant light which afterward became of rare power to magnetize and inspire his audiences; his spiritual life became clearer and more vitalizing; and his voice ever after exhibited greater flexibility, volume and power. Theory had become transformed into life; the man stood forth in the light of a new revelation; the secret of preaching power was more fully revealed to him, and the elements of pastoral success more intelligently comprehended.

In April, 1851, he became Principal of Geauga Seminary, a young and promising institution at Chester, Ohio; he also assumed the duties of pastor of the church at that place. A previous acquaintance prepared the way for the hearty welcome which was accorded him; and high hopes were entertained of his ability to give the school and the church added prosperity. But he had scarcely arrived and signified anew his cheerful acceptance of these trusts, before he was prostrated by an illness which threatened his life. For several weeks his friends were without hope of his recovery, until at length, the hour of dissolution seeming near, preparations were partially made for the proper transportation of his body to the East for burial.

On Sunday Christians met in the church and much prayer was offered in his behalf. On their return to the house he was rational, and expressed great ecstacy of soul. "Have they not been praying for me down at the church?" said he. "I feel as if they had, and I have seen angels, oh, such beautiful angels, all around me and in the sky." He expressed firm belief that he should recover, and at once began to amend.

He recovered from this illness only in season to be present at the graduating exercises, July 1. He remained in Chester until the close of the next academical year; both church and seminary having, meanwhile, been blessed with cheering growth.

The death of Martin Cheney, Jan. 4, 1852, left the Olneyville church without a pastor. From the beginning of his acquaintance with Mr. Day, Mr. Cheney had cherished toward him great admiration and ardent affection; and often declared that no common career awaited him. It was also his express wish that Mr. Day might be called to be his successor. Responding to its own favorable impressions and the known desire of Mr. Cheney, the church at Olneyville, soon after his death, summoned Mr. Day to its pastorate. At about the same time he received from Hillsdale (then Michigan Central) College an appointment to the chair of Rhetoric and Latin.

He decided to accept the call to Olneyville, and accordingly entered upon his labors in July, 1852.

Amid the numerous and pressing duties of this large pastoral field, he entered upon the fulfillment of a promise made to Mr. Cheney more than two years before, that he would become, in the event of Mr. C.'s death, his biographer. This work, performed at no slight disadvantage, but in a manner creditable to his literary abilities, his power of discrimination, and his reverent affection, was published in the following December. In the preface he says: "Unfitted as I might have felt for such a task, I could not refuse to comply with his request, when I saw that his heart was strongly set on such an arrangement."

Not only was the admiration of Mr. Cheney reciprocated by Mr. Day, but he possessed a keen appreciation of the peculiar character of the man whom he was called to present, by virtue of the intrinsic qualities of his own mind and heart. He had not less courage than Mr. Cheney, but more persistence; not less independence, but more caution; not less self-reliance, but more self-control.

He entered upon his pastorate with sanguine expectations. He came as no novice in pulpit and parish work, but ripened in judgment, and assured by the success which had recently attended his methods of toil, and possessed of an encouraging amount of mental and bodily vigor. His capacity for application to severe study had, indeed, been greatly reduced, yet, in the briefer period allowed him, he was able to perform more than a proportionate amount of work, because of his retentive memory, his systematic habits of study, and especially his thorough, exact discipline.

His ambition, in a healthful way, received a powerful stimulus from his new position. The name of Martin Cheney had become significant not merely in Olneyville, but in the adjoining city, and in the denomination at large. The Olneyville church, in numbers, social standing, wealth and influence then stood at the head of the R. I. churches. He was not likely to be unimpressed by all these circumstances. The work which had providentially fallen to him was accepted with modest courage and a self-depreciating, yet hopeful spirit. There was intelligent Christian stability recognized in the existing membership; a large number of promising youth were either actually attending the sanctuary, or likely, with proper efforts, to be won to it; there were, too, many enterprising young men of business, whom he hoped to win for Christ.

The first communion Sunday yielded him no little satisfaction and encouragement, as two candidates presented themselves for baptism. It was to him, as he said, " a binding of the sheaves" which had been matured by his predecessor. Nearly every one of the first twelve months witnessed anew the stirring of the baptismal waters, and valuable accessions to the membership; and with each occasion his heart acknowledged afresh its early hopes, and hastened with heightened joy to fulfill them. Within this time thirty persons were admitted by baptism. The 8th of May he declared to be one of the happiest days of his life, when four young men were among the number gathered into the Christian fold.

He did not shrink from inaugurating such new methods of church work as seemed to promise substantial advantages, while endeavoring to impart additional vigor to those already accepted. Sunday school concerts received considerable attention, and were made attractive and profitable; a Friday evening Bible class was organized, and he became its efficient and instructive teacher. Not a little through his influence and co-operation, attendance upon the school was greatly increased, averaging, during one of the years, nearly three hundred. The meetings for prayer yielded less readily to his wish and effort, but he steadily strove to make them occasions for impressing the practical, vital forms of Christian duty upon the membership, and upon the unconverted. A well filled lecture-room regularly greeted him at the hour of prayer, on Sunday evening; the great majority of those in attendance not being Christians, he often attempted to set before them the claims of the Gospel by a brief, informal sermon, which, in flow of sympathies and quick, cogent reasoning, was the climax of the day's ministerial toil.

It was remarked how easily he secured the consent of others to engage in the public exercises of Missionary and Sunday school concerts, making them feel honored, even, by being allowed to bear a part in the service designated; the younger with the older, responding readily to the magnetic influence of his word and example.

Not a few persons can testify to his happy faculty in discovering latent talent, and his attempts to develop it. Others can speak of the skill with which he reached a dormant or latent interest in the Gospel, and its practical work for the soul. A number of those who united with the church in the first year of his pastorate, had been quickened under the preaching of Mr. Cheney, but awaited another hand to lead them to the light. He challenged no comparison of his labors with those of his predecessor, but rather, when the words and acts of the latter were extolled, he was a pleased and unprejudiced listener.

Some of the present teachers in the Olneyville Sunday school readily recall, with a thrill of pleasure yet, his eye resting upon them in encouraging sympathy as he used to walk slowly through the aisles of the lecture-room during the session, and can feel his presence still, as he sat down unobtrusively, quietly, beside them to utter words of cheer for their own hearts or of Christian love and helpfulness to their scholars. How he was *felt,* when he entered the vestry door, almost before we saw him, or knew by his voice that it was he! He was recognized by the school as its watchful guardian and personal friend; contact with its life he felt to be a necessary help to the succeeding pulpit services of the morning.

With the hope of reaching with religious truth, many who did not attend regular Sunday worship, he gave a course of lectures on Sunday evenings to young people. Beginning them modestly in the lecture-room, the large attendance compelled the use thereafter of the audience room of the church,—even the natural seating capacity of the latter proving insufficient. On such occasions he treated some practical question of public or private morals, in much the same way, (only less formally,) as in the usual Sunday services. The interest in these lectures culminated, in some instances at least, in a practical Christian life, while many others' acknowledged their reforming power. Encouraged by these results, he gave a similar course in the following winter; and, several years after, another, while pastor of the Roger Williams church, of like value and profit.

The opening year of this pastorate witnessed considerable pastoral visiting, and it was his desire to equal, if not to exceed the amount of it, year by year; but he was now to become, in no ordinary sense, the honored and laborious servant of others beyond the limits of his parish. He was called to frequent service in the neighboring city, and also to promote, in various important ways, the interests of the denomination at large. Burdens were thus pressed upon him which he knew not how to refuse, nor yet, sometimes, consistently with parish duties, how to accept. The number of his public addresses, at home and abroad, reached one hundred and fifty annually. He attended fifty funerals each year, and engaged in many lesser forms of Christian labor.

In the spring of 1849, he introduced at the R. I. Quarterly Meeting, a resolution favoring the publication of a Review which should represent denominational enterprise and tenets to the world, develop literary talent, and minister, in the higher forms, to intellectual and spiritual life within the denomination. About the first of October following, a call was issued in the *Morning Star*, for a convention to consider the propriety of publishing a "Quarterly Review;" the call being signed by fourteen clergymen,—G. T. Day being one of the number. The convention met at the time of the Anniversaries, at Great Falls, Oct. 16, and decided to attempt the publication of the Review which was afterward known as the *Freewill Baptist Quarterly*. Mr. Day was made one of the editorial council of five, to which the literary and financial management was entrusted. The complete arrangements were not made until the fall of 1852. On the first of January, 1853, it was published at Providence, by "Williams, Day & Co.," and by "Houlston & Co.," London, England.

The publication and literary management of the *Quarterly* threw upon him, for sixteen years, great, and sometimes very pressing burdens. His contributions were of a high order and permanent worth, constituting valuable additions to our denominational literature. After the editor, Rev. D. M. Graham, he was the principal working force and sustainer of the *Quarterly*. Half the book notices were his; one, two, and sometimes three articles in a number, would be his; the general editorial supervision he shared equally with the editor.

The promotion of this literary enterprise marked his first attendance at the larger denominational gatherings. He became at once an active, earnest participator in the discussions and other public exercises of that anniversary week. And, as after years found him almost invariably present on like occasions, they found him also bearing in them a more prominent part, and accepting new and greater responsibilities.

Soon after his coming to Olneyville, it became apparent that the house of worship was too small to furnish sufficient sittings for those who sought to attend Sunday services. The question of erecting a new and larger church edifice, was generally and earnestly discussed at intervals, between the winter of 1852,—'3, and the spring of 1854, with varying encouragement and disappointment; at the latter date it was practically abandoned as a financial impossibility. In his second anniversary sermon, 1854, he said:

" One phase of our work, that which respects a new house, I may speak of. The subject is dismissed for the time from parish consideration. I appreciate the difficulties, but I have my doubts whether '*can not*' is the word to be used when settling your policy. In a few words I will tell you frankly the aspects it presents to my own mind.

" The society itself is not accommodated. Many members of the church feel positively excluded. Many are all ready, and waiting for the opportunity to give their help when it can be done without seeming intrusive. Souls about us hunger for the bread of life, and can not obtain room in the house of worship if they would. There are many who attend nowhere, and with a little effort could, under proper circumstances, be gathered in. The Sunday school is crowded and overflows its limits, while multitudes of children are left to neglect.

"The entire field is by the providence of God placed at your disposal, and for its spiritual welfare you are made responsible. The pressure can never be expected to be stronger; the longer it is resisted the less inclination will there be to yield to it. Neglect a duty and it will be questioned whether it be a duty. It will cost something to build now, it always will cost something. To refuse to build is certainly nurturing a narrow, selfish, unenterprising spirit that looks dark for the future. Better die now, honorably, than here to drag out a lingering death. Certainly a narrow, illiberal policy will doom us."

With him this question assumed vital proportions, freighted with the highest welfare of the society and that of many souls dependent upon its saving influences. The village was rapidly extending its borders, the population continually increasing because of the recent establishment of great business enterprises. The field had been nobly won and tilled by Mr. Cheney; its sympathies were with the doctrines and work of the church; and it was a crushing blow to his ardent hopes and spiritual longings when a conservative, timid policy was allowed to prevail. The matter was practically dropped throughout the remainder of his pastorate. This decision was the first great public disappointment which he was called to bear. That it should not seriously diminish his hopefulness, dampen his enthusiasm, and therefore affect his bodily health, was simply impossible.

A visit to the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, in 1854, was made memorable by his sermon, a copy of which is found in these pages, at the dedication of a new house of worship at New Hampton. The interest during its delivery was, at times, intense. It was observed that Deacon Dudley was, at any moment, liable to uncommon demonstrations. These were restrained, however, until after the benediction, when he shouted, as he alone could shout, "Glory, glory, glory!" The retiring audience was startled, many were alarmed, thinking that some calamity had befallen, but after those three shouts all was calm again.

His first serious, protracted physical prostration at Olneyville, occurred in the summer of 1855; for a number of weeks he sought strength and rest on the eastern shore of Narraganset Bay, at a retired spot of great natural beauty, about three miles below Providence. Amid "influences that teach, chasten and soothe," the ministry of the sea that "is never spent, its lessons never fully learned, its litany never completed,"—he addressed to his church these sweet lines, which he calls

AN INVALID PASTOR'S SABBATH MUSING.

The distant bells, whose tones fall faint around me,
Reclining on the sod,
Rouse up my spirit from the spell that's bound me,
And say "Come, worship God."

In the dim distance graceful spires are pointing
Up to the deep blue heaven;
And reverent souls go forth to the anointing
Which in God's house is given.

Gladly my feet would hasten to the portal
So often passed in peace,
And, feasting on the word of life immortal,
Seek there the Father's face.

Back from the temple where tried friends and cherished,
In by-gone Sabbath days,
Cemented heart-bonds that have never perished,
Mid prayer, and song, and praise;—

Thence come remembrances that wake up yearning,
And make my eyes grow dim;
And thither even now my ear is turning,
To catch the Sabbath hymn.

Again within that pulpit I am sitting,
Calmed by the organ's swell;
Before my eyes familiar forms are flitting,
Each face—I know it well.

Now clear and sweet the grateful psalm seems pouring
Its melody abroad,
And now in prayer the soul is upward soaring,
Craving the help of God.

But when my trembling lips the text has parted,
And winds take up the tone,

Then breaks the dream—th' illusion has departed,
And I am here—alone!

The city bells have ceased their Sabbath calling,
Fresh breezes round me play,
The sea's soft murmur on my ear is falling,
Then softly dies away.

Alone!—yet Nature is God's habitation,
The clouds his robes of light,
The winds his messengers—the best oblation
Are pure hearts in his sight.

To the true soul that bows itself in meekness,
Or lifts itself to sing,
All holy beings come to aid its weakness,—
All blessings to it bring.

Within deep dungeons heavenly light comes flaming,
When Faith kneels there to pray;
And voiceless solitudes hear heaven proclaiming,
Redemption on its way.

And thus my spirit bows itself in meekness
Here by this beetling rock,
And cries, "Come near me in this hour of weakness,
Great Shepherd of the flock."

And then my heart flings off its load of sadness,
And feels no more of fear;
For, as of old, is heard the word with gladness,
"Look up, for I am near."

Then flame the skies with a celestial brightness;
The ripples of the sea
Lift to the breeze their liquid lips of whiteness—
All things bring joy to me.

My prostrate frame renews its strength while sharing
These gifts of heavenly love,

And seems anew beneath Heaven's smile preparing
Its gratitude to prove.

Not less is prized the wonted Sabbath meeting
With God's dear friends and mine;—
Stored in the memory is each heartfelt greeting,
Shared in the by-gone time.

Back to those fellowships, at beck of duty,
In gladness will I go,
Counting it joy alone to show Christ's beauty,—
Him crucified to know.

Yet 'tis a dearer thing to know that ever
Christ walks close by my side,—
To share his fellowship, and feel forever
He is his children's Guide.

To that great faithful ONE our souls are yielded,
Sailing life's ocean o'er;
Till in his presence, from all peril shielded,
Heart-bonds are broke 1 o more.

In the autumn of 1856, being much worn in body and mind, he spent a few weeks, previous to the session of the General Conference in October, in vacation rambles amid familiar scenes in Ohio. The visit to this field, where labor had been most gratefully received, and where many tender friendships had been formed and cherished, yielded him unusual pleasure. In this letter addressed to the covenant meeting of the Olneyville church, the old memories seem struggling with the new for the uppermost place in his heart, and pastoral love beams out with tenderness:

"Chester, Ohio, Sept. 25, 1856.

"I can not meet you this month as usual in the covenant meeting, and so there is only left me a prayerful remembrance, and a few lines of Christian sympathy. They are small gifts in themselves; but there is heart interest enough going with them to make them larger if I knew how. In the midst of the rural retreat from which I write, thoughts of those who call me pastor come trooping up in battalions. Surrounded by those whose faces beam like stars because they suggest many remembered kindnesses, your forms are present to the inner eye. Gladdened by tones that tell of well-tried sympathies, your Christian speech still seems to blend with all these friendly voices. The greetings of old acquaintances are associated with the pressure of your hands. The sacred words I read, bear me back in spirit to the spots where you and I have meditated on them together. A familiar hymn leaps to my lips in melody, and I am listening for the tones that so often helped me lift it heavenward. I kneel amid a group of worshipers to ask the peace of heaven, and your interests still stand between me and the Mercy Seat. Sabbath bells call, and I seem hastening to stand before the faces that have looked up to me eagerly or reverently from the seats of the sanctuary. My pastoral responsibilities will not be wholly loosened from my heart, and my pastoral yearning for your welfare leaps these hundreds of intervening miles at a bound. 'God be gracious to you, and lift the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace,' is the pith of my prayer, and the hope of my better hours. I trust you stand fast in the Lord, and are dwelling in unity and peace; not the peace and unity of simple contact, but the unity of a Christian oneness, the peace springing from the daily 'well done' of heaven over your zeal and faithfulness. Be strong and fear not. Trust in the Lord and do good, and he shall strengthen you out of Zion and give you prosperity. May none of your hearts falter, none of your hands hang down, none of you be wanting at your posts in the labors of the Gospel. I desire above all things that you may prosper.

"For myself I feel that my heart is set on doing the will of God. Cloudy or bright, my purpose is to tread the path of duty. Blind to the issues of the great conflict of sin with righteousness, or foreseeing the triumph of the truth, I would ever be following without a fear the great Captain of our salvation, not doubting but as soon as is meet, I may cry, 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory.' May we all be sharers in that triumph of the cross. Afresh I accept our covenant, and over it I clasp all your hands to night in spiritual fellowship. Count me one of Christ's friends and yours, and speak my name and hold up my weakness sometimes in your prayers."

Another letter addressed to the church on a similar occasion, a few weeks after he had resigned its pastorate, may fitly appear in this connection:

"EDINBURG, N. Y., May 31, 1857.

"As my membership still remains with you, it will be a privilege to me to express in this way my interest in the great common cause which makes all Christ's followers one.

"Removed as I am from the circle of former associations, and more or less removed from the active duties to which I have been accustomed to devote myself, I have time for the review of my opinions and experiences, my work and plans. I am not now in a position to be controlled by enthusiasm, nor held fast by outward cords to a mode of life which my cooler judgment would not sanction. On these heights of contemplation and survey, I can stand and look upon the stream of human life as it sweeps on till it is lost in the mists that hang over the eternal sea. I stand here and look Heaven in the face, then turn to inspect the world and the life to which I am wedded by Providence. I recall what I have read of history, I arrange before the mind what I have seen and known in experience, I cast a glance into the future, and then endeavor to frame the judgment which I shall be likely to pronounce in the days that are to be. I try to sum up the meaning of life, and ask where and how are its great interests to be found, how its results are to be made longest and best. And with a force that is peculiar, the conviction comes home to me, that to 'do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God,' embodies the highest philosophy, and reveals the deepest wisdom which ever belongs to human life. A life of piety and prayer is the sublimest thing which human history knows; it is a grander epic than ever poet wrote, a richer picture than ever artist painted, a sublimer prophecy than ever heralded the downfall of an empire. It is more royal than the sovereignty of a king, and no discovery ever put in motion such an enduring and redeeming power. I can newly understand why Jesus bade his exultant disciples not rejoice over the wielding of miraculous powers, but reserve their gladness for the assurance that their names were written in heaven. To be an humble, faithful Christian is the great glory of the noblest lives. All other splendor fades; this brings increasing light. All other honors find a grave; this is immortal. Whatever else we fail to obtain or keep, let us hold fast to Christ, who is the Rock of our confidence, the inspiration of our virtues, the guide of our steps, the Saviour of our souls.

'In our hands no price we bring,
Simply to thy cross we cling.'

"I need not speak of the peculiar relations we have sustained to each other, nor of the experiences in which we have been sharers in common, nor of the memories which will long survive them. They have moulded our spirits in no small measure, and will reach on to the end of the earth. May God forgive whatever was unfaithful on my part and yours, and teach us thereby wisdom for coming days.

"In the prosperity you have enjoyed within a few weeks past, I have rejoiced, it seems to me, scarcely less than though I had mingled in the scenes which have made your hearts throb faster, and your faces wet with grateful tears. May many seek your guidance to the Saviour, and while successfully leading them thither, may you yourselves approach and tarry still nearer His footstool.

"I hope I am learning some new and higher and more practical lessons from the great volumes of Nature, Life and the Gospel. If I am permitted to go back to the pulpit at a future day, I hope to carry there a wisdom, a faith, a devotedness, a sympathy with God and a yearning for the redemption of men, which no previous portion of my ministry has possessed.

"I would bind myself anew to faithfulness by giving a fresh endorsement to the Covenant on whose basis we have pledged ourselves to God and each other. No day passes but you are remembered before God. May I hope that my necessities will sometimes add a petition to your prayers?"

From the hour when Martin Cheney entered the lists against American Slavery, until his death, the Olneyville pulpit was recognized as no insignificant bulwark of freedom. Its utterances rang like bugle peals of victory to the sons of liberty, rousing the courage and directing the blows of ministry and laity who felt the need of strong leadership; but the friends of slavery dreaded its power and cursed its influence. It had been a calamity indeed, if, as Mr. Cheney left that pulpit, his successor had looked upon the growing insolence and mighty efforts of the slave power with indifference or timidity. But the pupil was worthy of the master, and the mantle of the strong, undaunted prophet fell upon no unwilling, inadequate shoulders.

Mr. Day early became a close, earnest student of the character and workings of slavery. He began to discuss the issues involved in it, at Smithville, not merely with the fervor of youthful enthusiasm, but in the spirit of sober inquiry and manly resistance, as one who grapples an evil so vast and dangerous as to forbid aught but the most intelligent, serious, determined opposition. At Bristol, in 1844, he delivered an anti-slavery address having this conclusion: "I need not ask whether such a system is hostile to the spirit and designs of Christianity. In bringing it to the principles of revealed truth by which to test its character, I have acted under the conviction that it can be justly decided by no other standard. If it be opposed to the Gospel it is wrong, wholly and radically wrong, and it will leave a withering, blighting influence wherever it goes."

By that same unvarying, infallible test he thenceforth gauged and defined the system; nor did he fear to expound the principles of liberty and political obligations because of the obloquy attaching to a minister's "dabbling in the dirty waters of politics."

With the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, in 1850, the nation, generally, began to enter into the fiercest heats of political strife. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the rendition of Burns, and Kansas outrages quickly followed. Freedom and slavery stood face to face in a gigantic moral warfare; the mask had fallen from the great foe to civil rights, revealing in all their nakedness the hideous lines of avarice fed by lust, and sinister designs supported by recklessness. Meanwhile, many who had for years been strangely blind to the real nature and issues of slavery, were startled into hostility to it. But there were many others who, with more or less willingness acknowledging it to be an evil, would not confess it to be an evil to be repented and abandoned, nor to be laid at the door of the party in power, with which they voted. Although Mr. Cheney had incurred the bitter opposition, and suffered from the withdrawal of some who had supported that party, yet many of them remained under his ministry, illy concealing their uneasiness in the presence of his severe condemnations of slavery from the pulpit, and were still members of the congregation at the beginning of Mr. Day's pastorate.

When the hour was darkest and the foe most insolent, then it was that Mr. Day put forth his most daring, brilliant efforts in behalf of freedom. It implied no little courage and strength of purpose, to proclaim boldly the unpopular cause in a town whose prevailing influences were arrayed against him, and where not a few pew-holders were sure to denounce and desert the church to which he ministered. But no new outrage was suffered to pass without eliciting from him a new vindication of right; and occasionally a town-meeting would be preceded by some clear proclamation of a principle, or followed by wholesome rebuke. Some of his warmest friends, startled by his boldness and keen onslaught, would now and then counsel greater moderation and prudence. His opponents freely sneered and condemned in stores and on the street, but ventured no open attack by argument or by organized opposition.

The most remarkable episode in his anti-slavery efforts, occurred in the early part of the summer of 1856. It was at the time of the Kansas troubles. Governor Reeder had been driven from the State, which had become a field of bloodshed in the encounter between freedom and slavery. A convention of those who sympathized with the sufferers from Southern outrage had been held in Buffalo, N.

Y. A minister present at that convention, on his return to Providence, was allowed the use of the lecture-room at Olneyville, for the purpose of giving an account publicly of its spirit and action. At the close of his lecture, a gentleman well known in Democratic circles in R. I., asked the privilege of the use of the lecture-room for an evening of the following week, that opportunity for criticism upon the remarks just presented might be afforded, intimating that he himself should not presume to answer the lecturer, but would procure the service of one amply qualified to do so. The request was granted, and, at the time specified, Hon. Welcome B. Sayles, of Providence, a thorough-bred politician, being introduced, gave, as was hoped and supposed by many, a triumphant vindication of his party. Before the close of the week, Mr. Day announced that he would attempt an answer to Mr. Sayles, on the next Wednesday evening. Both curiosity and anxiety attended the announcement:—curiosity to know how a minister would appear in a contest with a recognized political leader and orator;—anxiety by timid men lest he should greatly offend and alienate, and also by some of his friends lest he should appear at a disadvantage.

The lecture-room, on the evening of his speech, was filled by an audience which embraced a number of the prominent men of both political parties, among whom was Hon. H. B. Anthony, now of the U. S. Senate, and others who then figured, and are now known, in the politics of the State.

Mr. Day had taken full notes of the utterances of the previous meeting. These notes, together with carefully compiled and effective quotations from administration journals and official documents, furnished the basis of a strong, thorough indictment of the pro-slavery party, both in its Northern and Southern developments. For three hours and a half, scorching rebuke, keen analysis and Christian protest went on with resistless might; while no position assumed was left carelessly guarded, nor any blow suffered to fall in weakness. Its close was a burst of patriotic fervor, ending with the lines:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

The *Providence Journal* referred to the speech the next morning, at some length, and in terms of high praise. It was more pointed and scathing than his audience had anticipated, as it was more powerful and eloquent. No answer was ever proposed or seriously contemplated. The master in the pulpit was also master in the political arena.

Weakness crushed, or suffering imposed, had special claim upon his sympathy and help. He endeavored to ascertain the nature of his human relationships, and become in a true sense, his "brother's keeper." Compromise of principle, or fear of results in the presence of threats or contumely was with him impossible. In the heat of the anti-slavery conflict he was bitterly charged with being an Abolitionist. He simply replied: "Whosoever is afraid to avow it, I glory in it." His position admitted no charge of ambiguity. If he were complained of, as "helping prejudice the slaveholder, making him more determined in his course," he replied: "If slaveholders are such men that they will hold on, and grow more oppressive just out of spite to their accusers, they show that they are not fit to manage slaves!" While, in this combat with slavery, one missed the fiery, epigrammatic utterance, the sharp, stern dealing of Cheney, there was recognized in his successor a finer array of those qualities and powers which are dreaded and shunned by an opponent.

While our attention is directed to his position and exertions in this field of patriotic, Christian service, let us notice his utterances on two other significant occasions,—after which, formal reference to his anti-slavery efforts may cease.

A meeting of citizens of Providence was held Dec. 2, 1859, the day of John Brown's execution at Harper's Ferry. Few prominent men in political or business circles, and few ministers even cared to be identified with it. The better portion of the city press had strongly intimated that such a meeting, for such a purpose, ought not to be holden. The meeting was addressed by Hons. Amos C. Barstow and Thomas Davis, and by Revs, G. T. Day and A. Woodbury.

Amid the deep gloom of that hour, with great national issues fearfully impending, strange portents appearing in the political heavens, and men's hearts well nigh failing them,—hope, faith and courage beam out in his words:

"Somehow deliverance is manifestly coming; that is hardly a question; the eternal laws of Providence settle that. . . . . It is a fitting time now to bear testimony for Freedom in the face of public clamor. I can afford to be silent when her step is stately, her mien majestic, her work manifestly conservative, when she stands simply on the defensive, or is pitied by the world while she bleeds in the Senate Chamber, struck down in the person of a noble Senator, and all voices are lifted in her defence and praise. I choose to come here in the day of her misfortunes; to stand by her side when men are doubting whether it be wise and prudent to be allied with her interests. I take her with all her perils, and will repudiate no confidence when her friends commit excesses in her name."

Here appears the nobility of his nature. Shunning no cause through the obloquy or weakness attending it; once assured of the fitness of its claims, he accepted all the liabilities of an alliance. The "irrepressible conflict" found him never less warm in his adherence when an avowal of belief excited a howl of indignation. Nor did he ask who pronounced a denial of the facts, nor who were dumb before them. To know the facts was to decide his utterance and his allegiance. If he seemed in the advance as a reformer, it was chiefly because of his determination to see, and abide with, the right, when others fell back from it or refused to accept its utmost direction.

In the sermon, delivered on the day of President Buchanan's National Fast, just preceding secession, after referring to the position of the President, of Congress and the country, and recounting the real issues presented in the crisis, he asks:

"What shall we do? There is one way in which we may seek relief, it is to yield everything. Can we do that? If we have meant nothing in what we have said; if our praise of liberty is mere rhetoric; if we feel that no honor, no justice, no righteousness, nor manhood, nor virtue, nor religion is involved in this question; if quiet and cotton, sugar and tobacco, and the money they represent, are everything; and if satisfied that these are to come through submission and acquiescence, we can yield everything. If every man who has stood for a truth, or died for a principle, is either a fanatic or a fool, then we may consent at once, promise all that is demanded, recall our words, annul our oaths, and go down on our knees in penitential confession. If we have acted with a Christian conscience we can not retract; and if we read history aright, the future offers a straight path. New England at least, has grown from the seed of free and sacred principle. The chief freight of the Mayflower was moral conviction. The Pilgrims chose manhood with exile rather than servility with preferment. The real thrift of two hundred years has come of personal courage and fidelity, of social honor and respect, of national justice and dignity. Our chief strength and glory are the outgrowth of that spirit which has lifted up the weak, given the despondent courage, taught the lowliest of our race to aspire to the functions and honors of a man, and which flung off as an incubus, that hideous system which grew up in the midnight of barbarism. And when we are now asked to unlearn all the best lessons of our significant history, to ignore all the facts of experience, to pervert the conscience which our whole training has taught to cry out against oppression, to confess that the Bible is the slave-trader's warrant, to blot out or blur over every sentence which our fathers spoke for freedom, to eat all the bravest and most generous words which we have ever uttered, to sneer at the Declaration of Independence, to commission the plague and pestilence of slavery for an irruption over all the region and territory of the Continent, while freedom is left without a single legal guarantee,—when all this is demanded as the condition of fellowship and peace,—the answer to such dictators ought to be calm, prompt and final."

Yielding to a conviction which the experience of nearly two years had been maturing,—that protracted efficiency and usefulness required longer and more complete rest than could be consistently gained while sustaining pastoral relations, he tendered his resignation in February, 1857. During the two months following, the tokens of personal interest and appreciation which accompanied his ministry, were manifested in a peculiarly tender manner, and plans highly honorable to the generosity and devotion of the society were proposed for his personal relief and welfare; but still urging his request from a sense of private and public duty, the relationship of pastor and people was dissolved on the first of April.

Seeking only the regaining of physical and mental vigor, he retired for a number of weeks with his family, to the seclusion of his brother's farm in Edinburg, N. Y. How freely he gave himself up to the new and welcome influences; how fully he drank in the teachings of nature, and how readily he allowed her moods to direct his own; how trout and bird, brook and forest, the farm-yard with its incidents of animal life, afforded occasions for playful humor, as well as refreshment to jaded powers, his letters written at that time to the *Morning Star* bear some witness. One of the letters sent from this retreat did not appear in its columns. "A fact accounted for," he said, referring to it some months after, "*perhaps* by failure of the mails, but more likely because it so far surpassed its companions in the element of fun as to be unwelcome to sober tastes." To those who knew the fund of humor in his nature, these sportive sketches of rural life and enjoyment were the exuberant sallies of a healthful, genuine soul, the gratifying signs of returning hopefulness and vigor.

III.

IN THE MINISTRY.

PROVIDENCE.

1857—1866.

The pastorate of the Roger Williams church in Providence became vacant soon after his resignation had been sent to the society at Olneyville. But not until final action by the latter, sundering the relationship which had subsisted between them, would he listen to any proposition for his labors elsewhere; and after his pastorate had formally closed, private solicitations having reference to the Providence pastorate were met by little encouragement.

While at Edinburg he received a formal call to the Roger Williams church, with the privilege of a vacation of six months before he should assume its active duties. Accepting the call, he decided to devote three months to a European tour, and sailed from New York, June 24. Having visited England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland and France, he reached home Sept. 23. Before going abroad he had become sufficiently strengthened to be able to enjoy with comparatively few physical hindrances, the taxation of strength, arising from the experiences of a tourist.

It was a joy to walk by his side as, with form erect, the dull leaden line, brought by severe, anxious toil, and by suffering, faded from his eye-lids, exuberant movement taking the place of the old languor, he performed a toilsome journey of twenty miles in a day, on foot, over the rugged Swiss mountain passes. The nerveless, weary, despondent pastor could scarcely have been recognized on that radiant August morning, when with the sun's rising he stood upon the balcony of the hotel at Chamounix, and clasped his hands with childlike unconsciousness over his heart, as if to keep in its wild beating, as he gazed with lustrous eye up to the clear, pure, vast majesty enthroning Mt. Blanc, and then silently, with inspiration and dignity in every step, went back to his room to meditation and prayer.

Every day, almost, seemed to add to his strength of body and exhilaration of spirit; and the results sought by the tour were gained to a degree highly gratifying to himself and his friends. It was pursued with such regard to personal endurance, and the gaining of intelligent acquaintance with what was best in art, peculiar in society and striking in nature, that there were no features of it which he ever recalled with feelings of disappointment or regret. A series of letters contributed to the *Morning Star*, were remarkable for their ease and freshness, their vividness of descriptions of life and scenery, and their comprehensive appreciation of the beautiful and grand in art, and of the wonderful achievements of scientific and architectural skill.

His pastoral labors commenced with October. In regard to this entrance upon ministerial duties he said:

"I felt in some sense as if beginning anew; had been given a season for reflection, for a survey backward and forward. I meant to make my service more full of heart. I felt that spiritual results alone, without undervaluing others, could satisfy me, and that these should be chiefly sought; never felt more self-distrustful, nor more like looking to God."

Those who were permitted to enjoy his public and private counsels in the ensuing nine rare years, realized a significant incarnation of these words of pastoral devotion, of Christian love and hope. The study and toil, the varied and rich experiences of a faithful, watchful ministry bore in this field their choicest fruits.

Mature judgment, ripe scholarship, large and quick comprehension of human nature, caution in forming opinions and their usual correctness when reached; an intelligent, sympathetic appreciation of the spirit and efforts of those who sought his help and guidance, combined to make him a pastor and teacher indeed.

His pulpit ministrations disclosed, if possible, more than former dignity, and were richer in thought, more practical, and more effective in reaching the intimate and peculiar wants of the soul. He strove to win men; his ambition was to save them by the faithful application of the vital teachings of the gospel. At one time he said publicly: "I am trying to be more plain in speech and kind in act."

In his anniversary sermon, Oct. 2, 1859, he said:

"To me the work seems every year to grow weightier. I am settling more and more into fixedness of character and effort. More and more I seem to hear the precept: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' sounding from every side. More and more the Gospel seems the great reality, and all beside it, phantoms. Here is the solid adamant. I seem but a child in grace, but thank God for the hope that I shall have an eternal summer for my growth.

"I have not met you as a mere routine always—I know that. I have tried to study your wants, and have tried to meet them. I think we are coming to understand each other better, and I should be sorry to think that increasing knowledge was not bringing increased confidence.

"We have met in sick rooms and at death beds, and looked upward to find hope and light; in joyous circles and our pulses have leaped freshly in the sunshine of sympathy; our voices have blended in song and our hearts in prayer when the hour of evening worship drew on; and sometimes in this sanctuary has it not seemed as though we were on the crest of another Tabor, amid eternal brightness, saying with deep fervor: 'how good it is to be here'? But we are workers together here. Not finished yet are our tasks.

"Do not suppose that I am alone responsible for your religious character, life and faithfulness, or think of me as necessary to it. I have no compulsory power. And if any feeling of excessive confidence or passivity exists, I am the occasion of your loss. The profit you gather must largely depend on yourselves. It is your enterprise quite as much as mine—more yours who are not Christians. It involves your salvation, and that no man can secure for you."

The amount of work pressed upon him from beyond his pastoral field was in no degree intermitted or lightened. A larger sphere of public service was opened to him by his removal to Providence. He was more closely surrounded by the working forces of an intensely active and growing city. Among its pastors he was accorded a prominent and influential position, while none of their number who came into close acquaintanceship with him, did not find it pleasant and profitable to consult his judgment and seek his counsel. He was in all circles recognized as a fearless, independent and valiant friend and defender of human rights, and of all healthful reform. And while timidity and conservatism stood aloof, it was understood that he would not be found wanting in any crisis however beset with difficulty or obloquy. His presence at the "John Brown meeting" has been mentioned. When "the colored school question" came up in the R. I. legislature, in 1859, he made several speeches upon it before the legislative committee at the State House, and also wrote the report to be presented to the legislature by that part of the committee favoring the bill.

His efforts as a lecturer were not unwelcome in his own city. At a festival, in 1860, of the "Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers," he was called to respond to the toast: "The R. I. March — As played by the pulley and wheel, spindle and shuttle; sweet music and popular."

Col. Wm. Sprague, who was expected to respond, was absent, and the President called up Rev. G. T. Day, who till that moment had no intimation of such a change in the programme. After an introduction full of pleasantry, his remarks ran in the following vein:

"Music has been classed among the fine arts; it is described, sometimes, as an accomplishment; it is set down as belonging to ornamental education. It is suggestive of taste, and implies refinement of feeling. This æsthetical culture is no longer confined to what are peculiarly literary circles. It is not alone the possession of the wealthy, nor the joy of those who live in ease. There is mind among the spindles! The mechanic's hand is guided by a cultivated intellect, and his home bears witness to the presence and influence of refined tastes and elevated enjoyment. The eye of labor is becoming quick to perceive beauty; its ear is open to music; it is at home amid the refinements of social intercourse; it feeds its understanding with thought, and its heart answers to the appeal of virtuous love.

"The old mythological story carries a prophecy whose fulfillment we are witnessing. Gigantic Vulcan, muscular, swarthy and grim, whose business it was to forge thunderbolts for Jupiter, in the depths of Vesuvius, was wedded, — not to Juno, nor Minerva, — but to Venus, child of the sea-foam, goddess of grace and beauty. So the mechanic is rapidly forming an alliance with the artist, taste is the perpetual companion of labor, and beauty is wedded to strength. Everywhere the Vulcan of toil is effectually wooing the Venus of taste. The disciplined ear and cultivated intellect of the Rhode Island mechanic are translating the hum of machinery into marches which quicken and steady the steps of progress."

Not only is his chaste eloquence illustrated by this extract, but the response was regarded as a most happy proof of the readiness of his mind in emergencies which might be expected to confuse or silence. The speech, given with such spirit and effect, was received with special demonstrations of pleasure, and led to an invitation from the Association to deliver one of the lectures in its regular course the following winter; an invitation possessing significance from the fact, that in a city boasting large talent, few of its residents have received a similar honor.

Churches of his own order freely sought his advice in connection with the settling or dismissal of pastors, and upon financial matters. They also received the benefit of frequent sermons and lectures. In the beginning of the year 1859, the "Choralist," a hymn and tune book, upon which he had bestowed much time and labor as chairman of the committee of compilation, was issued. He writes: "Have found some difficulty in getting the copyrighted music to insert. It is about as easy to arrange with musical composers, as to get a choir to go along without quarreling or pouting."

Multiplied general labors, added to those of his ministry at home, made incessant, exhausting inroads upon his powers of endurance, and it excites little wonder that once or twice in each year health gave way altogether. But he would rally from prostrations that seemed likely to keep him from activity for weeks, with surprising quickness, sufficiently to enable him, all too soon, to creep back to his post. It is deeply to be regretted that the remonstrances of his friends, to which he alludes in the following letter, could not have more frequently and successfully prevailed over his unwise persistence. It is written after an illness resulting in the suffering from debility beyond what he had ever felt before: "I hope soon to be about my usual service again. I ventured out last Sunday afternoon and bore it tolerably. Last evening went to our usual prayer meeting and enjoyed it highly. I think I could manage to preach next Sunday, but our people threaten to leave me on the useless list, at least a week longer."

In one of his anniversary sermons he says: "I am not a little perplexed to decide what is my duty with respect to general service, which absorbs more or less of time and strength. Calls for general labor are frequent and burdensome, and I do not see how I can get rid of them. Yet I have had a prayerful longing for the growth of spiritual life among you. Judge my ministry by what it does as bearing upon that object. If it has failed here, the failure has been sad and disastrous."

But amid all outward distractions and cares, he kept his deepest interest and tenderest care for his own people. No triumphs elsewhere were to him such sources of joy as the evidences of their growth, nothing saddened him "so much as disappointed hopes and efforts in that direction." Again he says:

"I have been anxious to see a rounded and complete Christian character in individual cases, and in church life; have wanted intelligence and heart, solidity of principle and fervor of feeling, system with spontaneity, reverence with sociability, conscientious fidelity and sunny gladness. For every gain in this direction I thank God daily. I may sometimes seem too intent on reaching unattained objects to give appreciation to what is done. I try not to err in that way. Every day my life becomes more closely bound up with yours. I learn to be glad in your gladness and sorrowful over your griefs. I long to work more in Paul's spirit, and find the rejoicing of which he speaks."

In February, 1864, his health demanding respite from pastoral toil, his friends procured him an appointment to labor in the army under the auspices of the Christian Commission. The kind, as well as place of service, was left freely to his choice; and while it was mutually understood by him and the officers of the Commission that it was to be of real value, yet that it should be of no greater weight than due regard for the regaining of health would allow.

It was hoped that such a change of work, with the stimulus coming from the encouragements usually experienced by the agents in that kind of service, would impart new vigor to body and mind. March 22, after a week's absence, he writes, showing that he shared the expectations, and entered cordially into the plans of his friends: "I am rested a little and hope to begin recruiting in earnest. I mean to take things easy and grow strong if possible. I want to go back with a fresh and higher fitness for service."

A private letter indicates the nature of his position, and the reception which, in peculiar circumstances, was accorded him:

"I find myself most cordially received, have pleasant companionship in the delegates of the Commission and others, and enjoy my work among the soldiers. Have felt sometimes a little delicate, mingling with regular delegates, being myself possessor of special privileges; and I had a little fear lest the agents were feeling it an embarrassment to them; but that feeling gradually wears away, I feel more and more easy, and the agents gradually come to help me to be quiet, and caution me against over risk and service."

After arriving at the front, Culpepper, Va., he again writes of his associations: "I receive every kindness and attention which I need. The longer I stop at any point somehow the more of kindness and generosity I meet, so that I make every change with as much regret as gladness."

His intention "to take things easy and grow strong," was overborne or forgotten amid the full, earnest devotion to duty into which, almost at the outset, he was drawn. The interest with which his sermons and personal approaches were received by men and officers alike, in the camps which he visited; above all, the religious awakenings which attended them,—ten, twenty, and sometimes a greater number asking prayers and wishing to be enrolled as Christians, stimulated him to the utmost exertion.

The reaction following this excessive drain of nervous and physical energy, he was illy prepared to sustain.

On his return home he experienced great lassitude, with symptoms of fever, but refusing to yield at once to the intimations of disease, he preached on the following Sunday and performed other exhausting labor. In a few days after, he was stricken down with an illness of so alarming character that for weeks his life seemed almost hopelessly jeopardized. It was not until autumn that he was able to resume his usual labors.

With tender, subdued, chastened spirit he uttered in his sermon on the first Sunday in October, being his seventh anniversary, these memorable sentences:

"Our ways the last year have been peculiar. During half of it I have been only nominally pastor. I have seen some unusual aspects of life. My way has taken me among camps and over battle fields, and by the cabins of men and women just rising from chattelhood. It was an instructive part of the journey. I hope it has helped me to see the path for the future more clearly.

"And once my way ran near to that valley through which we shall all pass sooner or later. The fading world seemed to grow dim and shadowy; at times there was heard something of the roar and dash of those waters which all must cross some day; and sometimes, for a little, it seemed that the good-bye to earthly life might require to be summoned to the lip. For years I have learned to look calmly on the end of life by anticipation. I was never calmer than then. Sometimes earthly toil and experience seemed a burden which it would be pleasant to lay down, if the Great Master's permission were given unasked,—but whether it were longer work as I mostly thought it was to be, or speedier rest as now and then seemed somewhat probable, I was content God should decide that as He deemed wisest and best. I have come back slowly to the physical vigor which is needed to enable me to fill my sphere properly; how much of wisdom I have gathered and what lessons of consecration I have learned in the school of suffering and weakness, remains to be seen. Not alone that you might be spared the sadness of missing another life, did your prayers go up for my recovery, during those days when you thought the angel of death was hovering over my chamber; but I trust every petition was winged and freighted by the desire that the great objects of the Gospel might be furthered by my return to active life. To live nobly seems to me greater than to die peacefully. A coward and a traitor can give up life amid the battle field,—it often takes a patriot and a hero to take up his life and march across other terrible fields of blood till he wins the final victory."

The kindness, sympathy and generosity which gathered with such meaning, from all sides, around him in these and other hours of weakness and pain left impressions upon his heart which all the frictions of life could not wear away, nor prolonged absence dim. Here were his chosen people, and amid their friendships, till life's latest breath, was always "home."

The value of his work can be determined in part, at least, by his success in so directing and instructing his flock, that, in the absence of his leadership and teaching, their Christian service was not slackened, but increased, rather, in noticeable ways. He counted it the most cheering testimony to the enduring nature of his ministry, that their faith and active interest did not seem dependent, necessarily, upon his continued presence and co-operation. It is equally true of few pastors that the value of labors bestowed in health, so spans and keeps frequent and protracted intervals of sickness as to allow, with the people, scarcely a thought of a necessity for a change in pastoral relationship.

It was painful to him to think that he must have been in his invalid days the occasion of anxiety, care, generosity, sacrifice and responsibility: "To lie in any sense like a burden upon the hands and hearts even of those who do not shrink at the load, is repugnant to my whole nature. But I have tried to hope that anxiety for my life will deepen the sympathy of this church for other anxious sufferers, and even help to turn your feet into the way of God's testimonies; that this long, weary waiting for my return to the post of duty may teach you a more trustful patience; this steady outflow of generous deeds and gifts may impart a deeper meaning to Christ's saying, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'; this fresh discovery of the weakness of all mortal helpers, may teach this people to depend more fully on the unfailing arm; that this walk in darkness may fix the disposition to take the leadership of Christ, this present grievous chastening may yield more abundantly the precious fruits of righteousness. If it shall serve this purpose no price is too great to pay for such a blessing."

Yet, notwithstanding this repugnance, he could write in one of his times of partial convalescence:*

"I am almost willing to be sick once in awhile, in view of the culture which my sympathies secure through the many kind offices which multiply around me. My pride very strongly rebels against being laid under obligations, even in this way, but it even gets nearly conquered sometimes when I am fairly down, and must be helped, and am kindly thought of. Scores of little delicate, nameless kindnesses still make my heart swell, and bid me believe that this world has much sweet sunshine in it. They are little and nameless to the calculating intellect, but great in the estimate of the heart, and each one has a sacred name. Among the number of these precious things was the basket of my favorite apples, and the little bouquet of flowers, which smiled beside my bed till they had smiled their life away.

---

*December, 1859.

"I hope always to be able to do some work — more work. I have sometimes a little foreboding and dread of a useless, nerveless, invalid existence. I know of nothing that would try my faith and spirit like that. I can not help praying sometimes: 'If it be possible let this cup pass from me.' And I think it will be allowed to pass."

While engaged with his experiences in the army his concern for those with whom he had associated at home was greatly quickened. His remembrance of the prayer meeting, the Sunday school and the congregation was conveyed to each by letters wherein he exhibits the aspects of his work and his prayerful interest for them. Liberal extracts are found among the correspondence at the end of this chapter.

Another alarming illness was suffered in the spring and summer of 1865. After rallying from it a little, a tour in Europe and the East was proposed to him. His prostration being made the subject of special remark at the General Conference at Lewiston, Me., in October, generous, and somewhat general response was made to a suggestion that not only the sympathies but the financial help of the Conference be extended him. With the impression that foreign travel would be highly beneficial, and to encourage him to pursue it, several hundred dollars were readily and cheerfully pledged toward his expenses,— another proof of the wide and deep interest attending him from the denomination at large.

Having decided upon an extensive tour abroad, in the sermon of the Sunday before his departure he addressed his congregation as follows:

" Many of you may think if you were going with me you would see, feel, believe and live,— that I can hardly help doing so. But it will depend greatly on my spirit — mostly, indeed, on that.

" These renowned spots and lands are what they are because the moral heroes of their time,— the seers whose eyes grew keen with their steady up-look; and the Saviour whose touch hallowed every thing, have made the whole land Holy. I hope for profit, but a true soul and life may hallow the commonest sphere and task at home. I hope to add something to the strength of conviction, something to the vividness of feeling, to the firmness of the grasp of faith, to the unction of the confession: 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men!'

" But I feel that the forces of God's kingdom are in constant and effective exercise here. Through our furnace of fire which has flamed for years, the glorious form has been walking. In all that has worked toward the regeneration of this people I trace the movement of a divine energy. I do not leave a desolate and Heaven-forsaken land, for the footsteps of the Highest echo across the continent. I shall study other lands as embodying the significant past of humanity; but I shall turn to ours as the highway over which the race is to march to a higher goal and a truer glory.

"My position and relations here to-day might seem to invite a retrospect of the eight significant years in our life as pastor and people. The story is too long; some of its paragraphs are too peculiar, or touching, or sacred for a public rehearsal. The kind and encouraging words which were not meant for flattery to pride; the generosity which has kept on with its unostentatious offerings, through long delays and beneath burdens which it would not own were heavy even when they pressed the spirit into anxiety; the charity which has covered many failures and much unfaithfulness; the Sunday gatherings when each hour of worship lifted us nearer Heaven; the evening prayer circles, when our hearts thrilled in unison, or melted in sympathy, or were stirred by a better purpose, as we communed of Christ, or prayed for a trembling penitent, or surveyed our field of labor; the solemn hours when you have taken the veil from your burdened hearts, and I have helped you tell the sad story to God; the seasons when we have rejoiced together — all come up freshly and vividly before me at this hour."

Sailing from New York, he arrived in England in the early part of December. Thence, after a few days of rest he went to Paris, on to Italy, and across the Mediterranean to Egypt. Crossing the desert by the way of Mt. Sinai, he visited Palestine, and reached England again, by way of Constantinople, Vienna, and through Switzerland.

During his protracted stay in England he attended the meeting, in June, 1866, of the General Baptist Association at Loughborough, as a delegate from our General Conference. He says of it:

"I do not know whether it was an oversight, or whether credentials were supposed to be needless, but so it was that we appeared at this trans-Atlantic gathering without any sort of attestation of our appointment as a deputation to our brethren here. I did not know this until a late stage in the proceedings of the Association, or I might have suffered a little mental discomfort. But, welcomed at once by a resolution, moved by Dr. Burns and seconded by Bro. Goadby, overflowing with Christian kindness and courtesy, there was promptly accorded us by the assembly a greeting in which the English heart spoke out in its best tone, and called into play its noblest impulses. After that, there was no room for anxiety or distrust. I was too grateful to be proud just then, too conscious of being treated with an excess of confidence and kindness, to find room for anything hostile to humility and home feeling. . . . New cords have attached my heart to the fatherland which are in no danger of breaking when stretched across the sea."

Again referring to these gratifying experiences, he says:

"The two or three days spent in Nottingham — including a Sabbath — were filled with a varied interest. The thorough, unmistakable heartiness with which we were welcomed to the very central circle of the Christian homes of England, was more grateful and touching — especially after the long months of wandering as pilgrims and strangers — than I dare attempt to tell. I had allowed myself to anticipate, as a representative of the Free Baptist denomination in America, a kindly and dignified English courtesy; but I had not dreamed of such a warm, unreserved, affectionate greeting as was at once accorded to us by not a few of the noblest and best among our trans-Atlantic brethren. There was no show, no voluble profession of regard, no ostentatious demonstrativeness from first to last. Instead of words there were quiet courtesies that forbade formal notice; the perpetual surrounding us with an atmosphere that either took off the weight of conscious obligation or made its pressure delicious,— in a word, the feeling that *we were at home* was made to overspread and permeate the whole social experience. When the English heart wakes, its movements are strong, and we have felt the beating. Bridge over fairly the chasm of English reserve and self-assertion, and the fellowship is like the manly love of brothers. Rouse the enthusiasm of an English audience, even at a religious anniversary, and it storms out its kindled feeling in a way that puts to naught the explosions of a western political convention. All this we have seen and felt."

After bidding farewell to England he visited the Scottish Highlands, Iona, and the cave of Staffa; returning to Glasgow, crossed the Irish Sea to Belfast; thence in a week's time to Queenstown,— embarking for home from the latter city, Aug. 16th.

" New York Harbor, Aug. 25, 1866.

" We have just sailed up the Narrows, past the forts, around Castle Garden, the forest of masts half revealing and half hiding the greatness of the American metropolis. America greets me at last, and I answer her silent salutation with heart-bounds and moistening of the eyes. I put the treasured memories of the old world into the keeping of my spirit, and am content to leave that world behind me; I grasp the mighty possibilities of the new world with my affection, and seek an abiding place beneath the skies that brood over it like the stoop of God's love. Europe and the East are pleasant schools for the mind; America is the home of the heart."

" Providence, Aug. 27.

" '*Home again!*' God be thanked for his guardianship over those whose lives are so closely linked to mine! I hear with gratitude of the safe arrival of Bro. Dunn and son, companions in a portion of life which will never cease to be memorable, and which they have done so much to invest with interest. Heaven keep them and theirs in its care forever; and may all the readers of the *Star* — especially those who, with such unexpected and undeserved generosity, aided in opening my way to the wonders and sanctities of the Orient, and have followed our course of travel with their sympathies and prayers — may all these find the gates of a land still more glorious, open at once to their coming when their feet press the threshold of immortality."

Although not reaping all that was hoped from this tour, it imparted considerable gain to bodily and mental strength, so that he was enabled to resume pastoral duties with much greater courage and efficiency. Still, in looking back upon it, he was compelled to admit that it had been too exhausting for his enfeebled physical condition, and for the fullest recovery of mental power.

At the annual meeting of the corporation of Bates College, preceding his return, he was elected professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. In October following, a convention of fifty ministers in connection with the Anniversaries at Lawrence, Mass., met to urge upon him the call of the college; declaring that, "in the opinion of this convention of ministers, it would be for the glory of God for our beloved brother, Rev. G. T. Day, to accept the professorship in Bates College to which he has been elected; and we respectfully recommend the church of which he is pastor, to release him for that purpose."

On the death of William Burr, for many years editor and manager of the *Morning Star*, in November, 1866, attention was directed to Mr. Day as his successor in the editorial chair. On the assembling of the corporators of the *Star* for the purpose of choosing a successor to the vacant post, his eminent fitness for it was freely conceded, but because of the claims of the College, and the feeling represented by the action at Lawrence, together with his unreliable health, his election was not at the outset secured by the requisite number of votes.

Being elected at length by a unanimous vote, the Board united in asking the Roger Williams church to release him from his engagement with it at once. In harmony with this request, he presented his resignation Dec. 11, 1866, to take effect immediately, that he might enter upon his newly chosen duties.

With great reluctance, the church accepted his resignation; waiving its claim to three months' notice and labor, that no obstacle might frustrate his wishes, or lie in his chosen path; and recorded its farewell in words of consideration, regret, tenderness and appreciation, as it dismissed him to the wider fellowship and service of the entire sisterhood of churches. Its resolutions, having reference to the event, close as follows:

"Though our judgment, generosity, gratitude and faith prompt us cheerfully and hopefully to consent to this separation, yet these sacred ties, cemented by years of varied experience, in public and social meetings, in our home circles, amid our highest joys and deepest sorrows, uniting us with one so pure, so wise, so true as our pastor has ever proved himself, can not be sundered without heart-throbs too deep and strong for words to express. . . . We shall ever cherish the memory of our retiring pastor as a dear personal friend, in whose sympathies and prayers we hope ever to find a place; and we desire for, and will ask God to give to him large physical, social and spiritual blessings, with many added years of successful Christian work."

In connection with his farewell sermon, Dec. 13th, he spoke as follows:

"It is natural for me to-day to refer to my work for some ten years in this pulpit, as now I step out of it, perhaps finally from all pastoral work.

"Let me be understood in leaving the pulpit. It is a glorious sphere, notwithstanding its perplexities and privations. I never prized it more than to-day. Deliberately I never repented of choosing it. Ambition has sometimes whispered, and trial has now and then forced out a sigh for rest, and hopes deferred have begotten temporary heart-sickness; but to be daily busy with the great thoughts which Christ has filled with inspiration, and to deal with men in relation to the grandest interests that pertain to them, have brought deep peace, and flooded life with heavenly splendor. Judged at the end of this experience, I would make the same choice were I a young man to-day. I would seek a fuller fitting; I would try to fill out more nearly my ideal through a higher work, so that I might blunder less and accomplish more. There are young men here to whom I commend it, and beseech them to ask if their working programme had not better be made out in view of that sphere. I have hesitated on that ground to accept any other position for all these years; I could not have decided to take the place awaiting me, but that I deemed it the condition of prolonged service anywhere, and as still offering the opportunity to work in the same general line of Christian education. I am yet to preach, not with the voice in one pulpit, but in another way, around thousands of hearth-stones. Still, as before, I count the sphere Christian, and the implement the blessed Gospel.

"I have sought to make you intelligent, practical Christians in your varied spheres of life. Upon a genuine conversion to Christ I have insisted, as the vital thing. But I have not been content with a few penitential tears, nor an open profession, nor an occasional gush of feeling or a fierce flame of zeal. I wanted your religion fortified by intelligence and illustrated in life. And so I have spoken to the understanding and the conscience.

"Of the relations subsisting between us, there is no need to speak here and now. It is probably enough to say publicly that I have always found warm hearts, kind sympathies, charitable judgments, and whatever else contributes to make the ministry turn its sunny side toward me; have had much for which I am grateful to both God and you; have not, I hope, seemed unappreciative, because I have not multiplied words. I trust we understand each other, by this time, well enough to enable us to confide when we can not always clearly see. May God reward all your kindness in the truest way and the largest measure.

"I trust not one of you mingles the feeling of discouragement with the regret which arises over my departure. My work is to be made manifest. Should interest abate, and fidelity lessen, on the part of those who have seemed to grow up into Christian character under my teaching, just because I had gone, it would naturally enough awaken a doubt whether the teaching itself were not radically faulty. If there is now a harder task and a more self-sacrificing service, apparently, before you, you may properly look upon it as God's offer of a more heroic work, the doing of which will add to your own moral nobleness.

"My pastoral work ends here; but there is no danger that my sympathies will at once detach themselves from the sphere and circle to which ten years of significant service and experience have wedded them. We shall be workers in the common field still. Give to my successor the confidence and co-operation which he needs, welcome his service and his teaching as you have welcomed mine, and there is little ground for fear that any great dearth will fall upon you.

"Let us one and all hallow this day, and place, and service, with a common vow that our work shall henceforth be Christian, and then its manifestation will be glorious; and then we can recall our relationships always, with a feeling of sacred joy, thanking God for the satisfaction they have yielded us.

"And now, brethren, sisters, friends, farewell. Be of good comfort, live in peace, and the God of love and peace will surely be with you. And though we thus separate, we will do it hopefully, looking forward gratefully to that hour of reunion when the heart shall be satisfied because it wears God's likeness, and the soul joyous evermore because his smile is upon us, in

'The land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.'"

LETTERS.

His correspondence was not extensive, at least not in the directions which would show in an intimate manner his spiritual and mental experiences. The few extracts which are here given will aid in revealing both mind and heart. Those not otherwise designated were addressed to the author:

"Nov. 4, 1858.

"I was very glad to get your letter. It was just such an informal, genial, and hearty epistle, as always pleases me. I do not feel that you need to be very severely castigated for any presumption implied in the feeling of brotherly sympathy, nor for the expression of it. You know I am partially conscious of my strong individualism, and rather regret some phases, developments and effects of it, and so I am always glad when I find anybody feeling that there is really anything like real personal sympathy growing up around and for me. It is not alone because of the gratification which the compliment brings, but because of the evidence afforded that I am really living outside of and beyond myself."

"Nov. 30, 1858.

. . "Madam Rumor is not less busy than usual, and she does me the honor of uttering my name in most ludicrous connections once in a while. The latest thing I have heard is, that the 'spirits' so deal with me that I can't sleep, that my pen goes helter-skelter all over the page whenever I attempt to write (that was always rather more than half true), and that at length I was forced to consult certain Spiritualists for relief; who told me, of course, that I must yield to the sacred influence or suffer 'many stripes,' and urged me to leave preaching Freewill Baptist theology and devote myself to the 'progressive' gospel of 'Spiritualism.' That is seriously told for just so much truth from Smith's Hill, around Market Square, and out to West Providence, and as seriously believed by some really good people.

"This is just as true as that I had learned theology of Jupiter (the planet!), or that I had been negotiating with the comet to give me a ride to the Pleiades. I shall be in danger of feeling that I am somebody, and that my opinions are weighty matters, if I am to be honored in this way much longer. 'Spiritualism' I take for so much—'bosh'! and its supporters I can't help looking upon as honest 'gullibles', or covert pharisees, making lofty pretensions to hide the lowest purposes. '*Quantum sufficit.*'"

"Jan. 19, 1859.

"I preached an hour and a half last Sunday afternoon on Modern Spiritualism; and am rather intending to preach a shorter time next Sunday afternoon, on Modern Universalism. The other sermon caused some fluttering, an indication perhaps that the shot took effect. Do n't think Madam Rumor will repeat the charge of Spiritualism upon me this week or next.

"Have just received a long and strong letter from Hillsdale, saying that the removal of Prof. Churchill to Oberlin has led to my appointment to the vacant Professorship; and after the case is argued earnestly awhile, I am told that farther reasoning is needless, that I must go out there, and that is the end of it. I have not yet replied, and really I find it difficult to decide what to reply. It would save us much hard and perplexing study if we had perpetual and plenary inspiration. I do n't say I think it unfortunate that we have not."

"Feb. 5, 1859.

"I preached as I proposed, on Universalism; not less but more than an hour and a half. I have had no occasion yet to question the propriety of my preaching on those two subjects, nor of seriously doubting the propriety of the method of discussion adopted. Some of the Spiritualists are a good deal stirred, complaining of severe things said in the way of illustration, though generally admitting the fairness of the argument. I shall not *probably* be accused of being either a Spiritualist or a Universalist, this month nor next, unless some new developments take place."

"Feb. 21, 1859.

. . "It is in the nature of technical theologians to be creed-hunters and creed-critics. Such a class of men are needed, I think; though from some cause their ministry does not awaken my envy, nor excite my admiration as much as once it did. The fact is, you can't tell what the real theology of a denomination is by looking over its confession of faith. The words mean different things to different persons; and besides, many men assent honestly to a confession of faith when their real, living, practical theology is some other and some very different thing.

. . . . "I have read with some sadness, some merriment, and a little pity, the recent pamphlet of Rev. Parsons Cooke which you sent me. I suppose bigoted conservatives have a mission in this world; they are a sort of offset to the reckless and crusading radicals which more or less abound in society. Garrison and Theodore Parker on one side of an equation, and Parsons Cooke and N. Adams on the other,—what an algebraic formula that would make! It might seem absurd, but I am not sure that it might not express a good deal of deep moral truth. Prof. Park's theology is far less grim and savage than Cooke's, but I can 't acquiesce very cordially in all the doctrines of the New School party. The freedom of all men, and their perfect ability to accept the provisions of the Gospel and be saved, I know are points strongly asserted; but much of the significance of those statements seems to me to be frittered away when it is added, that, such is the depravity of all hearts, no man ever did come, or can be expected to come, to Christ, save as God specially and effectively influences him to do so. That scheme gets rid of a difficulty in a logical way; but practically it stands very close to the system it repudiates and fights. But I am writing a letter of theology; a thing I do n't think it often proper or needful to do."

"March 7, 1859.

. . . "Have you seen Dr. Bushnell's recent work, 'Nature and the Supernatural'? It is the most important contribution to theological science which has been recently made. It deals a powerful and effective blow against the rationalism or naturalism which is becoming so rife. I don't readily concur in all his definitions, nor in all his points in detail; but the main argument is full of strength, and the sweep of thought is full of sublime and Christian majesty. His portraiture of Christ surpasses anything I have ever met in that line,—the apprehension is wonderfully deep and clear, the study is that of the profound philosopher, the grateful reverence is such as only a deep-hearted Christian can feel. It will richly repay a reading; it will yield its large and peculiar wealth only to diligent and thoughtful study."

"Providence, May 20, 1861.

"To the Committee on Finance: In view of the peculiar circumstances surrounding us during the present financial year, rendering it difficult to meet the expenses likely to be incurred, I hereby relinquish my claim to two hundred dollars of the twelve hundred dollars appropriated as salary for the pastor, and ask your acceptance of the sum named, in the same cordial spirit in which it is tendered. It is rather a privilege than otherwise, to assist in bearing the burdens which our great national struggle is laying upon the people, and especially those which it is laying upon our own Church and Society."

"WARRENTON, VA., April 6, 1864.

"DEAR ROGER WILLIAMS SUNDAY SCHOOL: Have you ever feared that I had forgotten you, amid so many new and strange things? There is no danger that I shall do that. I carry the picture of our vestry at home, as it appears on Sunday mornings, hanging all the while in my memory; and I turn to it over and over again. I remember just where each teacher was accustomed to sit, and the faces of many of the pupils are remembered as distinctly as though I had just been singing with you some inspiring hymn, as 'Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us,' or, 'The Sunday school, that blessed place.' It always seemed a blessed place to me; and now, amid these desolations of war, where Sunday schools are mostly broken up, where churches are turned into barracks and hospitals, or left silent and desolate, it seems to me twice blessed. I have thanked God many times that the desolations of war have not passed, like a destroying angel, over our blessed New England.

"I can not tell you much of what I have seen, within the limits of a short letter. When I say that I have slept in tents; preached in the open air to a company of soldiers standing eagerly around; distributed papers, tracts and books, and spoken a kindly word, to such as were cheerful to receive them; that I have helped to cook and eat not a few dinners in a deserted church; that I have seen many hard, stubborn men, who had been careless and profane for years, get up in the prayer meeting, tell how they had remembered the prayers and Sunday school lessons of their childhood, and that now they were ready and determined to obey the truth, and become good soldiers of Christ,—when I tell you that I have seen all this, you will understand that it is hard to write you a letter; not because there is so little to tell you, but because there is so much.

"The men have got beyond the romance of war, and now feel its realities. It is not now animal excitement that stirs them. The hour for reflection has come. They are taught to despise shams, and feel that the real and substantial are only worth seeking. Their perils, wounds, hardships, the graves of their comrades, the memories of Christian homes, have disposed them to receive the special influences set in motion by the Commission. I am sure if you could sit, as I have many times, in the chapel or smaller tents, see the men rise to express their purpose to be Christians, listen to their confessions and stories of the inward struggle, mark the simplicity, fervor, directness and force of their prayers, hear the straightforward words in which they speak of their life as it has been, and as, with God's blessing, they mean it shall be, — you would feel that there were depth, sincerity and power in their religious life. You see little hesitation; men do not talk much for talk's sake; but the plain, resolute, yet modest utterances of men who feel the seriousness of their undertaking, and who mean, in God's name, to accomplish it.

"A few nights since, at the close of a brief sermon which I was permitted to preach, in response to a simple suggestion, six men arose at once, with the most calm deliberation, to express their purpose to be Christians. The number is sometimes twenty in a single evening. The firm, yet tender grasp of their hands as they crowd up to greet the speaker, and say, 'God bless you,' makes me feel at once among brothers. We know what the expression means, 'one in Christ Jesus.'

"But I must stop, leaving wholly out some most touching incidents which I will keep for my return. Meanwhile, let me ask you to pray much for the army."

"WARRENTON, VA., April 7, 1864.

"TO THE SUNDAY EVENING MEETING. No Sunday evening has passed since I left Providence without bringing me some reminders of the place where I have spent so many pleasant and profitable hours in conference and prayer.

"I read the same words for needed instruction and comfort now, which I used to read out of the Gospel with you, and they bring me the same blessing as before; I lift up my prayer to the same great Helper, and find his grace comes to me to minister strength as I need it, just as it has for years. I find no other word that reaches my heart-wants, and can turn to no other mighty one who bears up my weakness with his unfailing power. I only desire to trust him more fully, to realize more of his influence, and to honor him with a larger service."

"NORFOLK, VA., April 26, 1864.

"TO MY CONGREGATION AT THE ROGER WILLIAMS CHURCH: The lapse of time does not make me forget the faces that have, on so many Sundays, looked up into my own, nor beget in my heart any indifference over the interests of the people who call me pastor. I think of you as *my* congregation; you still are *my* flock, though for the time I am compelled to commit you, in a peculiar sense, to the watchful care of the Great Shepherd. So I send you a letter, grateful over the privilege of speaking to you at all, and desiring to say something that may interest and do you good.

"Since we have had a national army in the field, I have desired to see and know its character and life; and since the thunderbolts of war have been shivering the fetters of the slaves, I have been anxious to witness their march into the land of their patient faith and long-trusted promise. I wished to understand both these matters, that I might more wisely do my own personal work respecting them, and aid in helping others to know and perform their duty. I believe I have gained something in patriotism,—that I prize the cause of the Union more; and I find my abhorrence of the rebellion, as a needless, selfish, wicked plot against liberty, justice and honor, is deeper than ever before. If I have condemned slavery heretofore, as founded in violence and outrage, paralyzing the best energies and poisoning the very heart of the nation, I find now that my opposition to it has been far too weak, and my protests tame. If I have been lukewarm heretofore, God helping me, I will endeavor to be a patriot and an abolitionist hereafter. If I have not preached loyalty and freedom as vital necessities in the life of a nation or a man, I mean my sermons shall be plain on that point when I stand in the pulpit again. If I have not pleaded for a religious spirit broad and strong enough to undertake resolutely the work of lifting our whole public life up to the plane of moral and Christian principle, I hope nobody may have a chance to doubt hereafter that I aim at the fulfillment of the prayer—'Thy kingdom come.'

. . . "There is a thoughtful, direct earnestness in the soldier's religion. The work he is set to do is of the decisive, practical kind; and he generally takes hold of his religious work in the same way. Men in the army feel that the religion which is going to do anything for them must be more than a theory, a sentiment, or a pleasant experience. They want what will save them from camp vices; what will make God a conscious personal Friend in the loneliness of their nightly picketing, or when tidings reach them of the desolations death is making in their distant homes; what will come to them like a clear 'well-done' out of heaven, when leading a charge into the terrors of shot and shell; what will enable them to lean on

God's promise of immortal life, as though it were the bosom of wife or mother, when they fall unseen and unhelped, to rise no more. The veteran soldiers are far more thoughtful, calm, kindly and modest than the later recruits.

"I can not now speak in detail of the work of the Christian Commission, but I can not help bearing grateful record to the success which has attended its work. It has won the confidence, sympathy, affection and good wishes of the best part of the army, — including both officers and men, — to an extent and degree that are touching to witness; and it can point to results already reached, through God's blessing, which astonish those whose faith was largest. Encouraging incidents, some of a most touching character, are constantly occurring.

"Three days ago, I went in a detailed ambulance to visit several encampments, and called at the camp of a battery at the extreme limit of our fortifications toward Suffolk. The Lieutenant commanding was a young man, not quite twenty-one. We carried papers for distribution, and asked him if it would be both convenient and pleasant to have a brief service. His quarters were in a large room in an old dwelling-house, and he at once put that at our service, and sent his sergeants to notify the men. I preached twenty-five minutes to a company of perhaps fifty. When the room was cleared, the officer, turning his frank face toward me, said: 'Sir, I want to thank you myself for this; it is the first time I have heard a prayer, even, in a month.' We sat down together, and, as if impelled by some inward impulse, he gave me his story, now and then with moistened eyes, and a voice full of emotion. The substance of it was this: 'My father is a minister in northern New York. My parents have eight children.' And, pausing a moment, he added, half playfully, half seriously: 'I am the worst child my parents have been troubled with. I have been faithfully counselled, and often prayed for, but I have departed from the way so kindly and plainly pointed out. I came into the army almost three years ago, only seventeen years old. I expected a long piece of advice, but my mother waited till I had reached the door, and then only said: "My son, keep your integrity, and be true to the principles we have taught you." Mother writes me now once in a while, though she is sixty-five years old.' He took from his drawer a sheet folded in ancient style, and read me a paragraph, in which maternal pride, love and anxiety had poured themselves out in most touching Christian counsel. 'That's the way mother writes me,' said he, 'and perhaps you can guess what kind of a mother I've got. Somehow your prayer and the service made me want to tell you this. I said I was the worst child my mother has got, and I think I am. I have been fully resolved to be a thoroughly moral young man. I never tasted a drop of liquor, nor played a game of cards, in my life; but it is terribly hard to resist sometimes. I do not know of but one commissioned officer among all whom I have met, who I suppose refuses to drink. Among my equals the temptation is n't much; but when a superior officer, from whom you have received or expect favors, asks you to drink, in a tone implying that he does n't at all expect a refusal,—that 's the hard place. But so far I have kept to my mother's advice on that point, and maintained my integrity.' 'Do you feel at all that being a moral man fulfills your whole duty?' I asked. 'Not at all,' he promptly answered. 'I know I should have been a Christian, long ago,' 'I hope to be, too,' he added, after a moment, with eyes downcast, and tone subdued. I said a few words as wisely as I knew how, shook hands with him, and we bade each other good-bye. 'Not far from the kingdom,' I said to myself as I rode away. Will he step in, or walk in the opposite direction? His form, face, tone and manner have haunted me almost continually since. The story illustrates what we meet here in the army, and sets forth the power which Christian counsel at home, and the letters of loving Christian friends may have. Very many of the most striking cases of conversion, are readily traceable to this source.

"Allow me to add, in closing, that I have asked myself many times, while witnessing the decided, practical piety developed amid all the disadvantages of army life; and the fervid, trustful piety which has held on its way in the hearts of these freed people in spite of burdens and wrongs,—I have asked myself what apology we can urge for our inefficient type of religion, amid all the helps of New England homes, and sanctuaries hallowed by so many tokens of God's favor. And if to live without God be an inexcusable sin in men who have no home but the camp, and men who have no lot but that of bondage, how sad must be their lot who go on to the last great trial through Christian homes, Sunday schools, and churches fragrant with prayer and praise, to be weighed in the balance and found lacking in the vital thing?"

"Sept. 13, 1865.

"DEAR BRO. ANTHONY: I desire to express my sympathy with you in this hour when the shadow of another bereavement has fallen upon your home, and another star been stricken from the firmament of your domestic heaven.* I need say nothing respecting the amiability and interest attaching to Abby's spirit, for you know and realize that as no one else can; and the thought of that adds, doubtless, to the seeming greatness of your loss. Your faith does not need to be assured that she who, in our earthly way of speaking, prematurely dies, does really leap the sooner into the only blessed life; for you have opened your heart too many times while sitting beside little, silent, cold forms, to the words

"Were you to ask in what particular way Mr. Day had been of most service to me, I should say it was in hours of trouble and sorrow. While he was my pastor I buried five children; the value of words of comfort that came from him at those times never can be expressed by me."

---

*L. W. Anthony to the author.

of Jesus: 'Suffer little children'—, and have found too much solace in them, to distrust them now. I am sure you do not so much commit your dear ones to the grave as yield them to the loving care of God.

"No long story of earthly experience, however sunny; no picture of future years below, however bright the coloring, can equal that single line in which divine wisdom and love paint for us the life of those 'little ones' who hear the Shepherd's voice, and hasten to the heavenly fold: 'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in Heaven.'

"All this, I know very well, can not prevent your sense of bereavement being very heavy, nor render your utterance of the words: 'Even so, Father,' less than painful. You will repeat them with choking voice, and with lips that tremble at each syllable. And I can not think God would have it otherwise. He has not planted tender affections in our hearts and then bidden us be stoics. When the cords of affection snap under the strain of bereavement, he would not have us deny that we are wounded. When the choicest treasures which he has lent us are suddenly removed, he would not have us watch their departure with careless air or with dry eyes.

"The strength of Christian faith and the completeness of Christian submission are not seen in our taking affliction, such as yours, with indifference; but while the agony is keen and the eye blind with tears, to be able to say: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the

Lord,'— that tests our confidence and tells whether 'the Lord is our refuge, a very present help in trouble.' The submission that *costs*, is specially dear to him who makes bearing the cross the proof of discipleship and the condition of his favor.

"You were sure to lose your *little* child, Abby, even if she had not left you in this form. Her artlessness, her wondering questions, merry prattle, winsome, childish ways and words, the freshness of her thoughts and feelings which made Spring abide through the whole year in your house,— these things which made her your *little* child, you could not have kept save in memory, and there you are sure to keep them now. . . . If the heart had kept up its beating, do you think that there could have been any transition to another state on earth, that could satisfy your human love and your Christian ambition for her, like this which makes the beauty and the brightness of her earthly childhood ripen into the eternal youth and glory of the heavenly life?

. . . "God is your 'loving Father' now, not less, but even more than when the seats at your right and left hands at the table were filled by the dear ones whose presence so lighted your home, though he seems the 'terrible avenger.' Nearer than at any other time does he come to us when the streams of human comfort run low; his ministries are richest when other help is unavailing. You have not unfrequently, I am sure, felt to be deeply and gloriously true, the lines of Cowper:

'Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.'

I think the last line would better express the truth if it read:

'He keeps a smiling face.'

"Have you never thought how special are the pains God has taken to speak his best words to the smitten, and what an unequivocal bearing that most blessed of Christ's utterances has: 'Come unto me, *all* ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'?

"God's love may also be discerned in giving an assurance that the dear departed ones find the real home for which all healthy human souls have at times an unutterable longing; and also in making them go before us to invest the heavenly world with real home aspects, so that we go to it not as strangers, but to find a familiar circle and mode of life. You could not have made your earthly home so attractive but that the members of your household would have felt the complete idea of a home unrealized on earth. They would have felt at times strong yearnings for the eternal house not made with hands; or if not, the absence of such a look upward would have been to you a deeper grief.

"They are going,—early, indeed, but over a road less thorny because they go early; they are far less likely to miss the way than if the path ran through the wilderness and among the temptations of a long road; they are going to take their places around the board where you may find the seats at your side never vacant, and the occupants never unsatisfied with the glorious life. Is he not 'a loving Father' who comes to light up bereavements, which are inevitable, with such beams of promise, and such stars of hope? . . . I thank God that your affection has brightened the dewy path over which your five children have passed from the morning of earth to the land upon whose celestial glory no night comes down."

"LONDON, ENG., Dec. 12, 1865.

"DEAR BRO. ANTHONY: I wish you could look in upon us to-night. Three of us sit around a table in a finely furnished private parlor, in the Stevens Hotel, just off from Bond St., about half way between Oxford St. and Piccadilly. Before the grate, where a pleasant fire is glowing, are plush easy-chairs, and the polished fender waits for your slippered feet, where you may toast them first into warmth, next into luxury, and last into dreams of home; so that you will seem to see the distant faces both of the dead and the living shining out through the ruddy flame, and hear the voices that once made music about other hearths coming back in the street cries that ring in the distance on the night air. At the back side of the apartment is a vacant lounge where you can relax all the muscles at once, and find a deepened meaning crowding itself into the precious word—rest. On the dressing-table is a little Bible, bought in Providence three weeks ago, and the Psalm we would read by candle-light would be not less comforting because it had been carried over the sea; the subdued petition with which we should put our souls into the Great Keeper's care, would go up by as short and sure a road to Heaven from the new closet as from the old. And I have just ordered breakfast at 8 1-2 in the morning, here in this room;—the bill of fare to consist of fried fish, baked potatoes, omelet, dipped toast, baked apples and tea. I will secure you the seat just before the grate, give you the second cut from the tail of the flounder, and put two lumps of sugar into your cup. Will you come? If you hesitate now, I shall give it up, for I have exhausted the argument and plied you with all the motives!

"But I only write you a word, to tell you, thus playfully, that my heart goes across the ocean at a bound, and that to see you to-night would be a rare pleasure. Such a pleasure is, I hope, yet in store for us. Am resting and rallying — go to Paris in a day or two."

"CAIRO, EGYPT, Feb. 17, 1866.

"DEAR BRO. ANTHONY: I got your letter at Alexandria. Wandering so far from home, seeing scarcely any faces but strange ones, and hearing the music of my mother tongue but rarely, I am in a condition to prize anything which helps to picture the life and bring to the ear of my fancy the tones which have so often and so largely blessed me on another continent. I am very glad to learn of the general steadfastness, interest and prosperity in our church circle at home. It would be a rare privilege to step in and share even the simplest, the briefest and the most ordinary of your services."

"LONDON, June 29, 1866.

"DEAR BRO. ANTHONY: I need not tell you how grateful it has been to me to learn of the religious prosperity which has been shared by the Roger Williams congregation, Sunday school and church in connection with Bro. Perkins's* labors, and the labors of God's people. There is no joy like that which springs from the triumph of the Gospel in the field to which the strongest sympathies of the heart are daily turning. I trust that the religious life is to deepen, strengthen, rise and grow, year by year. And I trust, too, that besides the fidelity which has aided to win so many young disciples to Jesus, there is being and will still be employed the gracious wisdom and divinely-taught skill, which organizes and trains these new forces for a high, steady, consistent, effective service in the great Master's vineyard. I hope to find when I get back that the yoke of the Master is not only assumed but worn,—that behind every good profession a genuine life is throbbing,—that each name stands for a real and felt force, to which every day and deed makes an addition.

"I regret very much the necessity of being absent from Covenant Meeting. May the blessing of God be with you in your gathering, and your hearts burn within you, while you talk of Christ and his grace, as it has been given to your hearts. Good things and great are in store for you; open the heart freely and let them flow in. For myself, I feel anxious to be a truer Christian and a wiser and more faithful minister. I am sometimes oppressed with a sense of my own weakness and inefficiency; but Christ is my source of hope, and his promises my never failing fountain of joy. I have pledged him my heart and life, and I am only anxious to redeem the pledge. My church relations seem full of sacredness, and there is no word of our Covenant but I would renewedly accept.

---

* Rev. C. S. Perkins, who performed pulpit and pastoral service with the church during Mr. Day's absence.

"I am longing for two things: A church where every member is a loving, willing, faithful worker; and the coming of many souls to Christ and to us. My heart is deeply drawn out for this last blessing, and I trust many of you are praying and laboring for it. I can not feel satisfied without seeing some fruit spring up under our labors."

"DAMASCUS, SYRIA, April 17, 1866.

"I am here at the easternmost point of my tour. I do not always realize that I am several thousands of miles from R. I. I have now been so long among these orientals, and their phases of life come so much as a matter of course, that the sense of strangeness has largely worn off, and this part of the world appears human and not wholly unhomelike. Yet I shall leave it without great reluctance, and the idea of getting back to civilization is agreeable.

"Without exaggeration I may say that I have *enjoyed* this tour. I had longed to see these old lands from my boyhood; and so to see them has been a prized privilege. Perhaps, too, I do not count the blessing smaller that I have taken this survey in the comparative maturity of thought and life, when reflection is calm and active, though fancy is less busy and buoyant; when, if I have felt less intensely, I may have thought more practically. Besides, I am not much haunted by the idea or feeling that I ought to be at work in the world, instead of inspecting it for my own gratification;—seeing that I am here because such recreation appeared to be the only road to useful service in the future. And, though I can never be quite satisfied to tax the generosity even, which takes pleasure in giving, there has often seemed to be a kind of affectional sanctity thrown over this whole tour, by the remembrance of what was done at Lewiston and elsewhere, in the way of lifting me from my attitude of waiting and doubt, and setting me at once among the scenes that are so memorable and hallowed."

"INVERNESS, SCOTLAND, July 31, 1866.

"DEAR BRO. ANTHONY: You probably want some specific statement about health. I can not tell the whole story in a brief letter, and need not. But I have worked as hard, steadily and conscientiously for physical vigor as I have been wont to work for spiritual results. I have resolutely put down the doubt which would keep coming up, whether my physical life was really worth fighting such a long, earnest, expensive, sometimes painful, sometimes weary and doubtful battle. For I had gone into the fight for life, and there is something in me which hates to give up when I have once fairly entered the lists. In that spirit I have been planning and doing since I came abroad,— in a general way subordinating many other things to this.

"My life must henceforth be more even, if it is to be capable of anything; I must husband my strength, take counsel of prudence, and heed the remonstrances of my fretting nerves. My frailties are absolutely stronger than my determination; and the careful study of myself and symptoms during these past months compels the conviction,— whether I would or not,— that to be tough and enduring is henceforth impossible."

IV.

EDITORIAL LIFE.

1866 — 1875.

His election to the editorship of the *Morning Star*, Dec. 6, 1866, was followed at once by his acceptance, but not without expressed apprehension as to its wisdom, and reluctance from considerations of health. On the latter account, he did not hesitate to say that his long continuance of service was quite doubtful.

His editorial salutatory appeared in the issue of Dec. 19th, in which he says:

"Calmly, prayerfully, trustfully as I can, I accept the position. I need co-operation, and expect it; I desire a true success, and do not despair of it. Is that presumption?

"I have no new plans to propose to-day, and no large pledges for the future to give. The *Star* has acquired a character and a moral position. They are definite, and have cost not a little. I trust neither will be sacrificed or impaired. Some of the noblest of our dead and the best of our living have put their richest qualities and their most heroic purposes into its life; — it would be a grief and a shame to barter away lightly what we have gained at such a cost. If they be new voices that speak through its columns hereafter, I trust it will not be difficult to detect the clear ring of other days.

"The *Star* will, therefore, continue to speak for and in the name of the denomination, whose organ it has been from the first, while allowing, as heretofore, a reasonable latitude for the expression of individual opinion; and so seek to promote at once unity and liberty. It will plead for temperance and freedom; it will take the liberty of criticising public measures, especially in view of their moral bearings; and it will lift up its voice for the regeneration of the state as well as for the consecration of the church. While especially aiming at the supremacy of a sound and vital religious faith in the spiritual sphere, it will not stand quietly by and see that faith contemned and crucified in the secular. The religion which it advocates will still include both the first and second commandments.

"It is a time when Christ's disciples are called to be Christian citizens, and to define that duty will constitute a part of the service which is to be undertaken here. The *Star* will not cease to assert the rightful supremacy of true religion always and everywhere. It is quite time that the heresy which divorces politics from Christianity were buried out of sight. The Gospel has many more precepts for week-day life than for Sunday worship.

"Brethren, Friends, Readers, I salute you all. Sorrowing with you over the great bereavement which has fallen upon us, sharing your gratitude over the great blessing which God has vouchsafed us in the long and consecrated service of him who built his life into the F. Baptist denomination and left it as his vital monument, anxious to join you in carrying forward to completeness the enterprises which owed so much to his clear head and good heart, I take his vacant chair with human trembling, but enter upon these duties with Christian hope. I beg your most fervent prayers. I pledge my best service."

His name had long been familiar in Dover, and his abilities held in high esteem. His coming was greeted with lively expressions of satisfaction. His subsequent participation in municipal affairs was much less than was desired by his fellow citizens. He served upon the School Board for several years; and for one term represented Dover in the legislature, where he was chairman of the committee on the State Normal School. At one time during the session the school would have failed to receive an important and needed appropriation but for a speech which he delivered in its behalf. He was President of its board of trustees for some time previous to his removal from the State. He declined a second nomination as representative. The honor, never before conferred upon a citizen, of an invitation to lecture in the regular city course, was accorded him. He twice appeared as a lecturer, and with an acceptability second to none other.

He was warmly welcomed at the office of the *Morning Star*. To his kindly, courteous bearing was yielded not only the favor, but the veneration even, of those employed in connection with the paper. Thenceforth to the end, he imparted needful instruction with patience; suggestions were made with kindliness; words of encouragement and helpfulness, and genial qualities of mind and heart made his presence full of endearing, elevating influences.

His work in the writing of editorials and book notices, was performed with great celerity and accuracy — never being rewritten, nor bearing marks of correction, except an occasional changing of a word. His quick, exact eye enabled him to correct a proof with surprising rapidity. He was able to seize without difficulty upon that which was retainable in a manuscript, and to decide readily upon its merits.*

His book notices in the *Star* were, perhaps, as extensively used by publishers in their circulars and advertisements as those of any other religious journal. Unusually just and discriminating in this favorite part of his work, careful to commend excellences as well as to note defects, he was known as an able and appreciative critic. His thorough appreciation by publishers is strongly testified by numerous letters addressed to him personally, by the quality and variety of books sent him, and the frequent quotations made from his reviews. "I regarded him as singularly fitted to sit in judgment upon the productions of young aspirants in the field of literature. He was sensitive and genial, yet scholarly and critical in all his tastes and acquisitions. He had a disposition to see all the good qualities of an author, and yet his high standard of excellence be held to with tenacity." *

---

*Rev. J. M. Brewster.

In 1867, Mr. Daniel Lothrop, then of Dover, proposed to publish Sunday school books in connection with the F. B. Printing Establishment. The Corporators received the proposition with favor and referred it to a committee of which Mr. Day was chairman. Forty-four books were published under this arrangement, bringing upon him a very large amount of literary labor. He examined and revised all the manuscript of these volumes and read the proof. He also revised other manuscripts for the

---

*J. E. Rankin, D. D.

press of Messrs. Lothrop & Co., whose books bear the finishing touch of his literary criticism, and exhibit the results of his appreciative taste.

With Drs. Lincoln of Newton, and Rankin of Washington, he examined manuscripts and decided the awards in connection with both the $500 and the $1000 prize series.

Meeting in this matter of business as comparative strangers, the acquaintance ripened into mutual esteem and friendship. Both these members of the committee speak with admiration of Dr. Day's genial, companionable qualities and literary ability. The close of their joint labors was followed by a dinner, at which much good humor prevailed.

" He was patient and minute in his examination and statement of the qualities of manuscripts offered for publication. His preferences were generally for those which had delicate thought exquisitely expressed, rather than for those which, though having more feeling and action, were destitute of the sensitiveness and the finish which he exacted. He seemed to enter into the sympathies and intent of an author more fully than any other critic I have known."*

Having been, since 1850, a special contributor of the *Star*, and, since 1863, one of the Corporators, and actively and prominently connected with its literary management, he was prepared to enter efficiently at once upon its more intimate direction. Under his impulse and care, it soon exhibited a higher intellectual character, superior taste, and more of general accuracy and ability.

---

*Mr. D. Lothrop.

His editorials took a wide, comprehensive, intelligent range; grappling with sturdy questions of national politics and public morals; defending some needful reform, or asking that reform be inaugurated; extolling some public charity or private munificence; pleading for a high and true secular and Christian education; aiming to extend brotherly kindness and charity; stimulating and encouraging the ministry and churches; speaking words of tenderness fitted for a child's heart, or breathing experiences full of comfort to the aged saint; — always Christian, always patriotic and firm in utterance, nurturing faith, heroism and patience. It was apparent that his political preferences were Republican,— it was equally apparent that he was not a partisan. He grasped intelligently and fairly in his discussions, the position and spirit of the various religious bodies, and presented with clearness the meaning and character of religious movements.

Testimonials to the worth and acceptability of the *Star*, from sources beyond its usual constituency, multiplied on every hand, and were continued year by year during his editorship. The business manager of a large religious publication house said: "I read Dr. Day's editorials with more pleasure than those of any other religious paper." From the *Congregationalist*, the *Watchman and Reflector*, the *Advance*, the *Independent*, and other religious weeklies, and also from the higher class of secular journals came high and appreciative words of encomium, commending the literary management of the *Star* as that of a first class paper, distinguished by its catholicity and fairness, the ability and accomplishments of its editor. A subscriber writes: "Though a Baptist minister for over thirty years, of the true, old apostolic line, yet I like the spirit of your paper. I like it because you stand up fairly, frankly, honestly; expressing your own views without double dealing, or an effort to hover every saint called a Baptist."

He gave to the *Star* from the outset the deepest devotion, and it was always the object of his intense love. He was greatly pained by any seeming lack of interest or appreciation by its patrons. As he insisted upon courtesy, fairness, good-will in himself, he expected the exhibition of like qualities in others. He was ambitious that the *Star* should be the exponent of Christian love and helpfulness. One day when he was ill in the office, and was talking of the needs and interests of the Establishment, he was asked: "What shall we put into the *Star* to make it the best possible?" In reply, he said: "Put all the sweetness, bravery, helpfulness and sacrifice of the dear Redeemer into every issue of it. Nothing else is worth the pain it costs or the interests involved." He endeavored to make it subserve the fullest interests of the denomination, and fairly represent its spirit and aims.

In his editorial of Dec. 31, 1873, he exhibits the kind of ministry which he would have the *Star* perform:

"With this number, the forty-eighth volume of the *Star* reaches its close. We hope its visits to many homes have not been without satisfactions and benefits. We trust it has carried some light to perplexed readers, help to those who were in need of spiritual quickening, courage, comfort and joy to the hearts that were pressed by the burdens and discouragements that life is almost sure to bring. If it has helped perplexed minds into clearer views of truth and duty, strengthened and lifted moral and Christian purpose, cheered fainting hearts so that they have been readier to take up their appointed work and carry it on patiently and trustfully, borne healing influences to smitten and wounded souls, taught bravery and trustfulness to the fearful and anxious, aided bereaved ones to put fresh meaning into the sentence,—'Thy will be done,' brought light through the shadows that hang over the grave, and made the better land and life seem nearer, more real and more precious to the soul,—if it has done these things, and such as these, it has served the ends that stand in our thought and satisfy our ambition above all others. For these results we chiefly labor and pray, and the evidence that they are reached in any good measure brings back an encouragement and a gladness such as nothing else yields.

"We are painfully conscious that our own service has been too much lacking in the wisdom and devotion that are always so needful; but there has been a measure of satisfaction in honestly trying to serve the great cause which is so dear to the heart of God and so vitally related to the welfare of men. We end the year's work with a humble and glad trust, and ask the great Helper's aid, for ourselves and our readers, that the future may be nobler and better than the past."

Again, with its first issue from Boston, Jan. 6, 1875: "We wish it to serve the great end of enlarging the plans, cementing the hearts and uniting the efforts of those who are laboring together with God for the highest welfare of men."

He adopted the rule of spending eight hours daily, in the office. How he actually wrought meanwhile, and his habits there, are best revealed by one who was intimately associated with him in editorial management for five years:

"What impresses me most, and that which comes to my mind first in thinking of him, was his singular persistence in work. He kept himself in the office quite as many hours as almost any one else in it. Eight o'clock in summer and nine in winter usually found him at his desk, and excepting the scant hour that he generally allowed himself for dinner, there he sat until about half-past six in the evening.

"He never stood, except now and then to walk across the room once or twice in a pre-occupied way, as if still carrying on the work in which he had been engaged at the desk, and there he would soon be found again wholly absorbed in work, as though there were no time for respite. This was especially noticeable when he was ill. At those times when we knew him to be suffering severely, he rigidly adhered to his usual habits of work. He seemingly never ceased working for a moment out of any disposition to yield to pain or any fear of the probable consequences of overwork. It was only when pain and illness actually conquered him, that he seemed at all to yield."

For some time previous to his election as editor of the *Morning Star*, the establishing of another denominational paper, to be issued from some favorable locality in the West, had been seriously proposed. Western brethren of influence urged his acceptance of the position with the declaration that it would be hailed with greater satisfaction at the West than that of any other who could be appointed. He was, moreover, assured by them that in the event of his acceptance, the West would probably unite with the East in making one strong paper. Such a consummation was earnestly hoped for by many, and the prospect of it had no little effect upon his decision. But before he had fairly entered the new sphere it was ascertained that western Free Baptists, generally, could not be satisfied except by the establishment of a paper under their control and within their jurisdiction; and that decisive preliminary steps had already been taken.

He was greatly disappointed by the final result, but, endeavoring to yield his own convictions to the opinions of others in whose judgment he reposed great confidence, he worked on hopefully. Although he never for a moment believed that two papers would be as well for the denomination as one paper well sustained, with a strong western as well as eastern representation in its corporate and editorial management, yet, when it was obvious that his wishes could not be realized, he disinterestedly and heartily strove to make the two papers as strong and valuable as possible.

The Conference at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1868, decided to appropriate a considerable portion of the funds of the Printing Establishment to encourage the continuance of the denominational paper already published in Chicago, and also to aid in the starting of a third paper in New York.

When the Committee on Publications, of which Dr. Day was a member, by its majority recommended the above action, he prepared a minority report, but after brief thought concluded to withhold it. He was opposed to the action of Conference on the ground that the local and general objects which were proposed to be gained, could be better secured "by an earnest effort of all parties to add patronage and power to the papers already established, than by calling another into existence." In the minority report, found among his papers, he says further:

"The patronage which on the most hopeful view may be looked for, is not adequate to sustain three papers respectably. One or more of them will be in serious danger of sinking into a weakness that holds on to life only by a desperate struggle to keep out of the grave.

"We have not the needed supply of men and mind that can be spared from other spheres to make three papers either a credit to the ability of the denomination, a stimulant and an educator to the young who are growing up among us, or a real power in society. A weak periodical literature, at such a time as this, is what we can not afford to send abroad to represent us. Quality is more vital than quantity.

"The establishment of this number of papers, through such appropriations, will almost certainly cut off the resources of the Printing Establishment so that it can no longer appropriate funds to the great benevolent and religious undertakings of the denomination; it is liable to leave us without the means to defray the expense of our general denominational work, or to aid in the execution of important plans in the future.

"This scattering of the funds, for the purpose of exalting and putting vigor into so many measures and projects that are local and sectional rather than general and denominational, will, in our judgment, tend to weakness and disintegration rather than to that unity and working Christian strength without which our record is likely to be one of partial success, of blighted hopes, of unfulfilled promises and mortifying failures."

He was never after satisfied with his passive position and inaction over this question, and endeavored as far as possible to obviate their effect.

An arrangement made by the Printing Establishment in 1870, to maintain an office of the *Star* in New York, did not fully meet his approval, yet, on most accounts he believed it wisest, and honorably and faithfully complied with the conditions involved in it.

Under the direction of the Executive Committee of the Establishment, in the summer of 1873, he visited the West. "You are going for rest, I presume," said a friend to him on the eve of his departure. "Not at all," he replied; "but for earnest, hard work." This he did in Yearly and in Quarterly Meetings, and in other gatherings, as well as in private. He did it for the closer cementing of the denomination. Performed at a time of year unfavorable for endurance, it nearly broke down both mind and body; but it was done out of love for the people of his choice. He went, it is true, as the representative of the interests of the *Morning Star*, but seeking higher than any local ends, he went especially as the representative of the policy and spirit of the denomination, of which the *Star* was only the exponent.

Each step of his tour through the West was marked by address, or lecture, or some effort of important and acceptable character. His presence inspired new confidence in our general denominational work, and, besides greatly endearing him to our people of the West, bound West to East in stronger, more vital bonds, by the golden threads of his eloquence,—furnished it new and fuller drawings of brotherly love from the magnetic impulses of his broad and genial spirit. A needed proof was given by his visit, of the sympathy and cordial co-operation of the eastern portion of the denomination with the efforts, toward upbuilding and prosperity, by the western.

He was obliged to be absent from the office from one to three months each year, on account of sickness. Such discouragements arose from this source that he often spoke of giving up his work altogether. The routine of editorial life was at times irksome, — too stereotyped for his ambition, and too confining for his health, and he was not disinclined to listen to requests for his labors in other spheres. This was specially true at the time both of his first and his second election to the Presidency of Hillsdale College.

"In some respects he wished to go to Hillsdale; in other respects he feared to go. Some of the firmest friends of the College, and who did most to secure his election, said to me last summer: 'We are glad Dr. Day did not come. The expectations in regard to his work were so high, that no man could meet them; he must have disappointed them, after doing a hundred per cent. better than any other man, and the consequent loss of interest and confidence would have distressed him.' I have no doubt that this view of the matter, in connection with the decided wish of the Corporators to retain him, led to a negative decision."*

---

*Rev. I. D. Stewart.

In his annual report to the Board of Corporators in 1867, he presented and urged the matter of enlargement of the *Morning Star*, asking that all questions involved, especially that of expense, be thoroughly and minutely considered. This change would involve increased expenditures in a number of ways, besides in the important items of a larger press and additional room. The Board decided to purchase the other half of the *Morning Star* building, owned by the Washington Street church, remodel and enlarge it, buy a new press, and change the form and size of the *Star* from folio to quarto. The expense of these extensive, radical changes was $26,000.

The removal of the *Star* from Dover to some larger and more central city had been agitated, more or less, for twenty years previous to the death of Mr. Burr. Soon after Dr. Day became editor, inquiries were instituted afresh in respect to the feasibility of removal; they were continued from year to year, there appearing meanwhile "no sufficient encouragement to justify any recommendation." In 1873, he was very anxious for removal, and accordingly a committee was appointed which reported at great length at a special meeting, April 15, 1874. Boston was selected as the place to which the *Star* should be removed as soon as practicable. In September following, it was decided that the editorial office should be removed previous to January 1, and the mechanical and business departments the next spring.

At the meeting of April 15, as he was but partially convalescent from an illness of several weeks duration, he was granted leave of absence until the annual meeting in September. The last ten weeks of this vacation were spent chiefly in Nova Scotia. As we remember the experiences awaiting him, his speedy decline and close of life, it is a melancholy pleasure to see him coming back from the healing ministry of nature, with stronger pulses and a more resolute will, — with the closing words of his last letter from the woods:

"To-day I set my face homeward. I shall long keep in memory what I can not now put into words, — the beautiful scenery, the agricultural prosperity and wealth, and the pleasant social and Christian fellowship offered to eye and heart along the banks of this noble river of St. John. And now for the home that awaits me, and for the broader plans and higher work that plead for what is truest in my heart, wisest in my brain and strongest in my hands."

It was no freak of enthusiasm when he confidently said, on returning: "I feel like going on bravely, and do not see why I may not do hearty work for twenty years more." New plans awaited his direction, and he would richly develop them; new hopes animated him, and a fresh courage put languor and weakness at bay.

In his formal report to the Corporators, at the annual meeting in September, he says: "The rest has been very serviceable and grateful to me, as I have steadily and conscientiously devoted myself to health-seeking. I meant one thing—rest and recreation; and in some measure I have won it. The tone of the general system has not been better for seven years, and the brain has been rested into comparative quietude and comfort. I am certainly hopeful for the future, as I am grateful for the past and present." That these gains might be confirmed and made enduring, another month was added to his respite from editorial labor. The result was gratifying and hopeful.

The newly gained strength was made subject to another and unexpected draft. He grasped, in mind and heart, as that "higher work" and those "broader plans," the infusing of new vitality into the *Morning Star*, making it a greater and more welcome power for good, as it should be issued from its new home. But he faltered in weakness upon the threshold of the new enterprise, and his hands fell in feebleness just as the joyfully anticipated work asked for efficient inauguration and prosecution.

The F. Baptist General Conference assembled in Providence, R. I., Oct. 7, 1874. During the session, Dr. Day served as chairman of the Committee on Education, addressed the Free Baptist Woman's Mission Society, and met frequent demands, made in a general way, upon his time and strength. These usual burdens he had been able to bear with usual success, but when to them was added the long confinement connected with the sessions of the Committee on Publications, and his labors, arising from the discussion of issues involved in its report before the Conference — labors made additionally severe from his anxiety to maintain a fair and impartial position — his strength gave way; and as the audience rose to sing the parting hymn, he fell into the arms of his friends in nervous spasms.

We need, perhaps, refer to that discussion only to say that his views and position were freely, frankly stated, with courtesy and dignity, to the Conference, and subsequently, through the columns of the *Star*, to the public. If the labor and alienations, arising directly or indirectly from that discussion, were too severe for his physical strength and sensitive spirit, he never allowed any word of complaint or censure to escape him.

Not only was he anxious during the discussions to avoid any utterance or the exhibition of any spirit calculated to wound or estrange, but he was equally anxious, in his subsequent reports and comments in the *Star*, to exhibit impartiality, truthfulness and fairness. Repeatedly, and in the most noticeable manner, in the weeks following, did he earnestly request his friends to state to him their impressions in respect to the form and spirit with which his statements in the *Star* seemed to be attended,—always expressing an eager desire to suitably atone for any failure in kindliness and fairness, should any appear.

Nor were his efforts in the Conference, in connection with the report of the Committee on Publications, the offspring of the moment's resolve and purpose; it was no personal caprice that compacted his utterances and directed his argument, but the impulsion of his love for the interests of his denomination, and of his unquenchable devotion to them. He felt that the time had come for a masterly and thorough defense, a vindication and an upholding of the policy and interests of the denomination, as he clearly apprehended them; the maintainance of which involved, in no insignificant way, its integrity, if not its existence. With this belief and this persuasion, he spoke and wrought. He simply endeavored to defend the *Star*, as the long-time valued exponent of the principles and policy of the denomination. Urged by no mere personal preference, nor swayed by private ambition, but by a fervent, long-cherished desire to promote our denominational welfare,—this was his chief inspiration, and when his service was rendered he had no more strength to yield us; he had bowed himself with a last, conscientious, hearty effort,—there was nothing left him but to die.

From the general exhaustion, of which the severe spasms were the index, he came back slowly to consciousness through timely and efficient ministrations, but his mind never regained its former tone. He said repeatedly in the next three months, "My mind has had no elasticity since those terrible shocks at Conference." Yet it occasionally seemed to rally and work with unusual clearness, producing some of his finest, strongest editorials.

Preparations for locating the *Star* in Boston were continued, as no serious cause for alarm was apprehended, and about Christmas he removed with his family to that city. On the 6th of January, 1875, the *Star* was issued from its new home. In the editorial of that date, which is headed: "Forward Steps," he says:

"The Corporators have not been hasty and headlong in reaching the decision to put the paper into this advanced position. To more or less observers they have perhaps seemed timid and slow. But they could not consent to presume and hurry. Too much was involved to warrant that. They have deliberated not a little. They have sought to weigh carefully the arguments on both sides. They have consulted not only their own judgments, but also those of their constituents. One aim has been steadily held,—to find the way in which they could best serve the denomination, and the great cause it stands for, and then walk in it.

"They have chosen the progressive policy, taking its added responsibilities and larger risks. It is one of several such choices, though few have involved so much as this. They have thus heeded the plea for an advance; they have confided in the pledges of fresh co-operation; they have gone promptly at work to make practical the decision which many brethren in various sections of the country have strongly and thankfully approved, and whose wisdom the late General Conference recognized.

"Going to Boston will not of itself secure any great gains. Mere change of place is not of much account. It is less where the paper is than what it is, that decides its mission; it is what the writers for its columns put into it, and what its professed friends do in putting it into the hands of real and receptive readers who give it support, while they are quickened by its messages,—it is this that decides whether it shall be a power for lasting good.

"It will indeed have a chance to speak now from a more noticeable platform; it may utter itself where observing men see, and thoughtful men hear; it may be more freely acted on by the special influences that heave and throb in a great commercial, literary and religious centre. But nothing save painstaking, and hard work, and a living and practical interest on the part of all its real friends, to fill it from week to week with just what will stir and bless the readers, can render it what we all long to see it become. Unless removal means more work and harder, on the part of both its managers here and its friends elsewhere, we shall lose rather than gain. Now is the time for fresh and vigorous effort. We who supervise it mean to rise to our duty and opportunity. Will its friends elsewhere at once and generally do the same thing?

"The 'Western Department' of the paper we trust will be a matter of special interest to our readers and brethren in that part of the field. We hope it may help to make them feel that the paper is really theirs, and that they will use it freely as a medium of communication with each other, and also with that part of our religious household nearer the Atlantic. Especially may it be a bond of union between different sections of the F. Baptist denomination, and at the same time a token of real fellowship between us and brethren of other households of faith with whom we are in substantial accord. We wish it to serve the great end of enlarging the plans, cementing the hearts and uniting the efforts of those who are laboring together with God for the highest welfare of men.

"These forward steps, therefore, already taken, mean steady advance and ascent. Keeping clear of presumption, aiming always to be thoughtful and discreet, we express our thorough belief in trying to do something real,— in daring for the sake of achieving,— in the brave heart and the ringing word,— in the heroism which prefers to fall, if it must, in the storming column, rather than stagnate and die in the cleft of the rock where cowards try to hide from danger and toil. Is it too much to hope that our readers share our faith?"

The taxation of strength arising from change of residence, from the performance of arduous and perplexing duties in the new office, with other peculiar burdens, developed still further signs of abnormal mental action, which had begun to appear early in December. Still, in the editorial above quoted, he could say: "We express our thorough belief . . in the brave heart and the ringing word, — in the heroism which prefers to fall —." We miss the "ringing word" after this, but we find the "brave heart" and the "heroism," more abundantly.

Jan. 26, he said to the Executive Committee of the Corporators:

"I know that my mind is in a morbid condition, and I try to make due allowance for my reasonings and conclusions in view of the fact; and I sometimes logically bring myself to a bright conclusion, and say to myself, stick to that! But, in spite of myself, such a terrible depression comes over me that I sink under it." Then he added: "I am feeling better to-day; have rested better for a few nights, so am more hopeful. I half believe that I am over the worst, and shall soon be able to take my place here in the office."

But new and fearful symptoms followed, such as he had never before experienced. Daily he seemed looking as if for some terrible calamity; became the prey of false or exaggerated alarms; and, amid great distrust of his powers and dark forebodings, feared his mind would give way utterly.

The Corporators enjoined complete rest from all thought, even, of work, and granted him respite until the following September.

But cherishing still, with intensity, the idea of work, he attempted from week to week to furnish something for the columns of the *Star*, with what emotions, this note of February 10th will show:

"My Dear Mosher: I tried to fix up a few 'Current Topics,' but the result is small and poor. I hesitated about putting them in, but I let them go. They ought to be far better, but all the present products of brain and heart are sadly lacking. How hard it is to be forced into inactivity at such a time as this, I pray you may never know. How anxious I am for you, and for the interests to which you now stand so closely related! May God help and keep you! I can not tell how much I may do for the *Star* hereafter. I do n't know how much it is wise to try to do, when work strains and quietude brings all sorts of thoughts and fancies. But the wise way may appear. I try to think it will."

He had just previously written to the Corporators:

"I wish the right way were plain to me, but little light comes. I am not sure that any considerable part of my thinking is trustworthy, for the mental moods change radically, it may be, every hour. I hoped yesterday I might be a little better, but the dizziness, confusion, and the tendencies to settle into absolute and cowardly hopelessness come in a stronger current to-day. Sometimes for an hour the will springs up with a calm or a half-desperate energy to conquer the depression, but it falls away again speedily."

The desire to work is still uppermost. He does not speak of himself with anxiety, but of his work: "I wish I were surer of myself and service. . . . . I shall try to look up steadily, and be patient and brave as I can." "Shall send more copy if I can;"— this, when he expected daily to fail, and could "not feel sure of standing twenty-four hours," and must say: "I have been to the office a part of every day, but I never feel confident of coming again when I leave it." Persistently wishing and attempting to do more, though physical and mental foes arose against him with fearful and increasing power, he sings from amid the final conflict with a victorious spirit, as he dictates his last editorial to his younger daughter, walking the room in agony, with hands pressed forcibly against his temples. At such an hour "God as a helper" appeared before him in beauty, sweetness and power; enduing him with confidence and breathing comfort, — "Coming freest when we need him most."

It is his priceless legacy, the parting gift of heart and mind to the world, fragrant with the balm of comfort, strong in its grasp of the pillars of confidence,— an inspiration to courage and strength:

GOD AS A HELPER.*

God's influence upon us depends largely on the view we take of him. That is why we are taught so much in the Scripture of his qualities and relations. That, too, is why such pains are taken to disabuse us of false notions of him. That is also why idolatry, or the worship of false gods, is so strongly protested against, because false views work moral mischief. Men are like the gods they conceive. Looking, we are changed into the same im-

---

**Morning Star* of Feb. 24, 1875.

age. Thinking of God as lawgiver makes a sturdy conscience. Conceiving of him as beneficent tends to increase gratitude. Making him father renders the spirit filial and tender and trustful. The true knowledge of him,— that which enables us to apprehend him in his vital relations to us,— goes far to induce that inward state and outward conduct which imply salvation. That is the thought expressed by Christ in his prayer: 'This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou has sent.'

"It is worth much to a human soul to be able to take vital hold of the idea that God is its real helper. He is often and strongly set forth as such. 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' 'I will strengthen thee; I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the hand of my righteousness.' 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them who have no might he increaseth strength.' These are only specimens of the words which pledge the infinite aid to human souls. Such words abound in Scripture. They light up its pages as stars light the winter heaven. They are not mere bursts of rhetoric. They do not spring from the tendency to exaggerate which marks the writers of the East. They express only what has been found true in many a human experience. And these experiences are found on the common as well as on the loftier levels of life. They interpret themselves in the heart of the peasant as well as in the soul that walks in royalty of place or power. And wherever this truth is realized it comes as a gift of strength, of courage, of confidence, of comfort.

"Of Strength. This often proves a hard world to men and women. The barriers in their way are many and great. The forces that oppose them mock at their might. It seems like a pigmy contending with giants. They are every now and then baffled and beaten. The struggle for bread is often a hard one; the struggle for integrity is often a much fiercer thing. To keep a good conscience seems, at times, well-nigh impossible. But when one has grasped and taken home the idea of God's helpfulness, it is a great gain. He is almighty. He rules in the earth. He is pledged to aid the true and trustful. What they lack, he can give. As a soldier in the advance column is ten times the hero he would otherwise be because he sees the whole army of disciplined veterans at his back and knows it will support his attack, so a weak Christian is braced into a strong one when really assured that God is at hand with succor and help. He will at once be abler to dare, endure and do. And though we may not quite know how it is that God breathes his might into a feeble nature, the fact is often plain enough, and the result shows how real and large and wondrous is the gift of power which is granted.

"Of Courage. A brave soul is half a victor because of its bravery. A courageous look scares half one's perils away and demoralizes the rest.

They who never give up are they who compel others to yield to them. They may seem to be beaten, but they are on their feet again the next instant, and girded for another fight. This quality, when it is simply human rather than Christian, is the backbone of manhood and the key that unlocks half the doors to success. It is greatly needed in the Christian sphere. It gives steadiness and persistence to effort. It braces the will. It renders purpose like rock. It makes a song break often out of cloud and tempest. It prompts cheerful daring and doing, and each step taken under its inspiring influence suggests a conqueror marching to his triumph.—There is nothing else that will give this quality in its highest and best form like the sense of God's nearness and the full assurance of his help. When he is thus apprehended as the helper, fears lessen, hopes rise, and the very thought of retreat and surrender is displaced by a fresh resolution.

"Of Confidence. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' That is the question of one to whom God's helpfulness was a constant reality in experience as well as a leading article of faith. Such a soul is beyond serious and palsying doubt. There is ever a calm looking for victory. There may be clouds, dangers, disasters, repulses, but, in spite of all, there is the calm utterance,—'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' 'I know whom I have believed;' 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;'

'Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!' Such a sense of God's helpfulness is a blessing that no words may fully express. What it is worth only they can know of whose life it has become a part. It is at once the rock on which their feet rest without shaking and the distant peal of the trumpet that heralds their coronation.

"Of Comfort. 'Because thou hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.' It is worth more to us than words can express, at times, to have a strong, noble, capable human friend assure us that we are not to be forgotten or left unaided in our need. But for such words, how many hearts would have utterly sunk, which, stirred by them, have lifted up their eyes in gladness, smiled through their tears, and stopped their sighs with a song. And when it is God that comes with both the pledge and the gift of help, the comfort is sometimes so deep and peculiar as to choke speech with gratitude and blur the vision with tender tears. There is no other comfort like that; he who has it in abundance is rich in the divinest possessions and his heart can never go unsolaced.

"God is such a helper, even though we fail to take home the fact. He is a helper to such as we, to those plagued with our trials, burdened with our weaknesses, torn with our sorrows, tossed about with our anxieties and fears. It is to the actual levels and experiences of our daily life that he thus comes, low and bitter as these may be. He is even now near and ready to aid us in getting on and through and over hindrances and discouragements. He comes freest when we need him most. He comes in spite of folly and sin if we are in earnest to get rid of both, though a sincere, loving and resolute fidelity is what will make this help of his seem most real, abundant, sure and precious. Without that help even the strongest are liable to fail, while with it even the fearful and feeble are going on to certain victory. We want many things, both for the sake of the inward life and the outward success, but this is the chief and vital thing on which almost all else depends."

V.

MEMORIALS

OF HIS

DEATH AND CHARACTER.

> "Champion of Jesus, on that breast
> From which thy fervor flowed,
> Thou hast obtained eternal rest,
> The bosom of thy God."

It was deemed best that he should remove from Boston to the quiet of his sister's home in Providence, where he might enjoy the kindly, valuable ministrations of long-cherished friends. On the morning of the day on which he was to leave Boston, — a little more than a week after writing his last editorial and about the time of its appearance in the *Star*,— he conducted prayers for the last time with his family, singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," with great tenderness of expression.

Thence we follow him amid shadows and inscrutable darkness which gathered thickly around him, as a traveler ascending some mountain height at even-tide, which distort and make unreal his bodily and mental form, and by which, as he looks back upon us for some weeks, his own view of us and of the earth he was leaving, suffers distortion. But he is only climbing the last summit which God had marked for his weary feet, and at early evening, May 21, he entered the gates of the city of refuge and rest. We look tearfully after him, wondering and dumb over the last steps of his way, amid mental gloom and despair that make the shadow of a great affliction seem denser; but we know it was only the chosen way into eternal light of "one of the few, now and then shown us in the long history of God's people, whom God could trust under trial, and whose life had been too illustrious to need the witness of an unclouded departure."

In the church which had been filled many times by those whom his preaching had moved and helped, he gathered his last congregation about him on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 25; his voice was not heard, but his silence was more impressive and eloquent than speech. The Roger Williams church was filled by representatives of the denomination from a distance, and the large circles of friendship and acquaintance in the city, and the immediate churches of the R. I. Association. It was the day for the opening of the annual meeting of the Association in which for many years he was the leading spirit and light and guide; a large number of its clergymen were present, together with many others both from within and beyond the limits of the city and the State.

The pulpit was appropriately draped. Floral tributes, abundant and rich, significant and touching, emblematic of his life or emphasizing some peculiar feature of it, were contributions of love and esteem from the office of the *Morning Star*, and from many whom his pastoral labors, in Providence and elsewhere, had signally blessed.

Brief addresses were made, portraying his character in its more marked and obvious aspects.

Rev. A. H. Heath, pastor of the Roger Williams church, spoke of his eminent, valuable ministerial services, paying tribute to the modesty and faithfulness with which they were performed, and the substantial quality of his unsought fame as a preacher.

Rev. I. D. Stewart, agent of the *Morning Star*, referred to his editorial and general work; saying that while others may have done more for the denomination in special fields, no one, in a broad and comprehensive sense, ever accomplished so much for it,—almost equally at home in every department of its work, and bearing burdens which almost no other one would have sacrificed ease and strength to do.

Remarks were made by the writer, in respect of his position and labors as an educator by voice and pen, by his identification with our literature and the management of our schools and colleges. Episodes of his life were narrated, illustrating the patriot, the scholar and the Christian minister.

Rev. Mowry Phillips, for many years an intimate friend of Dr. Day, spoke of him in the genial, appreciative and kind intercourse of home life, which his taste and daily converse supplied with pleasant and refining associations. He also paid tribute to his sympathetic, patient and helpful character as a personal friend.

After the reading of expressions of love and sorrow from the church in Dover, of which he was a member, prayer was offered by Rev. Theodore Stevens, and the impressive, affecting services were ended.

His body was removed to its resting place, as the rain was falling heavily, at Mulberry Grove, in the adjoining town of Cranston,— a retired, beautiful spot, fragrant with flowers and resinous evergreens, attractive by its shade and sweet quiet, where he once delighted to walk, refreshed by its ministrations to mind and body,— "the sweetest spot on earth!" Since his dust now reposes there, we may repeat with greater significance his words when he recorded the burial of Martin Cheney: "Few spots there are, more suggestive of sanctified thought and chastened religious feeling, to those who have lingered among its graves, than 'Mulberry Grove Cemetery.'" Over his grave a chaste granite monument has been erected to his memory, chiefly by friends in the R. I. Association.

"The heart of the denomination beat to the falling of its tears," when the message reached it of the great bereavement. At the office of the *Star*, "the absolute worthlessness of words to express the deeper emotions of the soul was demonstrated as scarcely ever before." On the Sunday following his burial, special memorial services were held in several churches, and his life and character were alluded to in many others with more or less fullness. The announcement of his death evoked grief-burdened responses from all parts of the land. The editorial profession recorded in numerous journals its loss, and, representing the church at large, bore testimony to his large, catholic services as those of "a master in Israel." Testimonials to his literary and editorial ability, his gentlemanly bearing, his warm and genial friendship, his culture, broad sympathies, fairness and piety were recorded by many religious and secular papers. The *Watchman and Reflector* reproduced in full the editorial of the *Star* of June 2d concerning his death and obsequies.

Yearly and Quarterly meetings, the oldest organizations and the newest alike, gave expression to their sense of bereavement while passing resolutions testifying to his integrity and faithfulness as a servant of the denomination, and acknowledging their indebtedness to his valuable and efficient services.

From a multitude of private letters, freighted with heavy grief and fragrant in the offerings with which love sought to embalm his memory, we give extracts from three:

"The event of which you write fills my heart and absorbs my thoughts. 'Bro. Day is dead!' The world seems lonesome to me. How much and how long I shall miss him. Death is robbed of another of his darts — I shall feel less reluctant to leave this world and go home. . .Few men ever lived that were equally dear to all their friends. I find it hard to write through my blinding tears. He was a wonderful man, mentally and spiritually."

"'Being dead he yet speaketh.' Had my early life been spent where I could have felt his moulding influence, I should have been a more useful minister and a better Christian.'"

"We never saw his face; we never heard his voice; but in our heart there is a shrine where his noble teachings, his earnest words, his Christian counsel, his cheering, uplifting words of appreciation and help are embalmed in perpetual freshness. How pure, how exalted is the remembrance of his great kindness! His appreciative estimate of the humblest human effort to reach up and attain purity and goodness, was attended by a readiness to aid it."

The life whose progress we have marked, and whose close we have recorded, was eminently one of toil. From the beginning he was possessed by an intense love of work, and gave himself intensely to it. "Everything is saying to me: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,'" he said. His fitting motto and emblem might be that of McCheyne—"The night cometh," inscribed above a setting sun. Until the pen fell from his nerveless grasp in a vain attempt, in March last, to write another editorial, and the tired feet sought the final couch of pain, he toiled on, bravely, heartily, effectively. Nor did selfish ease and personal gratification ever consume his time and claim his strength. His vacations were forced upon him by wasted energies calling upon him for recuperation, and were accepted simply as the way over which he must go to prolonged efficiency in the service of Christ and humanity. His life of labor meant,—if it meant anything,—helpfulness. This he sought continually to incarnate in life and utter through his lips. He was as willing to serve the lowliest as the highest,—once assure him that his service would be welcome to him who sought it. Nor in his fullest helpfulness, and most valuable service, did he give the impression that he was conscious of self-sacrifice or of the greatness of the favor rendered.

Characteristically he writes:

"DEAR MRS. LINCOLN: Thanks for all the kind things your heart prompts you to say in your letter; and I am glad if, at any time or in any way, I can aid any human soul to bear its inevitable burdens with added patience, and look through the clouds gathering over every head, with a faith that sees the eternal splendors beyond."

He was especially the servant of this denomination. He studied its spirit and promise carefully, and sought the best ways by which service could be rendered. He did not shun the minute forms of labor, and welcomed any which promised to furnish what another hand or voice or brain would not be likely to yield.

Having heartily and fully accepted the faith and methods of work peculiar to our denomination, he gave himself without reserve to their promotion.

Year by year the best products of brain and the warmest sympathies of heart were summoned to their support. He seemed to live outside himself and find his chief joy in this work. No one year was freighted with such hopeful, large and comprehensive plans for denominational prosperity as the last of his life. He never accepted the role of a croaker, nor of a prophet of evil, over our deficiencies. Nor did he scold our slowness, nor quarrel with our policy. He was not blind to our errors, but he hoped and labored for a wiser and better future. He confessed the correctness of our aims, the freeness of our policy, the acceptability of our doctrines to men of standing and culture outside the denomination, fully believing them worthy of commendation and alliance.

"Once going with Dr. Day from Newport to Providence, upon the steamboat, we had a long conversation upon the mission of the Free Baptist Denomination. He thought it had done a noble work, but that even a greater work in future was in store for it. He thought the territory of division between the 'Regular' and the 'Freewill' branches of the Baptist family was becoming more narrow, and hoped they might have closer fellowship."*

He could say No, emphatically and instantly, to the demand for his forbearance or silence, from a popular and giant wrong; he was hardly strong enough to say No, even when crowded by labors sufficient to make the strongest frame and nerves yield under the pressure, when he was importuned for lectures and sermons — for service outside his special sphere.

---

*Rev. Dr. C. H. Malcom.

He was early impressed that his years were to be few. The impression modified his term of study, increased his application, and filled him with a desire to mark the years with largest, highest devotion to toil. He had been accustomed to regard his fortieth year as the probable limit of his life, and when year after year beyond it was granted, allowing some of the severest, most significant labors, he found occasion for heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness.

His power of rallying from severe mental and physical prostration was remarkable. "He used to surprise us," writes Mr. Mosher, "by coming into the office to renew his work when we had only the day before, perhaps, sat by his bedside and found him too weak to talk much above a whisper. One day we read to him a description of a heroic worker, who, in the midst of bodily pains, and critical and threatening symptoms, kept steadily at his task till death forced him to rest. 'That is the spirit,' said Dr. Day. 'He is the hero who knows his duty, accepts it, and then steadily attends to it till God's time of rest comes.'"

"In the spring of 1860, becoming pastor of the Central Baptist church in Providence, I found him a near neighbor, the beloved and useful pastor of the Roger Williams church. We were soon brought together in various social and Christian relations, and I learned to love him warmly for his personal qualities, and to honor him as an able and faithful minister of Jesus Christ. He was a busy man, always at work, always hard at work, with duties crowding on him more than sufficient for two common men. With a large parish demanding his full strength for pulpit and pastoral service; with an immense amount of denominational work, in the State and out of it, exacted of him as an acknowledged leader; with literary duties of various sorts claiming constant attention; with public service forced on him by fellow-citizens who appreciated his worth, his brain and heart were under high pressure, and he drew largely on the reserved force of his system. He always seemed to me weary and jaded, but his cheerfulness was uniform; he never declined duty, because overtaxed, and his earnestness so lighted face, and animated form, and coined electric words, that one could detect no sign of weariness when he began to speak." *

Similar testimony in respect to his life in another sphere, is given by his editorial associate:

---

*Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln.

"He was cheerful about his work. Kindness and courtesy seemed never to forsake him. However pressing his duties, he received all callers, and endured all interruptions, in the same cheerful and cordial manner.

"He did his work faithfully. Everything that was worthy his attention, or that forced itself upon his time, must be done equally well. His work was also done with method. New demands seemed never to disturb him. Whatever the requests from lecture-committees, or from churches wanting dedication sermons, or from some blunder in the office that would double his work for the day, or whatever the fault-finding or rebukes from critical and querulous correspondents, he seemed to accept all in the same quiet, genial, uncomplaining way, apparently anxious, most of all, to do the best and fairest thing, and thus to please and help the greatest possible number."

This is remarkable in one oppressed by nervous debility and almost constant suffering,—implying no ordinary self-control and patience. The long, steady cherishing of a patient, firm, heroic trust had brought it at length as an abiding presence to his spirit, and it shone out from his life, speaking clearly and strongly of God's grace and the power of religion, in the calm face, and the steady and cheerful tone.

He was always pressed by work, but almost never seemed in haste, nor confused by its magnitude and diversity. Amid the multitude of cares, he forgot no appointment, and was invariably punctual in meeting all public and private engagements. And while he escaped the charge of egotism and self-presumption, "he had confidence in his own ability to do almost anything so as to suit himself better than could any one else." Others, aware of his ability, preferring his careful, intelligent, satisfactory methods, made incessant demands upon them. Had he been less reluctant to leave minor, or even many larger details to be wrought out by others, his contribution to the general good would, doubtless, have been greater, and his general efficiency, even, been enlarged. The refusal of certain minuter forms of service would have left his powers free to take up other, needful and fitting kinds, which absorption of time and strength excluded.

He loved the work of the ministry and accepted it with special gratitude, as the ministry of reconciliation. He gratefully welcomed the stimulus and inspiration coming from the great thoughts, plans and themes which it supplied, and the arousing and vivifying of the heart's best impulses and affections which came from contact with it. In his preaching he endeavored to impress the fact of the universal loss of sympathy of the human soul with God, and to exalt the only efficacious way of establishing a living union with the divine nature through Jesus Christ. Apprehending the work of the ministry in its broad relations, he accepted its charge: "to disarm prejudice, to clear away darkness, to sound the truce of God over battle-fields in the soul, to teach trust, bring out repentance, multiply the points where earth and heaven may meet, to take away bitterness and plant sympathy, to comfort mourners with heavenly hopes, and to surround death-beds with celestial help and light."

His ministry was no sinecure, nor set to discuss weak issues. His pulpit was no place for sentimentalism, feeble platitudes, or oratorical etiquette, but claiming the clearest, manliest, most robust intellectual and spiritual effort.

"His preaching was attractive, for the gift of poetic insight belonged to him, opening new and unexpected ranges of truth, and apt and striking illustrations, so that old themes seemed fresh and almost novel; while his language, even in unpremeditated speech, was alike copious and elegant. I always felt that he would have taken a foremost place among the popular preachers of the land, if he could have concentrated his rare powers on pulpit work. In his sermons there were continual revelations of great resources unused."*

---

*Dr. Heman Lincoln.

" My acquaintance with Dr. Day was almost entirely professional. But I remember to have heard him, at a meeting of the Massachusetts General Association, to which he was a delegate from the Rhode Island Free Baptist Association, in an elaborate address, in which it was difficult which most to admire, the beauty of his thought or his diction, the Christian spirit of the man or his magnetic power over his hearers."*

The relation of Christianity to public wrongs, received, as we have seen, definite, practical attention. Religion is possessed of both soul and body, and he discredited the claim to it where nothing appeared in life to reveal it; when the implanting of the divine germ was claimed as the possession of a heart, he was willing to admit the claim only when it blossomed in the open air, only when a right life proclaimed a right heart.

Christianity came to deal with evil forces, to conquer the world for Christ, and he believed that the honorable, consistent, effectual way of doing this was by no undecisive methods, nor by smooth or palatable or abstract utterances, but by boldly and steadily compelling a conflict and a surrender. In this work, he expected opposition and did not fear it. He did not stop to ask, either before or after his act, whether the supporters of wrong were willing to be rebuked. He spoke from convictions which practical service had strengthened when he said:

---

*Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin.

"Respect for Christianity is dependent on its faithful utterance. Temporizing is always contemptible; and to none does it appear more so than to those whose worthless smile is sought to be purchased by sparing their faults, and conniving at their unfaithfulness. Till the Gospel is regarded as the stern rebuker of sin as well as a loving minister to penitence, it will be sneered at rather than confided in. There is no such thing as discriminating wisely between a sin and a sinner. There is no such thing as sin aside from the act of a wrong-doer. The Gospel speaks to persons, not to abstract moral qualities."*

His work in the ministry was a definite one. He chose it and toiled in it with no sympathy with anything that would make it afford mere Sunday entertainment, and be a part of the routine of life, but to bring men to a consciousness of their religious necessities and responsibilities; to point out a nobler life, to solve the problems of the heart and help souls effectively into the highway of Christian service.

His sympathy for one form of truth or one class of men, was not allowed to blind him to the presence and value of other truths or of other forces in society. He was not a partisan. His even judgment forbade his feelings an enlistment for any one cause to the exclusion of others. Indifference toward a definite and sound theology, he regarded as illogical and fraught with evil, the offspring of an unhealthy soul; while he had little patience with mere stickling for the form of words, and would not watch for something irregular or doubtful with a keen scent for heresy.

---

*F. B. Quarterly, July, 1858.

He sought neither place nor fame. In his greatest efforts, self was subordinated to his work; something greater than the man appeared in the presentation of themes which taxed his largest powers. That modesty which marked his early manhood, characterized his entire life. His chief study was to present the truth in the most effective manner, to bring men to accept freest and most thoroughly, the issues which the Bible presented for their adoption.

Whatever might seem to be wanting in personal presence, in oratorical grace, in manner or gesture, men felt that he spoke with the deep, clear convictions of a genuine manhood, — from a heart in full sympathy with the higher forms of truth. He resorted to no unseemly methods of gaining a hearing. Apologies were almost never uttered, however disadvantageous his condition or place; he was accustomed to say that they were generally so useless that he despaired of finding them really serviceable at any time. If he arose from a sick-bed to attend a funeral, or went with fevered pulse and throbbing temples to the pulpit, the fact was learned from lips not his own. His repugnance to the habit of many preachers, of explaining in detail the circumstances amid which they are called to speak, forbade his indulgence of it. He could consent to no such insult to an audience, or wrong to himself, as to attempt to lower their expectations that he might be surer of their sympathy, approbation or impartiality.

Although he often said, when speaking of pastoral work, that his ability to visit with interest and profit was very small, yet his verdict will hardly be accepted in those homes where he felt his presence heartily welcome. With his modesty and natural diffidence, it was impossible for him to appear advantageously in the presence of indifference or of coldness, but did he find a disposition to accept and cherish his efforts, he accepted it as an encouragement to attempt the removal of any barriers preventing complete and helpful mutual understanding. Such were the distractions from this part of ministerial work, arising from other and important demands for labor, that he was much dissatisfied with, and often discouraged in it.

He was always interested in the personal religious experience of others, and was eminently skillful in drawing timid, shrinking souls to speak of their inner life; and their doubts and struggles were met with appreciation and sympathy. But he was never intrusive. If a soul did not respond to the delicate touch of his Christian interest, he never sought to force his way into it.

One element of great value in his sermons was that which was imparted by this acquaintance with Christian experience. Personal contact with the spiritual life of Christians,—quickening, guiding them, enlightening dark places, helping to an apprehension of the true Christian life, was exceedingly congenial and precious to him.

In his pastoral intercourse, his humility was conspicuous. "If any one," writes a lady, "was ever awed into timidity and silence by his presence, it was from their own sense of his superiority and not from any assumption or self-assertion on his part. When he conversed with me on any subject, I always was made to feel,—and to my surprise,—that he spoke as if I knew as much about it as he, or if not, that I was capable of reaching his standpoint." In another part of her letter, recalling some impressions of him, she says:

"When he called at my house, before he went to Halifax, he spoke of sometimes looking longingly back to his old sphere, and said, 'If I had not had a class in Sunday school, I do n't know what I should have done.' And when I playfully remarked, 'Perhaps you will get recruited so that you can preach again,' he replied, 'It would be a very grateful thing to me if I could.'"

He was considerate in his calls at the bedside of the sick; gentle in manner; low, but distinct in voice; praying with deep tenderness, making the sufferer's place, as far as might be, his own; bearing him in the strong arms of faith to the merciful kindness of God, causing him to feel that a sympathizing brother was craving relief from pain and fear.

In hours of bereavement, his presence was specially welcome. No obtrusiveness marked his coming to the homes of grief; gently and soothingly he sought to lead the stricken soul to lean upon the arm of the great Helper. And though we might know that no form of sorrow precisely like our own had ever fallen upon his life, we were never permitted to feel that a wide gulf separated his heart from ours. The kindling of his sympathies was natural and helpful always; he never attempted to express a concern and sympathy he did not feel. He used to say: "I sympathize with you as deeply as my nature and experiences will allow," when others, really possessing less feeling, but pretending to be more deeply touched, would exclaim, "I am overwhelmed by your sorrow."

The aim and spirit of his ministry is amply illustrated by the extracts from his sermons in these pages. His ardent desires for spiritual results in conversion, were not wholly unsatisfied; during his last pastorate, one hundred and seventy-three persons were admitted to the church upon profession of faith.

In a sermon, he once said, "Marks, sitting on the platform of the Oberlin church, with the pulses dying to a flutter at his wrist, and discoursing with dauntless spirit and cogent logic of the great verities of the Gospel, represents the manliness of intellect. Hutchins, as his eye is sightless for the faces of friends, but open to the solemnities of the Hereafter, and his ear deaf to earthly voices because full of the roar of the dark river, opening his lips to say, with a sweet, reverent smile, 'Trust, trust, trust,' shows the gracious childhood of the heart." May we not say truthfully that George T. Day represents in his life both the manhood of intellect and the childhood of the heart.

His piety was deep, simple and constant. His early Christian life convinced his fellow-students of its sincerity, and whatever unfavorable estimate they might put upon the lives of others, or upon the distinctive principles of religion, they believed him to be a Christian. "It was always," says his teacher, Dr. Quinby, "a rich treat to hear him, when, at our seminary prayer-meetings he bore testimony to the truth in his peculiar, quiet way, thoughtfully and eloquently." "I do not remember," says Dr. Malcom, "when I first met Dr. Day. But I recollect my first impression of him. I judged him to be a man of quiet courage, of industry, of learning, and of great piety. These impressions were confirmed as years went on."

He was a man of prayer. His prayers in public and in private worship were humble, reverent, trustful. He talked with God as with a loving Father in heaven, face to face with his love and helpfulness. Worship, thanksgiving, petition, characterized his prayers,—an entering into intimate fellowship with divine promises and the divine will. "Now," said some students, as they paused one evening near the half-open door of the study of the celebrated Bunsen, "now, we shall hear Bunsen pray." He fell upon his knees, and looking up, simply said, with inimitable fervor and tenderness: "Lord Jesus, we are upon the same sweet, intimate terms." When we have been in his frequent company as a fellow-traveller, his nightly communion with Heaven often seemed like that. He loved to pray in a low, quiet tone, and found it a trial to be obliged to raise his voice in prayer sufficiently to be heard in a large room. "I have never known," says one who was his intimate friend for twenty-five years, "any man who seemed to live so constantly in near and sweet communion with God." He seemed to be clasping the hand of the Infinite Guide, saying calmly, trustfully, lovingly:

"His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I shall walk with him."

The healthfulness of his spiritual life is attested by the effect which nature had in revealing to him the traces of God's presence and love. The things of beauty and of temporal comfort were accepted with the feeling, "These are my Father's thoughts concerning me; I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." From the presence of Niagara, its picture of might and its thunders of majesty, he goes to the pulpit in Buffalo to speak of "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," with a majesty of speech out-rivaling that of Niagara, catching from the mists of the cataract a type of the fleeting nature of human opposition, and from its resistless flow a symbol of the might and fullness of the Gospel of peace.

" Greatness in condescension, is the phrase by which I would express the chief characteristic of Dr. Day," writes one of his most appreciative friends; " capable of performing deeds of the highest order, yet cheerfully accepting the humblest task by which he might most honor God and help men. Great enough to awe, but meek enough to attract and inspire the humblest of his brethren," he was at once their leader and their servant. Yet there was nothing in him which suggested consciousness of condescension. He assumed no superiority, claimed no exclusive privileges, and asked no favors which could not readily be accorded to others, nor which, had he power and opportunity, he would be unwilling to grant.

A brief acquaintance with him begot esteem, which prolonged contact ripened into friendship and love. " Our people of the West, after a single visit, loved him and now bemoan his death, hardly less than those who knew him more. They will feel his loss almost as keenly as you at the East, although he was one of the few who are loved as they are known. He was a light which, though it appeared first in the East, was soon seen, and enjoyed with no appreciable diminution in the farthest West." *

---

*Rev. O. E. Baker.

"As a friend, he was frank, genial and unselfish; one whom it was pleasant to meet for the inspiration coming from generous impulses, and high ideals of life. He was wise in counsel, unswerving in principle, and charitable in judgments of men. We never met him without feeling that he lived in a pure atmosphere, and had breathed in much of the spirit of his Master." *

His disposition was conciliatory, and by it he was enabled in delicate circumstances to disarm criticism and opposition, and allay suspicion. He was a lover of peace and sought to promote it. He exhibited no tendency to presume upon friendship, and was often fearful lest his friends should expect too much and suffer from disappointment in him. Having made promises in business, or in the name of friendship, he felt bound to a scrupulous fulfillment of them, and the manner in which he often redeemed these promises showed rare fidelity.

His kind-heartedness was always a marked trait. He was specially sensitive to the exhibition of suffering,— his sympathies sometimes conquering his endurance. Once, during the recitation of the class studying physiology, at Smithville, the teacher was explaining the method of overcoming the contraction of the muscles when setting a hip joint, and

---

*Rev. Dr. Lincoln.

happening to cast his eye to the place where George sat, observed him falling over in a fainting fit produced by the delineation.

He read men easily, and his estimate of their character and promise was usually charitable, hopeful and correct. His reverence for real character, his regard for the welfare and usefulness of others, and his fear of doing an injustice, forbade a careless, unappreciative verdict over a life, or work. It was as natural for him to study faces as for a child its picture-book. The impression gained of him by those who were in his presence for any length of time, was that of a man of self-restraint and poise of nature, and one who was anxious to fairly and suitably understand his fellows.

Men of open heart and ingenuous purpose, found him frank, confiding and charitable; concealment of real designs under specious words, and vacillation, and cowardice, met unsparing rebuke and searching exposure. His power of discernment, of penetrating clearly and readily to the heart of scheme or proposition, made his opinion and advice of substantial value.

Weakness seeking strength and encouragement, at whatever time or place, found him ready to help and soothe; weakness wearing the mask of willfulness, or claiming the homage accorded only to strength, excited his pitying contempt. Severe he might sometimes be, in his characterization of unapproved plans and measures, but he would not stoop to personalities, nor reply in the tone of vituperation.

In the use of sarcasm, he was keen and felicitous. With the training of certain schools of public life he would easily have become a master in invective; but his heart of kindness and Christian love, forbade utterances which his rhetorical knowledge of the power of words would have admitted. With no desire to unfairly silence or wound an opponent, yet oftener, doubtless, than he was aware, shafts of sarcasm found a mark. But no one could be more sorrowful than he, over any needless, unintentional wound inflicted by himself, nor lament it more sincerely. His coolness and self-control were remarkable amid opposition, and in the discussion of great, exciting questions which stirred his whole nature profoundly.

While he could not consent to worship at the shrine of another's popularity, power, or genius, he was intolerant of sycophancy and adulation in others, and especially if exercised toward himself. He loved praise and was sensitive to the absence of it; but the praise must be manly and appreciative, or it gave him no pleasure; blind flattery he despised, but his eye would kindle and his voice become tender in tone, answering expressions implying obligation for some service he had rendered. He was specially grateful when a hearer pressed his hand and said, "You can not tell how much your sermon helped me;"—the words: "You gave us a grand sermon," fell upon an unsatisfied heart.

His high regard for truthfulness in all the manifestations of a soul, forbade duplicity, and however eagerly he sought an end, he would not resort to specious arguments or doubtful acts to win it. We have spoken of his love of commendation; he was also sensitive to censure, but would not violate his convictions nor change his purposes to secure the pleasure of the one or to avoid the pain of the other. He chose to suffer wrong rather than to unfairly resent it; to endure injury with patience rather than meditate or seek revenge. That he should have no enemies was impossible; that he should meet no opposition could not be expected; yet he endeavored to meet the experiences which enmity or opposition might bring, with a manly, Christian spirit.

His acquirements in knowledge were substantial and serviceable. A close, critical student, his mental tastes and habits forbidding him to be content with undefined, unsystematized knowledge, he would meditate upon a truth and scrutinize a statement until his comprehension became clear and exact. He was prepared to "give a reason of the hope" in his heart, and of the opinion in his mind. He knew what and "whom" he believed, and the distinctive steps by which he had arrived at a conclusion were as clearly present to him as the conclusion itself. If asked to define his position on any question, he could do it logically, clearly, promptly. Such was the exactness of his mind, so systematic its arrangement of facts, so broad and complete his power of grouping incidents and conclusions, so retentive his memory, that he was able to marshal his knowledge and powers for almost instantaneous service even on the most important occasions.

Not only did he grasp a truth with readiness and clearness, but he was highly capable of helping others to a like result. He excelled as a teacher, and his pulpit ministrations were successful in clearing away doubts, perplexities, and obscurities. His concentration was large, and he was sometimes led to dwell upon a point in address or sermon, at great and tedious length; fearfulness lest he be not understood caused him, now and then, to explain a proposition with needless detail. If we adopt the highest, truest definition of eloquence, that "it is the breath and force of a man's personality, — the whole being of a man speaking," he was eloquent. If a true rhetoric is signalized by "the communication of thought by language, with a view to persuade," he was a rhetorician. Wit, humor, sublimity, pathos, were at his command. His style was not a little marked by redundancy, especially in the use of adjectives, and was defective through lack of terseness and condensation. There was no want of perspicuity, arising from defective expression, or imperfect arrangement, or from confusion in the use of words. Though his sentences were often of considerable length, they were clear and intelligible. His language was unambiguous, elegant and appropriate, though not unencumbered by long words and expressions not consistent with Saxon vigor.

The rhetorical faults of his style were scarcely noticed, — indeed, almost wholly escaped detection, — by the hearer, amid the attractiveness, excellences and power of his speech. He endeavored, late in life, to secure for his style certain qualities which a more exact early culture would have successfully imparted. The study of the Anglo-Saxon element in our language was taken up with much enthusiasm, and prosecuted as extensively as attention to his ordinary tasks would admit. It gave rise to one of his finest and most popular lectures.

Expressing regret that this study could not have been pursued in early life, and that its fields were even then practically shut away from him, he writes to a friend:

"I like very much your proposal to run through English literature in the way you suggest. It would be interesting and profitable to carry along the history of English life, in its social, civil, ecclesiastical, and educational aspects, *pari passu*. The two things would reflect light on each other; and the English character, and the English nation, would then be fully before you. It would put you very much into such a relation in respect to that people, as Hugh Miller's autobiography makes you sustain toward himself, as an individual subject. I would give something if I had done that, or could do it now."

His mind was equally capable in synthesis and in analysis. If he was happy in his work of demolition, he was not less so in that of construction. If he displaced a system, he was not satisfied until he could summon another to take its place. His ability to perceive a fallacy was accompanied with the power to expose it efficiently. "Dr. Day," says Dr. Malcom, "reminds me of our old teacher, Dr. Wayland, in the solidity and honesty of his mental and spiritual character."

"Years after we parted in Providence, we came together again as critics, sitting in judgment on manuscripts and books. I learned to honor anew his fine insight and rare discretion. If the verdict of judges of high authority can be accepted, that the largeness of a man's nature is tested by the breadth of his sympathies with authors, Dr. Day had a comprehensive soul, for he detected, as by intuition, any mark of genius in an author, or superior excellence of whatever kind. His judgment was rarely at fault. He recognized the good qualities of authors, and he knew equally well the tastes of readers."*

He never seemed at loss, on festive occasions, for the right and happy word to secure or to promote social enjoyment. He adapted himself happily to the capacities of childhood, and was successful in eliciting and keeping its interest, when addressing it in Sunday school, or at some picnic or excursion. Some of his Commencement dinner speeches were fine examples of brilliant reparteé, and of scholarly eloquence.

As a fellow-traveller, he was entertaining and buoyant, full of zest and curiosity, entering bravely and cheerfully into the more difficult experiences of a tourist; never obtrusive in remark or manner, nor unpleasantly tenacious of his own preferences. He entered with full sympathy and hearty abandon into the sports of the forest, the sea-side, and the brook, taking up rod and gun with almost boyish enthusiasm.

---

*Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln.

In his social visits at the homes of intimate friends, he was warmly welcomed by parents and children, by old and young, alike. In private and in public social gatherings, his presence was hailed with pleasure.

His mind, naturally fine and discriminating in its tastes, was improved and enriched by foreign travel. His letters as a foreign correspondent of the *Morning Star*, *Providence Press*, and *Watchman & Reflector*, were full of vivacity, abounding in artistic pictures of life and scenes in Europe and the East, and secured great popularity with the readers of those journals.

His love of the grand and beautiful in nature, art and life was intense and enthusiastic. The two poetical effusions given in this volume fairly exhibit his poetic appreciation, imagination and skill. He was a lover of music, and often regaled himself in hours of weariness, at the organ or the piano; he was acquainted, to some extent, with the art of musical composition; the tunes on pages 168, 187, and 202, of "The Choralist," are among his productions.

In those things which are indices of true bravery, he gave no sign of cowardice. When his critical illness at the close of Conference, and the fears of friends lest it should terminate fatally on the spot, were mentioned to him, he said: "I do not think I should have been afraid; the God of peace and safety is never far off at such moments." By his bravery amid sickness and pain, and in the presence of threatening wrongs, by his fidelity to principle and truth, by his unceasing, high industry, his life luminously exhibits not only the strength which endures, but the strength which suffers, and teaches both the duty of action and the equally sacred duty of suffering.

"There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give."

There was one, a dearly-beloved and loving friend whom he had welcomed to church-fellowship and whose life he had blessed, who bent over him, on the last night of his life, and thanked him for his sweet, valuable ministries; in so doing he represented thousands of grateful hearts who would have deemed it a precious privilege to do even that.

His life's history will read tamely beside the exciting stories of battle-heroes; nor can it attract like that of men great in statesmanship, for it has few striking passages; but its spirit can not be comprehended without fascinating an earnest Christian heart by its exhibitions of the power of a quiet, helpful, devoted, single life. It can not be understood, and yet make no deep impression by its persistence in Christian toil.

They who study this ended life will learn the needed lesson of "the hidden power of faith, the calm might that lies in communion with the truth, the nobleness, and beauty, and reward of a high self-sacrifice. They will learn from it to keep brave hearts when clouds settle on their life, to trust that God will do his work, though not perhaps till their day is past; they will learn to hold steadfast by their work, though pain and sorrow are knocking loudly at the door;"* they will learn how comfort, courage, peace, strength, and confidence may flow from "God as a helper."

"Now," said Beza, when he heard of Calvin's death, "now that Calvin is dead, life will be less sweet, and death less bitter." Our loss might "seem irreparable, unless God remained with infinite gifts and graces to bestow according to the needs of his people."

"His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran;

---

*From a tribute to Rev. F. W. Robertson.

The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
  Shamed all the frauds of man.

"The very gentlest of all human natures
  He joined to courage strong,
And love, outreaching unto all God's creatures,
  With sturdy hate of wrong.

"Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
  In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness,
  Saw but a single side.

"And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
  No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness
  The statue of his life."

VI.

RECREATION

IN

EUROPE AND THE EAST.

Presenting in this chapter extracts from his voluminous foreign correspondence, we have endeavored to transfer to the more permanent form of these pages, those which were esteemed by the readers of the journals to which they were addressed, as among the choicest, most valuable portions.

I.

SABBATH ON THE SEA, June 28, 1857.

The Sabbaths on shipboard are calculated to make one feel strongly the loss of the religious opportunities on shore. The religious spirit on our steamer was not apparently very strong nor very general, and yet there was enough of outward deference to remind one that there was a consciousness of having entered upon holy time. The conversation was rather less boisterous, and reading was more general; the music was mostly hushed, tracts obtained in New York were distributed by the steward over the saloon tables, and the English Episcopal service was read by the captain, and responded to by a portion of the crew and such of the passengers as chose to join. It was poorly read and not very devoutly responded to; still it is something of a relief and a blessing to have even this.

During it, and especially after it was over, my heart turned homeward, heavenward and inward, and, more than is its wont, felt how great a blessing is a quiet Sabbath and sacred worship among friends in the sanctuary. I sat down with note book and pencil, and scribbled the following lines, which contain a transcript of my experiences:

Bright shines the sun, fresh breezes blow, the heavens are azure blue,
Save where the dappled clouds bring out their changing shapes to view;
All round are gathered human forms and faces lit with glee,—
But still the heart a strangeness owns,—'tis Sabbath on the Sea.

Far as the eager eye can reach, the crested billows rise,
Till on the distant verge they seem to kiss the bending skies;
No sail, like sea-bird's wing, appears to speak of life to me,
Through all this livelong, holy day, this Sabbath on the Sea.

The deck anon with laughter rings where men converse in crowds,

And there the winds make sad response while whistling through the shrouds;
The canvas swells, the masts bend down, light o'er the deep we flee,
We stay not for an hour although 'tis Sabbath on the Sea.

Far, far away the pleasant scenes where Sabbath days were spent,
And far the cherished friends with whom up to God's house I went.
There gather they again to-day, and lift a prayer for me,—
Blest thought! the day is holier now, this Sabbath on the Sea.

God's presence fills creation all,—He bendeth everywhere,
To deck meek hearts with robes of joy, to answer each true prayer;
His promise waits to be fulfilled where'er his people be,—
Pure souls find Sabbaths everywhere, sweet Sabbaths on the Sea.

To eyes anointed from on high, his traces mark the deep,
The winds are marshalled by his word, when he commands they sleep;
And he who trod the waves of old on storm-vexed Galilee,
Can give the troubled heart repose — a Sabbath on the Sea.

Bend down, O Great and Glorious One, above thy pleading child,
And speak thy "Peace, Be still," above each ocean tempest wild.
May every weakness, every danger draw me nearer Thee,
So that my soul find constant rest, a Sabbath on the Sea.

Be Thou the Guardian of my life, my wanderings all restore,
And bring me to the home I love, my yearned-for home once more;

Spread thy broad wing above the spot where my heart's treasures be,—
That pledge of thine will crown this day, this Sabbath on the Sea.

II.

VALLEY OF CHAMOUNIX,
Switzerland, Aug. 15, 1857.

I commence a letter to-day at this center and culminating point of Alpine grandeur.

The last week is the seventh from home, and in no merely fanciful sense it has been the Sabbath week. Our movements have been mostly slow, aiding calmness and reflection; we have had less of the bustle of life as it appears in the haste and hum of cities,—among the mountains there has often been a stillness it seemed irreverent to break; only during two days have we been on the public thoroughfares, for nearly two weeks; influences that soothe and elevate have been unusually abundant, and those which harass and inthrall have consciously touched us only at long intervals; and the spirit, laying off anxieties and cares, has been kept full of sweet and glorious emotions. Almost every morning I have awaked to find a hymn in my heart which would sing itself in melodious snatches all through the hours of sunlight, and die down at night into a cadence that made sleep come as a direct benediction from heaven. Prayers seem to go up easily here as if the mountains were altars, and the clouds on their tops were incense, drawing orisons after them in the ethereal currents which their ascent creates. "God is great" needs not to be proclaimed here by human lips as from the minarets of the East; the solemn silence of these vast mountains, the unseen but steady flow of these glacier streams, the tremendous speech wherewith these awful clouds talk to each other amid the darkness and the tempest,—all these are heralds of Jehovah's greatness it were stupidity not to recognize, and mockery to attempt to rival. If it be the office of the Sabbath to rebuke worldly pride and ambition, to make waywardness seem a presumption and a sin, to bring back to the soul the half lost consciousness of God's nearness and greatness, to stimulate faith and make it more child-like, to render prayer an irrepressible yearning or a grateful outgoing toward the infinite Father and Saviour, to throw a sacred calm over thought, to give such a movement to sensibility that all its currents flow as to the march of anthemnal music, to brighten the future with hues borrowed from immortality, to stir pity for the unfortunate and erring and crushed and besotted, and make the coming of God's kingdom on earth the heaviest burden our wishes carry, and the goal toward which our highest endeavors set themselves to struggle,—if this be the ministry of the Sabbath, then this mountain scenery has brought me at least the spirit of a long and blessed holy day. Be it so that its spirit goes into the work-day life of many a future year.

My tour and tarry in Switzerland is the crowning feature of my journey. Its bracing airs are a splendid tonic for an enfeebled system, and the influences, with which it surrounds and fills the spirit, are like a sea of blessing, bearing affection heavenward to the solemn music of its sparkling waves. Wisely enough I had judged that the Alps could not be seen and felt in a day, any more than Niagara can be comprehended at a glance. I had planned to tarry, that the ideas and conceptions and emotions which are born of these mountains might have time to grow toward maturity within me. And so I have done, and such has been the effect. The grandeur has grown on me daily. These mountain tops, where storms and thunderbolts are cradled, seem to stretch loftier upward each time of climbing to them with the eye. The photograph of their forms grows more and more distinct within, their lessons come with less wooing, and find a tarrying-place with less difficulty.

III.

PARIS, FRANCE, DEC. 20, 1865.

I am every now and then reminded by the Professor that it is time for me to get off my first letter to Dover. I take the hint and act on it; though I must begin by disavowing what he imputed to me a week ago. His comparison of our heads might naturally enough imply that I was a sort of "Hard Shell Baptist." That is not true. I never entered into fellowship with that fraternity, and since they have become secessionists I have had no inclination to join in sweeping their "harp of a thousand strings." And his intimation that I was to send solid food was calculated to awaken fears that I should induce mental dyspepsia in the *Star* readers. Let nobody be fearful. The bill of fare has no item at which even an invalid need be alarmed. Even if these letters should possess the variety of a curry or a chowder, they will prove to be as digestible as soup.

We heard Mr. Spurgeon in the morning of our first day in London, for it was Sunday. To look upon the vast audience gathered within his Tabernacle, and hear the swelling harmony of thousands of voices bearing up the hymns to heaven, is well worth going two miles, even if one must carry a jaded body and an unwilling spirit. Six thousand eager, expectant faces would give inspiration to any preacher unless there was an excess of fear or lack of soul; but it must be a powerful moral magnet that draws and holds such a mass of human material. And with all his excesses on one side and his defects on the other, Mr. Spurgeon embodies and exercises power. He is as intensely Calvinistic as ever — scarcely preaching a sermon without putting in the very pith and sharpness of the "Five Points," and yet, having a will of iron, and an active, restless, practical working energy, such as few other men possess, he rarely ends a sermon without virtually driving the dogmas unceremoniously out of doors. He is no philosopher, no logician, no master of analysis, no trustworthy critic. His discourse has a thread, but it lacks definite boundaries. In the development of a thought or the enforcement of a duty, he shows the ability of a master; but in the treatment of a subject, he is seldom comprehensive or satisfactory. The range of his thinking is not broad, but the power with which he drives home a single point is wonderful. His congregation is his empire, and the enterprises immediately connected with it are to him the interests which fill the inner circle of the world. But into this circle he puts a planning, organized, resolute, persistent force, which shows astonishing results. He preaches with great energy, though his self-poise is complete. He has no pulpit, — only a large platform, with a railing in front, and a simple table by his side on which lie his Bible and hymn-book. He uses no manuscript, and his marvelous mastery of pure, idiomatic, forcible English, enables him to speak right on, without waiting for a word, or using a single loosely-constructed sentence.

Beecher is more original, Phillips more classical, Curtis has more literary finish, Bushnell exceeds him in strength, as other men surpass him in other respects, but in forcible simplicity and picturesqueness of expression, such as forbids obscurity and goes straight to the mark, he is a marvel and a model in extemporaneous speaking. He does not scorn ornament, but employs it; yet he never seems to be reaching after it, nor pushing it into notice. There is humor in him, and he sometimes lets it have its way; wit, also, and he now and then shoots one of its winged arrows. Poetic imagery and suggestive metaphors now and then leap forth and light up the course of his thought, as sun-bursts glorify the road of the traveller — as when, last Sunday, he said, that "though the tongue halts and stammers when it would speak of our joy in God, the loving heart sends out whole troops of sonnets;" or as when, speaking of the early death of spiritually-minded children, he said that "they were fragrant rose-buds, opening in the gardens of the world, which God hastened to pluck that he might wear them evermore in his bosom."

Confining himself mostly to the central and vital truths of the gospel, he unfolds the guilt and danger of unsaved souls, and paints the privileges of the justified children of the kingdom, in a light so vivid and in words so full of might and unction that the meaning and the method of salvation rise on the vision of his audience like the sun out of darkness. And so, with a soul heaving with life, a will brimful of energy, and a faith in himself and his message, which his experience and his successes have combined to make powerful, he sends his clear, full, ringing voice through the room, sweeping and stirring the chords of sensibility in each soul as the summer wind stirs the leaves of the forest. A calm and critical hearer may go away dissatisfied with the sermon, but in his heart he must confess that he has stood before a preacher who is a master of assemblies. Only a man of weak will, defective individuality, and unschooled taste, would wish to be his copyist or set him up as a model; but it would be wisdom for clearer-headed men to take lessons from his methods of speech, and a virtue to seek after his power.

We listened for a little time to the Liturgy, the preaching and the music, as the twilight was gathering over the worshippers and the tombs in Westminster Abbey—the music so wonderful in its skill and so peculiar in its effects that it seemed to make the only abiding impression upon the audience; and then we sat down quietly in Dr. Burns's chapel and listened to a sermon far more instructive than Spurgeon's, far more quickening than that which the dignitary of the Establishment had given us among the cloisters of the Cathedral. Dr. Burns still keeps his vivacity, loses none of his mental vigor; courtesies come leaping out from his kindly nature like waters from a fountain; he showed us a little flag of the American Republic, nailed to one of his study book-cases when the rebellion opened its guns upon Sumter and the British government cheered it on with its peculiar neutrality, and which he said had never since been lowered or loosened — a significant expression of his sympathy with our country in its great struggle.

IV.

FLORENCE, ITALY, Jan. 10, 1866.

The plains of Lombardy, over which we passed from Turin to Venice, and more or less from Venice to Bologna, are remarkable for their extent, their fruitfulness, the perfection in agriculture, and the mulberry orchards and vineyards which stretch away on either side of the road like the prairies of

Illinois and Wisconsin. The snow-crested mountain boundaries glorify all. Nothing seems wanting to make the most adequate provision for drainage and irrigation; the trees are properly trained; the pruning-knife has been applied to the vines; the stones are removed from the fields; the roads are as good as engineering and constant attention can make them; the bridges are massive, solid, complete stone structures, looking as though they might be five hundred years old, and were good for a thousand more; the hills are terraced as far upward as is practicable, and the whole movement of common life goes on like the stars in their courses, as though change were out of the question. What remains is to take care of what has been done. Men are seen spading up the most level fields, where the steam-plow might run for hours without difficulty; the problem here is manifestly not to find how much human labor can be dispensed with, but how much can be economically or properly used. And so, while the whole Lombardy valley is like a garden in regularity, beauty and fruitfulness, the peasantry are poor, fighting the battle of life at great disadvantage; and, so far as this world goes, reaching nothing but meager results even when their patient persistence gives them victory instead of defeat.

We enjoyed Milan. It is a neat, thriving city; old, but not decrepid. It has many historic associations, and not a few choice products of art; but there are two things which especially make it famous. The one is the renowned Fresco of Leonardo da Vinci, whose subject is the "Last Supper." The other is the great Cathedral.

The fresco has been greatly defaced by time and violence; not a single head or form is complete; the building in which we find it is old, low, out-of-the way and cheerless, and the sexton who keeps the key must be looked up. But we found the man and looked at the picture.

The glory of the work is seen in the central figure. The artist has done, perhaps, whatever a mortal can do, in the way of embodying the combined majesty and benignity of the great Master's character. I have seen no other face of Christ among the multitude that look out from all these vast galleries, which, on the whole, comes so near the ideal which the New Testament picture gives. It wakes the profound reverence which prompts worship, while kindling the sympathetic confidence which sends the soul to His bosom as to the heart of a great and long-tried friend. Out from those lips it is easy to believe there might come in successive sentences, the words: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Not a single restoration, or copy, or photograph, or engraving of this great picture, which I have seen, preserves this "majestic sweetness," which not only "sits enthroned" upon the brow of Jesus, but which here informs every feature and writes itself in the whole attitude.

Of the cathedral it is difficult to speak in any satisfactory way. It is easy enough to say that it is built of white marble, from pavement to spire; that it was commenced in the fourteenth century, and though a large number of workmen are constantly employed, it is a long way from completion; that its extreme length is about 500 feet, its breadth at the transepts about 300, its height from the pavement to the top of the statue of the Virgin which surmounts the spire, nearly 400; that the number of statues, mostly of life size and larger, executed in the highest style of art, and set in the niches, on the angles and pinnacles as ornaments to the exterior, is about 7000, with 3000 yet to be added; that the smaller perpendicular projections from the roof,—representing so many varieties of botanical shrubs and flowers, and made, when viewed at a given angle, to appear like a vast flower garden,—is not less than 15000. But all this will amount to very little in describing the cathedral as a whole, whether viewing it from a distance or near at hand; seeking to take in the great pile as a whole, or fixing attention upon any single portion in its details; walking over its pavement and looking upward to the lofty frescoed ceiling that seems like the brooding of heaven at twilight, or standing among its pinnacles, turrets, balustrades, arches and statues on the roof, and looking down upon the architectural glories that arrest your vision all the way to the street; inspecting a single statue till the soul is full of wonder at the skill of the sculptor, or regarding the great structure itself as the embodiment of the architect's magnificent conception, and crystalization of the religious experiences of the race into visible and permanent form; it is still a wonder and a glory, defying your analysis, silencing your tongue, beggaring your description, spreading itself on every side beyond your ideals, mocking your efforts at comprehension. There is nothing to do but stand, look, admire and wonder, to go away surfeited, to come and look again and then go away as before, feeling that the spirit is too narrow for such a conception to inhabit, too weak to bear away such a burden of splendor. And so you go away at last, with only the outlines of a great temple drawn on the tablet of memory, within which beauty and sublimity, in many and varied forms, come and go, like clouds of gold and crimson in the summer sky; and instead of a house built by human hands which your mathematics have measured, you are haunted by visions of a temple let down from above before you, as the New Jerusalem showed itself to John in the panorama of the Apocalypse.

There are larger structures; there are costlier and many more noted ones which I may yet see, but I have no expectation that architecture will speak to me again through lifeless marble with a voice more impressive. Leaving out of the account the economical and strictly moral consideration, and regarding such a pile from a purely æsthetic or artistic stand-point, it is something to be admired with almost unbounded and perfect joy. As such, it is pleasant to contemplate it. Stopping to ask whether the Christianity in whose name it is reared would sanction such an outlay for a mere temple, when the contrite heart is the true dwelling-place of God on earth; whether the disciples can be justified in rearing for their occupancy such an abiding place while claiming to imitate him who had not where to lay his head; whether so much gold may be properly locked up in marble walls, and senseless statues, while our poorer brethren pine from hunger, and our Father's children famish for the bread of life; and especially asking, whether a false faith and a cheating round of ceremonies ought in any case to be rendered more imposing and attractive and powerful by throwing around them such a robe of beauty and magnificence; — then, indeed, there is an alloy flung into the pleasure of contemplation, and the picture is likely to be marred by the doubt awakened over its office. Alas, that the glory of art should be so often the shame of religion!

V.

Rome, Italy, Jan. 25, 1866.

. . . But I may say that the churches, rich and glorious as they are, considered from an artistic stand-point, do not seem to me at all like the temple of God, unless they are deserted and silent, and so leave me to my own meditations; and I go to witness the ceremonies at the festivals as I go to witness any other splendid pageant, and I am sure I shall not be disappointed. Save when, here and there, I see a poor working man, with horny hand and subdued and wondering look, kneel on the pavement and reverently repeat a prayer as though conscious that God was marking whether it were the real language of his soul, or only the meaningless repetition of the lips; or when some woman's furrowed face carries a whole volume of inward history, — of hardships which waste her strength; of disappointments which consume her courage; of afflictions that strike the stars out of her sky; of brave struggles that bring only defeats; of bereavements that beckon her to the hereafter; and of wounds which Christ only can heal,— prostrates herself in utter forgetfulness of human observers, and moans out her agony toward heaven, and sends up her longing in speechless sighs,— save when such worshippers as these push all the priestly ceremonialism out of sight and out of mind, or when the wondrous music makes of the whole soul an answering instrument, and sets it singing through the whole scale of emotion,— I get no quickening or comforting thoughts of God, and am touched by no influence that binds me close in loving service to my kind. I can simply enjoy a great cathedral as I enjoy a gallery of paintings or statues; there are faces in the latter as full of heaven as the chapels of the former; both alike tell me how great is the spirit in man to which the Almighty has given understanding. And I look upon the processions and the ritual as I look upon the glitter and the evolutions of a great military parade; both alike impress me with the wondrous power which comes of skillful organization, and prove that pantomime may be thrillingly eloquent. There is to me far more to kindle devotion in a majestic mountain, which God's strength long since reared, or in the simple prayer of a child, whose heart his grace is now touching.

VI.

NAPLES, Jan. 30, 1866.

Naples is a thoroughly Italian city. The bay upon whose convex curve it stands is very beautiful, deserving a large part of the praise which has been lavished upon it. The slope of its site upward from the coast to the Castle of St. Elmo, where the bluff overlooks the sea and the surrounding country, opens the whole area of the city to view, whether one looks upward from the harbor, or downward from the fortified ramparts. Towns crowd down to the shore for a considerable distance on either hand, and villages nestle at the foot of the hills as though feeling sure of shelter, or as if choosing a place meet for the rearing of altars where the grandeur of nature is a perpetual call and stimulus to worship. At the eastward towers Vesuvius, the crest of mingled cloud from the sea and of smoke from the crater resting nearly all the day long upon his brow, or hanging poised above his head, prophetic of a coronation. The sky is lofty and has its own Italian tint of blue; the waters of the bay are still bluer, and so clear that you look far down into the depths and see the mysteries of marine life. All mountains are seen through a veil of thin, delicate mist, blue, purple or golden, according to the position of the observer, the strength of the light, or the hour chosen for observation. The tinting of the scattered clouds at noon is very delicate and silvery; as the day wears on, they present a clearer outline, and seem piled into more compact masses; as they accompany the sun to his chamber they blush, first with pink and violet, then with orange, then with scarlet and crimson, and when he has sunk, a mighty globe of gold, out of sight, he seems to be casting a smile back upon his attendants, lighting them up with a wondrous gorgeousness, setting the whole horizon aglow, and making the sea look like the pavement of a fabled palace. The very air carries balm to the spirit and soothing to the nerves, fancies mix themselves with sober thought, and while you walk you are dreaming.

To stand beside one of these crowded streets, and look upon the panorama of life as its successive sections present themselves, is something rare if not rich,— an experience to be remembered even if one does not care to have it repeated.

There have been occasional allusions to beggary and beggars in this foreign correspondence. The topic is rendered prominent enough in one's experience to justify the devotion of a letter to the portraiture of this phase of life. One meets it all over the continent. Naples has long had the reputation of outdoing all other cities; but Rome leaves it now far in the rear, whatever may have been the case heretofore. Travellers are generally regarded by the people on the continent as legitimate game for all classes to capture and pluck.

There are all sorts of beggars: beggars in broadcloth and beggars in rags; beggars who depend for success upon the use of brain, and beggars who rely upon the powers of brass; beggars who make it a life-long occupation and who proceed according to pre-formed theories, and beggars who take up the business at odd times and intervals, and follow the lead of circumstances or the guidance of impulses; beggars that demand with confident tone, and beggars that whine out their pleas in a minor key; beggars that depend on their good looks, and beggars that employ all hereditary and acquired loathsomeness to compel a surrender; beggars that enforce an appeal with their age, and beggars that touch your heart by youthfulness; beggars that urge their own sufferings, and beggars that praise your ability and generosity; beggars that threaten you with curses if you do not give them, and beggars that promise you their own perpetual prayers and the Blessed Virgin's eternal intercession if you do give them; beggars who tell you what they have already suffered, and beggars who picture the sufferings which they expect will come unless your silver shall speedily halt the terrible procession; beggars who seek relief for themselves, and beggars having a whole house full of friends eagerly looking for the deliverance which a few coppers will surely carry them; beggars who ask your charity as a mighty hand to lift them out of purgatory, and beggars who ask it as a key to lock them securely into paradise.

These are not over-statements. In Rome especially, it would not be easy to exaggerate the truth. You find a beggar at the door when you go out in the morning, beseeching you to begin the day with a gift, and there is another, or the same, waylaying you at night, praying you to carry a lighter conscience to your bed by leaving behind a donation. You go on the street, and a beggar is beside you, with slouched hat in hand or miserable bonnet under the arm, pleading, as always, for money. Stop a moment before a shop window, and a group of them is surrounding you. At every corner a fresh voice accosts you; each public square has its guard of mendicants. While you are engaging a carriage to visit some object of interest, your bargaining is interrupted by voices that keep up the perpetual murmur of "*bajoccha*." When you turn to get in, some beggar's hand is on each of the doors which are opened for your entrance; the beggar grasping the door which you *do* take closes it after you and confidently asks for money in pay for the service; the beggar grasping the door which you *do not* take grievously or indignantly asks for money in pay for the disappointment. When you alight, the process is repeated. Every gallery has its beggars, waiting at the entrance to get the first fee; every old monument or ruin has waiting in its neighborhood more than one human monument of wretchedness, and more than one poor wreck of life, whose story you must guess, but whose meaning you are not permitted to mistake. Similar experiences in beggary accompany all undertakings, and crowd themselves into the life of every successive day. Men and women, the old and the young, the strong and the feeble, those who choose the occupation for its profit, and those who know no other way in which to eke out a miserable subsistence, desperate characters and pitiable characters, those who excite only suspicion and disgust and those whose mournful tones touch the heart, and whose pleading, anxious, sorrow-stamped faces haunt you for days,—all, all, without any apparent sense of shame or feeling of reluctance, seeming to count the business legitimate if it may only be successful, unite in swelling the army of beggars, whose representatives are everywhere, but whose great encampment and principal field of operations is the city which once boasted of being mistress of the world, and which now glories in having been for fifteen centuries the capital and the efflorescence of Christendom.

VII.

CAIRO, EGYPT, Feb., 1866.

. . . . But the Egypt of to-day seems far enough from leadership, or instruction, or national beneficence. If it was the cradle where ancient civilization was rocked, one might be pardoned for the suggestion that when the child left the cradle it forsook the homestead and carried away all the glory. If Egypt nursed enterprise after she had given it birth, it might seem that the offspring absorbed all the parent's vitality. The ancient ambition is dead, and one looks in vain for the active forces that built Thebes, and fashioned the tombs, and conceived the Colossus, and sculptured the Sphinx, and piled the pyramids.

I was not prepared to find poverty so abject, so general and so unambitious, character so wanting in manliness, government so imperfect a guardian, and religion so largely a series of undefined superstitions. The dwellings of the masses are shockingly poor and disgustingly filthy. Villages, just outside of these chief cities, appear, a little distance away, like a huddle of sand-hills or mud-heaps; at hand, they are found to be receptacles where human and animal life indiscriminately gather themselves into companionship, partly above ground, and partly below; now within walls of sun-dried brick, and then merely of clay; here with a partial roof of coarse reed, half-thatched and half-piled upon supporting cross-pieces, while there the only bed is a ragged blanket on the earth, and the only canopy the sky. Donkeys, dogs and fowls mix together and with the human denizens; the door-yard and the barn-yard are identical, and while nature gives the kids a covering, the children are more or less resigned to nudity. How the human system endures such neglect and uncleanliness is a wonder; that epidemics should leave whole streets and towns anything else than cemeteries is a problem for physiologists to solve. It is one merit of the Mohammedan religion that it lays such stress upon ablution; if it had required the bathing to be thorough and entire, it might have paved the way for a faith that insists upon decency as a part or a condition of godliness. I do not overlook the allowance of climate or of custom; but after discounting liberally, on every reasonable ground, there is still left an amount of debasement, a general ignorance, a destitution of honor, a poverty of heart,— a lack, indeed, of all the qualities which make character attractive, affections purifying, domestic life a sacrament, and faith a bond of ennobling fellowships,— such as surprises as well as saddens. Egypt once sheltered the Redeemer's infancy when hatred was hunting it elsewhere; oh, if it might now welcome His quickening Spirit and find a new life running through all its diseased and palsied frame!

In Cairo as at Rome,— beneath the dome of the mosque as well as along the nave of the cathedral,— the maximum of piety seems often coupled with the minimum of character.

VIII.

MT. SINAI, ARABIAN DESERT,
March 5, 1866.

From Suez, we had six days of sailing over the Red Sea before we landed at Tor, whose harbor we had hoped to make in thirty hours. Then three days of desert and camel-riding,— of stretches of sandy desert, and mountain gorges where upheavals had torn and splintered the rock, and tourists had plowed up the lighter debris,— of bare, rugged peaks outlined against the sky, and tufts of verdure and branches of flowers springing up here and there beside the dreary path,— of wild and narrow passes, alternating with valleys that broadened almost into plains,— of scorching heat that made the camels moan, and the drivers pant, and the riders sigh, and then a cool breeze, that breathed life into the wilting frame, or a clear pool sheltered from the sun, or a gurgling streamlet that made us shout with gratitude and taught us the meaning of many promises that sparkle on the pages of the prophets; — three days of this strange life, followed by nights where only a tent stood between us and sky, and only a mattress between us and the sand — and we came to a halt before the gates of the Convent at Mt. Sinai. Our letter was sent up by a rope let down from a post-hole in the wall, and soon a venerable looking priest, with a kindly face and a smile of welcome, came out, and led us to such apartments as he had to offer. They were not luxurious, but they were comfortable; and the hospitality came at such a time and in such a way that it signified much and blessed us largely.

This is our third day at Sinai. The wild, rugged, awful, transcendent majesty of this mountainous tract has had time to impress the heart, and has done it. It is a fitting school-room in which to teach a nation, born and reared amid idolatries, the unity and majesty of God. Here, if anywhere, a people might be cured of the tendency to worship the creature, and taught to bow only before the great Creator. It seems not strange that Moses should here have received his great commission, and that God should choose these echoing mountains as aids to his voice when he had his weightiest words to utter. An imaginative, thoughtful and religious nature, like Mohammed's, would find food for meditation here, and it is not so wonderful that it should seem to be a Divine voice which he heard coming up from the depths of his own excited and profoundly sensitive soul, swept by the influences that seem haunting these solitudes. Here, if anywhere, man gets back to the wild, simple grandeur of nature; here, if anywhere, he would be forced to feel himself standing face to face with Jehovah. And for the same reasons that induced God to choose such a man as Moses to be a prophetic leader, he might fittingly choose this same Sinai where I write to be the temple for the unveiling of his glory to Israel, and the audience room where he proclaimed the statutes that were to go sounding on through time.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. The Greek ritual was hurried through by the monks in the Convent chapel before sunrise, and the day was before us. Do you ask how we spent it? We took our Bibles, climbed to the point which tradition, historical criticism, and rational probability designate as the spot where Moses received the law in the sight of the people, sat down in silence, took in, feature by feature, the wild, and almost awfully sublime scenery, put ourselves as far as possible into sympathy with the ancient transaction, peopled the valley at our feet with all the thousands that once stood here among the camps, hushed, expectant, trembling, anxious, as they saw the cloud, witnessed the lightnings, heard the thunders, and felt the quaking of the mountain; then opened to the narrative in Exodus and read the story as the pen of inspiration has traced it, Decalogue and all, and as we came to the sentence, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," we felt the significance of those deathless words as never before. With that law pouring its sanctity upon our souls, what was more fitting than to sing, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and then bow ourselves in prayer before God's majesty, confess our sinfulness in the presence of the statute we had often broken, lift our tearful thanksgiving that the Gospel had opened a way of forgiveness, and ask that the authority of law and the pathos of love might combine in a motive that should henceforth make life a work of obedience, and our path the highway of holiness, leading straight and sure to heaven. And thus we spent the Sabbath at Sinai.

IX.

JERUSALEM, March 30, 1866.

It is Holy Week in Jerusalem. The city is full of people, for the tide of visitors and pilgrims has been setting steadily and strongly in this direction for some weeks past, from almost every quarter of the religious world. Our own country is largely represented here. The arrival of some new American party is an event of almost daily occurrence; and there are just now but few departures, for the culminating point of the festivities is just at hand, and the attraction holds nearly all who arrive. Last Sabbath was Palm Sunday, and the Latins had their usual ceremony in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. To-day is Good Friday, observed by the Catholics and the Episcopalians according to their custom; it is also the great day of the Jewish Passover, and the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs will not be forgotten by any son of Abraham according to the flesh. To-night the crucifixion of Christ is to be dramatized in the Greek Church — a performance scandalous enough, one would think, to raise a blush even on the cheeks of the shameless ecclesiastics who get it up in the name of religion and the church. I shall decline to attend it. The very thought of it is shocking. I would prefer to go out alone to Gethsemane, and read by the moonlight half a dozen of those touching and sublime chapters beginning with the thirteenth of St. John. The thousands of pilgrims who went out of the city Wednesday morning to bathe in the Jordan are to-day pouring back over the Mount of Olives and through St. Stephen's gate; the Jews are moaning and smiting their breasts with peculiar unction at their wailing-place, while they look upon the stones of the ancient city wall, and read the passages that speak of the glory which is no longer theirs. Next Sunday will be Easter, and then the living tide will begin its ebbing; though the Greek party will still hold out the attraction of the Holy Fire, and keep another Easter a week hence.

It is not easy to write a descriptive letter here. One would prefer silent meditation to speech, and leave thought and feeling to themselves, rather than constrain them to flow in any epistolary channel. There is quite too much to be told; and one is likely to feel that very little can be done in the way of telling what is perceived and felt. The historic personages and significant events that are associated with almost every square foot of this territory, come crowding upon the mind, and the present is lost in the past. Through the steady murmur of the streets, there seems to be coming up the music of David's Psalms, sung over there on Moriah; and while the throngs sweep by, you are wondering how the Great Teacher appeared when he came up to the Passover, and interpreted and fulfilled the ancient ritual by becoming himself the Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world.

On some accounts, we seem to have had a favorable introduction to this land of the Bible. We had spent time enough in Egypt to recover from any shock which a first view of oriental life might occasion. The features that seemed at first strange and disagreeable had become familiar, and so had mostly ceased to absorb attention and give pain as at first. The trip across the desert had made us ready to appreciate the beauty which natural scenery had to offer, and the low life of the Arabs, among whom we journeyed for nearly a month, made Palestine appear beautiful in its spring costume, and a long way toward genuine civilization. As we came gradually upon the cultivated lands about Gaza, saw the flowers springing among the grass, caught the melody of birds as they flung their music to our ears from every side, and found peasants following the plow, or casting the seed into the soil, or coming out to greet us with smiles and civilities, it seemed like a blessed world that was giving us welcome, and the common people appeared dignified and noble. Just now the feet of spring are specially beautiful upon the mountains of Syria, and the city and the people find favor in the eyes of those who were becoming weary of the monotony of the desert, and who had been studying humanity in the type presented by the Bedouins.

My feet are at length really standing within the gates of Jerusalem! I have walked on Mt. Zion, explored Moriah, followed the bed of the Kidron through the valley of Jehoshaphat, drunk from the pool of Siloam, threaded the valley of Gehenna, mused in Gethsemane, stood on what is said to be Calvary, climbed Olivet, and strolled about Bethany. I do not much trouble myself now about the assertions, pretensions and disputes of Mohammedan, Jew, Greek, or Latin, respecting topography in detail; and questions of historic and critical probability consume little of my time. I am *sure* that here is where the great events which underlie our Christian faith occurred; here Jesus walked, taught, and triumphed, and opened a way to redemption for those who take him as Master and Lord; here the whole scriptural narratives are illustrated, confirmed and invested with a meaning and a reality which they never before possessed, as I read them where their heroes lived; and that answers every vital demand of intellect and heart. Light flashes upon the pages of the New Testament like that which came streaming down upon the plains at Bethlehem so long ago; I am sure its source is in heaven, and so I bow down with a grateful confidence, and lift up my eyes with exceeding great joy. The distant Christ comes nearer now; blended with the Divine majesty in his face there is a more thoroughly human smile than my eye had ever before caught; and in the incarnation of Jesus I behold the highest glory of God and the dearest hope of man. Here where the feet of the Messiah pressed the mountains, my faith finds a rock on which to plant itself; on the height whence he sprang to his upper throne, my hope spreads its wing and stops only at immortality.

X.

JERUSALEM, April 2, 1866.

It is a remarkable land. The varieties of climate are both numerous and great. Mountain, plain and valley alternate with great frequency, or are embraced in a single view. From one point, the outlook is only upon barrenness that suggests the desert, or upon the ruined works of other days; after an hour's travel, the landscape becomes a picture in which the well-kept terraces are carried to the very crest of the hills; the valleys are beautiful with orchards of fig and olive, flocks feed on the hill-sides, the husbandman is plowing in the fields, the maidens sing as they fill their pitchers at the fountain, and the merry voices of children at play come sounding upon the air, waking memories of a distant home and childhood.

Within this comparatively small area, all latitudes appear to be represented. We seem to have traversed a zone between sunrise and midday. Mt. Hermon alone gives us the portraits of more than half the months that make up the family circle of the year, and the seasons touch each other along his slope. The summer covers his feet with flowers, the spring fills his lap with verdure, and winter puts a glistening crown upon his head. Not even France exhibits more fruitful tracts than are some of those which beautify the valleys of Samaria; not even Sinai or the desert exceeds the heights that overlook the valley of the Jordan in desolation. The Plain of Esdrælon exhibits agricultural capacities scarcely inferior to those in Lombardy; Gennesaret reminds one of a Swiss lake; and the majesty of Lebanon is akin to that embodied by the Alps. Other lands excel it in some single features; it was left for this to represent the countries into which a continent is divided, and almost to epitomize the world.

The general average of intelligence, enterprise and character is higher in Palestine than in Egypt; it is a long way above that which we found in the desert. The faces have a more pleasant look, the salutations are more cordial, there are less villainous eyes glaring out from beneath dark brows, and the word *fellowship* seems oftener interpreted by the observed intercourse of life. And still, even in these respects, a few miles will exhibit great differences.

The villages of Nain, where Jesus gave the widow's son from the bier to his mother's bosom; and Endor, where the sorceress confronted Saul with an apparition, are but two miles apart; yet one seems animated by the spirit of a human friendliness, while the other scowls defiance from the faces of its women, screams impudence from the lips of its children, and steals whatever it can get by the hands of all classes of its population.

Bethlehem and Nazareth, the birth-place and the early home of Jesus, are especially distinguished for the admirable natural positions which they occupy, for their neat, thriving and substantial appearance, for the fair complexion and pleasant faces which abound, and for the prominence of the nominally Christian element in the population. And though, when tried by a New England standard, the lack would appear sad enough in all these respects, the reputation is not undeserved. Gaza is impudent; Hebron is this and fanatical besides; Bethel is dirty and uncivilized; while not a few towns combine all these characteristics with not a few others of equal significance and attractiveness.

. . . Jerusalem is not a city for the mere tourist, but for the pious pilgrim. Its objects do not challenge criticism, but prompt to prayer. Its office is not chiefly the stimulation of intellect, but the purification and elevation of the affections. There is little to be told that feeds and satisfies common curiosity; it does its work by vitalizing the soul; and who can transfer a thrilling religious experience to a page of manuscript, and send it flaming six thousand miles across the continents and seas to interpret itself in the inner life of others?

XI.

LOUGHBOROUGH, ENGLAND, June 21, 1866.

We have put the English Channel between us and the European continent. Only the Atlantic remains to be crossed before we reach America. The attraction increases as the distance grows less; and with the music of our blessed mother tongue filling the air and voicing the spirit of fellowship, *home* is assuming reality, and its temple seems not very far away. I went to Crown Court last Sabbath evening and heard Dr. Cumming. His chapel is close to Drury Lane Theatre, in a neighborhood not attractive to the eye; and the chapel itself exhibits less regard to taste and architectural harmony than the average of Dissenting chapels here, — a statement carrying with it a verdict severe enough to express any amount of condemnation. It is not very large, though its interior arrangements are such as to provide for seating quite a numerous congregation. Dr. Cumming is a gentlemanly-looking man, neatly and carefully dressed, a little above the medium height, of regular features, fair complexion, black hair and beard, an eye at once bright and genial, while his air and manners have a degree of quiet elegance and taste that would be fully at home in the drawing-room. His voice is in perfect keeping with his appearance; pleasant, musical and well modulated. He reads indifferently, without great skill, care or unction. The Scripture lesson was rather heedlessly and bunglingly brought out; the running comments possessed nothing striking, and produced not much impression; the hymns were better managed, but were not at all vitalized by the unction of the reader's heart.

The sermon was based on the passage, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The preacher had no notes before him; and the sermon, considered from the homiletical stand-point, was lacking in plan, — being neither philosophical in arrangement nor exhaustive in its scope. The thought was not remarkably strong nor fresh, the discrimination was not always clear, there was no deep penetration, no great logical vigor, no comprehensive generalization, no overpowering force of statement, no master strokes of imagination. But there were great ease and self-reliance, the language was generally exact, copious, picturesque, there was tact in the methods of address, skill in the use of illustrations, directness in the argument, point in the applications, fervor in the appeals. The sermon was not great, but good; if not philosophical, it was something better; it was — bating its Calvinism, which seemed to be gratuitously thrown in — evangelical, earnest, warm-hearted, and faithful in exalting Christ and asserting the sinfulness and peril of rejecting him. It was simple enough for a child's comprehension, and yet there were passages possessing rhetorical beauty which offered gratification to cultivated tastes. It spread no royal feast for the intellect, but it did what was far better and more legitimate, — it plied the conscience with Christian stimulants, swept away the false pretenses by means of which the intellect is wont to shield indifference, and by motives which appealed to the sense of obligation and all the better elements of our nature, pressed the soul of the hearer up to its most sacred duty and its noblest privilege. Dr. Cumming is more popular than many other men who wield double his power, but his mind possesses some sterling qualities and he manifestly seeks to use all the opportunities which Providence has coupled with his abilities and his reputation, for the salvation of men and the glory of his Master.

XII.

LONDON, July 6, 1866.

The week spent in the midland counties of England, gave us time to see some of the finest scenery, the most improved agriculture, the most marvelous manufacturing temples, and the truest home-life which this renowned island has to offer.

In picturesqueness, and quiet, subdued beauty, nothing can well exceed some of these landscapes in the interior districts. The fields are smooth like lawns; while trees and hedgerows, miniature lakes and winding streams, cottages and halls, clustered villages and thriving towns, diversify and complete the picture. In the neighborhood of Buxton there is Switzerland in miniature heights and precipices, climbed not without weariness, fountains leaping from the hill-sides, streams hurrying with rush and roar to the plain, caves that can be explored only by the aid of torches, and long tunnels through which the railway trains dash in the darkness, all reminding one of the similar but greater grandeur of the Alps.

The season and circumstances could have hardly been more favorable for us. The foliage is grown, but has not yet lost its early freshness; the grain approaches maturity; the recent rains had given a clear and thrifty look to all the pastures and hills; the weather was bright like June in New England, and the companionship, courtesy and interest of genuine English friends gave zest to every experience, and would allow no fine point of view, no notable object, no historic association, no interesting legend to escape us. We have, therefore, seen what is best and most beautiful in central England, and under circumstances to give it full power; and for myself I may say that it does not disappoint my high expectations, and that is saying much. Wealth and taste and toil have wrought here for many centuries, and they have not wrought in vain. Some day, I trust, we shall add the beauty of the English farm to the intelligent enterprise, the immense productiveness and the growing wealth which mark American agriculture; and then our tillers of the soil ought not to find it necessary to "go abroad for joy."

We are just now "doing" London. I heard last

Sunday three celebrated preachers. In the morning, Thomas Binney, standing before us with Websterian head, muscular frame and fervid heart, preached in a strain of noble, majestic simplicity that made me wonder and weep. In the afternoon, at Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley preached to a military organization of volunteers, and so disappointed me in tone and thought, style and manner, that I marvel even now how he could put off his greatness and be the feeble, turgid preacher he was. In the evening, at the chapel, where I had gone to listen to Newman Hall, James Spurgeon, brother of him of Surrey Tabernacle, preached an earnest, fluent, effective sermon to young men; which largely made up in genuine Christian directness, elevation and fervor what it lacked in originality, plan, and thorough treatment of the theme.

I heard Paxton Hood preach at Ealing, a pleasant town near London, whither I had gone to spend a day or two with some newly made and pleasant acquaintances. He was a poor boy in his youth, I am told, aided somewhat in his effort at education by a gentleman who believed that he detected elements of unusual promise. But his first efforts in the pulpit were not at all encouraging. His hearers dropped away from him gradually till he had little besides empty benches at sermon time; he was occupied for a season as a sort of temperance lecturer, mixing songs into his addresses as a means of keeping up the interest of an audience which his steady speech was almost sure to weary. But he kept on, refusing to be silent or discouraged.

Mr. Hood is now the esteemed and popular pastor of a prosperous Baptist congregation at Brighton, the Newport of England, and his literary labors are now recognizable in the world of letters; he has fairly won his position as one of the recognized powers of the land. There is little that is prepossessing in his appearance. Nearly fifty years of age, rather spare in person, having a narrow and not too lofty head, tending somewhat to baldness, sandy hair and complexion, careless of etiquette, an air half thoughtful and half abstracted, with a voice thin, limited in compass, and keyed quite too high to be agreeable, reading the Scriptures with an unpardonable heedlessness of enunciation, though evidently never missing their meaning, half seeming to forget his audience and to be not over mindful of his position,—such was Paxton Hood as I saw him when I first entered the well filled church on a week-day evening. My friends had promised me an able and good sermon; I hardly dared to expect it from the man before me, and imagined it must be some other minister who was simply conducting the preliminary services.

The prayer which followed the reading revolutionized all my opinions, and soon made me glad to forget all the work of criticism. It was unique, following no model, conforming to no ideal standard, but at once devout, calm, full of thoughtfulness and self-recollection, confiding, yearning, grateful, sympathetic, comprehensive; coming up from the soul-depths, full of recognitions of God's adaptations to the human spirit, touching with bursts of quiet pathos, lifting with its tone of faith, melting in its simple confessions, restful with its spirit of reconciliation and peace. It was eminently a prayer — a plain, free, sincere talk of the heart with God, in whose fellowship it had often found light and life, and was assured of finding them again.

The sermon that followed was full of the individual peculiarities of the man, but still more thoroughly crowded with Christ, who was eminently, skilfully, impressively preached, as the Mighty One, who was nevertheless "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." There was such a freshness in his methods of presenting common truths, such an ability to vivify the trite and familiar, such a power to evolve meaning from and give dignity to the oft-repeated phrases of Scripture, and such an unostentatious skill in picturing to the life even the subtlest of his ideas, that he seemed even more original than he was — and that is saying very much for his marked and peculiar originality in both thought, style and manner. The last would now and then provoke a smile. His sermon was written upon note paper, and for some reason, I could hardly determine what, he held it up in one hand a foot or so from his face during the whole time of the delivery, now gesturing with it, now resting the elbow on the Bible and half leaning over the desk, but still keeping the manuscript mostly in the neighborhood of his head, even when he went on for five successive minutes without apparently consulting it at all. His light voice pirouetted about in unanticipated and undefinable ways, now coming out steady and musical, then suddenly sharpening out to a piercing point, then dropping into huskiness, then hurrying along with a zigzag motion to halt suddenly in the middle of a ringing note.

But in spite of it all and through it all, the preacher went on steadily, strongly, impressively, gratefully with his work, intent on the development of his gracious theme and his glorious Master; the smile which a moment ago was provoked by a shrewd, quaint saying or an odd tone or gesture, was followed by a tear of penitence or gratitude, or ran off into a freighted sentence of silent supplication. And when the discourse was ended, I think there was hardly one hearer but went away feeling that to possess Christ's friendly sympathy is the one great good of life, and that to lose it is the climacteric sin and curse of the human soul.

XIII.

LONDON, July 16, 1866.

I linger yet in and about the great city, and am still far enough from exhausting it. Its life spreads over an immense area, flows through almost innumerable channels, and comes out in the most diversified forms and phases. It is the world epitomized, and its complete story is the condensed record of the race. The heroic and the mean, the saintly and the satanic, the beneficent and the brutal, the tragic and the comic, perpetually meet and mingle in these bustling streets. The forms, faces and movements frequently hint at unwritten histories whose simple portraitures would shame all high-wrought romance. There are eyes, now and then, into which one only needs to glance to discover that years of fruitless struggle and scores of disappointed hopes are peering out through the mist and gloom, as convicts stare listlessly out of the cells from which they are to go only to the scaffold or the grave. And there are faces, too, resolute with ambition, or darkling with revenge, or bold with defiance, or eager with the lines and play of cunning, or smirking with self-conceit, or restless with anxiety, or eager for action, or beaming with kindly affection, or calm from sacred meditation, or devout and patient with the influence of a still-ascending prayer.

There are few volumes like that furnished us in the thronged streets of a great city, where every passer-by turns a new leaf, and every successive countenance opens a fresh and significant paragraph. And more than anywhere else in the world, perhaps, these streets in the heart of London multiply such meditations of human life.

It is easier to form an opinion respecting the character of the people whom one meets here than in Paris. There is generally less regard for mere appearances; the real qualities are likely to come out in some way. Poverty generally appears poor, misfortune does not so generally undertake to hide its inward agony, nor so easily forget it amid surrounding sunshine and gayety. Rags and beggary seem fully at home in the prominent streets, and the unwashed fraction of the passers-by is often a large one. Misery does not keep itself out of sight from any inward pride, shame, timidity, or regard for others; instead, it often seems bent on making a show of its agonies. Vice, — in that saddest of all forms, in women who have parted with the refinement and the honor of their sex—comes out unblushingly at noonday, it walks the streets and watches at the corners at night, quite as often employing brazen effrontery as captivating blandishment.

Nowhere else have I seen the evil and the good so directly and manifestly pitted against each other. The warfare between Satan and Christ is open and undisguised. While the emissaries of the one stand forth in their own character and seek to lead away their dupes, the servants of the other are scarcely less busy, decided, and full of expedients for giving warnings and beckoning the imperiled to safety. I have been greatly interested in observing the various methods adopted by associations and individuals to draw the attention of men to the great themes of the Gospel. Of course, the methods may sometimes lack wisdom, and individuals will now and then display a zeal wholly wanting in discretion, and which may work as much mischief as profit. But I can not help appreciating the positive, decided, open, direct, resolute ways in which Christians seek to honor their Master, and press his claims upon the attention of the people.

On a Sunday, at various points along the prominent streets, or in the squares, or close by a prominent place of worship, around which the people gather in advance of the opening of the doors, one will find a preacher or exhorter, Bible in hand, mounted in a chair, or on the steps, or the edge of the side-walk, preaching away to the score, or hundred, or dozen, or one, who may stop for a few minutes to listen. Some of these street preachers are, to be sure, rather sorry samples, but very generally they appear to be earnest, devoted, pious men, anxious to be useful, and some of them admirably adapted to rouse the attention of such persons as will not visit the sanctuary. Sometimes a wag in the crowd will succeed in turning the solemnity into farce, or a shrewd blasphemer will prove too much for the simple-minded Christian exhorter; but more frequently the preacher triumphs in these colloquial encounters, or is listened to with silent respect. More or less of them are sent out by churches and associations on these errands; others, of course, respond to what they claim is an inward call, or a divine commission and impulse.

XIV.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, Aug. 17, 1866.

The tour to the Scottish Highlands has been prosecuted amid all sorts of weather except the hot and sultry, and has brought a variety of experiences. Scottish life and character have turned many of their ordinary and of their extraordinary phases toward me, and the most celebrated of all the Scottish scenery has been inspected somewhat in detail.

It is a peculiarity of mountain scenery that it never exactly reproduces itself in another country. One in name and general character, mountains, like great souls, give us an endless variety of combinations, specific features and details. The Appenines differ from the Alps, the desert groups and ranges belong to a family still more remote, the chains and single heights in Syria are made up after quite an original model, the Carpathians have their own unmistakable build and aspect and expression, and the Scottish Highlands are not less unique than beautiful.

Where the naked rock appears in the loftier heights of Scotland, it does not often stand out bare, cold, unsympathizing and desolate, but wears a softened, mellow tint of gray or brown or purple. Sharply cut outlines, and long, acute angles, and sheer perpendicular cliffs, and dizzy precipices, are mostly wanting. And in most cases, where the forests are not carried to the summit, the rains, frost, friction and sunbeams, acting through so many centuries, have disintegrated the surface to some extent, and formed a thin soil sufficient to sustain a simple vegetation, which overspreads most of the hills with delicate verdure that suggests a spring robe. The abundant summer rains keep the whole landscape fresh, fill the gorges and ravines with brawling torrents, decorate the green slopes with quieter streams that wind hither and thither and gleam in the sunlight like threads of silver, set the rivulets leaping again and again down the shelving cliffs that abut upon the sea, and so multiply the gushing, foaming, shouting waters on every side that the very hills appear as if bursting into laughter.' And so, all through this Highland section, beauty is forever wedded to grandeur, the fruitful field lies in the lap of the towering height, the lake bears fertile and flowery islands on its bosom as a bride her jewels, and the majesty of nature is in sympathy with the affection of souls. These are some of the peculiarities which mark the mountain scenery of Scotland, and lend to it such an abiding charm.

VII.

STUDIES OF THE WORD AND LIFE.

"HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

The power of human life and the importance of it, are only known when we see its whole work, and read its whole history. Of most lives at the close, we know perhaps only the least significant items. Now and then a life stands so related to ours that we feel its greatness to be untold. In many instances we see that the posthumous work is vast, where we did not freely realize the working influence.

The speech of the dead is often more impressive than any other. We realize the worth of that which ceases to be ours. Sanctity attaches to the appendages and words of the dead. The utterances are ended now, and we are left to the study of them.

It takes sometimes a long while for a dropped thought to grow up into maturity, and for a life to leaven the souls it has touched. Great forces move slowly, silently.

A man's religion is the index to his real character.

There may be a real attachment to God when there is no love for some phases of religion, — indeed, some phases of religion are disliked because the heart loves God, and these do not bear his likeness.

* * *

It is one of the holiest and highest forms of Christian principle that is seen in our rallying to the side of a misjudged and unjustly persecuted truth or being.

* * *

Just in proportion as men have looked less and less into the word of God, and leaned on spiritual impressions, their life has fluctuated, been full of inconsistencies and follies.

* * *

One of the common and sad errors in church life is that the religious training of the young is considered too much as something aside from, and added to, the work of being a Christian. Work for the young is the main work of the church.

* * *

In order to high success, the very best talent of our churches must be employed in the work of Sunday school instruction. The keenest minds, the most liberal culture, the highest refinement of feeling, and the most unwearied perseverance are called for in this sphere of labor. Christianity claims the service of such minds, — she is never content with the mere compliment which such men pay when they bow graciously in her presence. This duty of leading the young to Christ presses with peculiar weight upon us. Till we feel ourselves set as guides to the cross, and as having done really nothing as we should, till we have brought the children nearer to it, we are poorly fitted to accomplish the work of the Sunday school.

A true love of virtue will awaken whenever virtue — especially, spotless virtue — appears. The magnet is drawn most strongly when the ore is pure.

The peace of God passeth understanding, because, like other moral elements, its presence only can develop it. Its exposition belongs to the experiences of the heart, rather than to the discerning intellect.

That Bible, esteem it as we may, is a wonderful phenomenon. It is the voice of the past speaking clearly across the chasm of centuries. It is a sun lighting up the temple where humanity lay in its cradle, and was crowned monarch of all terrestrial things. Where discovery has halted, baffled in the attempt to trace the stream of history back to its fountain, this volume comes to its relief, — reading off the story of nations whose only monuments are dust, bridging over the waters of the deluge, digging deeper than where the lowest page of Geology was hidden, and pointing us to the emptiness and desolation that waited for the coming of order and beauty. Showing us the childhood of our race, it solves the strange enigma of its manhood. It unifies the startling contradictions in our character which all men see and feel, by telling us how degradation fastened itself upon our grandeur. All other histories begin with events already wearied with their long and tedious marches and briefly halting for the sake of repose; this volume has its Genesis and Exodus.

Here is the world's earliest literature, for time has kept no other. Here alone do we catch the first thoughts our human sires had vocalized, and here palpitate the earliest emotions that answered to the wooing of good and evil. Here stand incarnate the first passions that opened the drama of violence, whose subsequent tragedies wail through the lips of centuries. Here quiver in their paleness the first fears that guilt created, and whose wide-spread progeny still seek to hide from the face of justice. Here go up the first prayers that penitence ever breathed, and the first triumphant hopes which God's mercy beckoned to the sky, and here the earliest human saintship walked meekly among scoffers until it rose immortal to heaven.

Over that book, sage and child have sat together, the one finding food for the most critical taste, and drawings to the loftiest contemplation, and the other feeling that there was syllabled to it such soothing and simple things as made it quiet, secure and satisfied in the midst of a lonely and perilous world. In the heaven of human hope, its promises have ever beamed as the eternal stars; staggering under the heaviest burdens our hearts ever carry, its speech has quickened us into power and patience; by its help, men have scaled the mountains which frowned on them with a "hitherto"; bewildered, it has led them out into brightness; it has taught them to wait for the gifts of the future when the present offered no reward to heroism; under the most terrible pressure it has enabled affliction to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight;" and when all earthly sympathy had lost its power over the fainting heart, some whispered sentence, fragrant with Divine love, has given brightness to the filmy eye, and parted the pallid lips with a holy smile, and helped the spirit to spread its pinions and wave a triumphant adieu to the world.

Christianity allows no one to be satisfied with simply getting through life well himself, or of simply saving his own soul.

The interest in others never gets deep enough to be Christian until it works for their sanctification through the truth.

Church life, with all its imperfection, burden, difficulty, is to the true soul a precious thing. There spring up some of the sweetest experiences, and the highest hopes; around it linger some of the choicest memories. Imperfections and trials there are; so everywhere; but between that sphere and another which involves the loss of all this growth and fellowship, the contrast is great.

The only safety in our growing wealth is a growth of self-sacrifice, charity and benevolence; these are the only shields against the peril; the only alchemy that transmutes the fixed temptation into a blessing; the only way to change the cheat and bogus into the genuine coin of soul-wealth.

Can I be willing to please you merely; to gain your sympathy; to buy your smiles and your good will; to ask what you would like rather than what you need? God forgive me if my selfish aims make me unfaithful; if ever, in coveting your approval of my sermon, I be careless about your welfare and recreant to my duty and vows. I would not pain you needlessly, never censure from love of rebuking, or the gratification of feeling; but Heaven keep me from pressing out of sight the guilt of your sins, or the peril of your unsubdued hearts; a peril which God in his mercy has anointed my eyes to see and set me here to preach.

Bring the highest religious motives to bear upon your child's life. It will appreciate them. All else is too weak for your purpose. Especially teach accountability to God.

The question to be asked is not what do we believe, but what is truth. Our beliefs do not change that; and it will make itself seen and felt some time.

Men are inclined to apologize for what they practice—to make their verdicts correspond with their doings. Many are glad to find a reason for disbelieving Christianity because an admission of its worth and authority is equivalent to a confession of their own guilt and peril. They are willing, if not anxious, to hear suspicion thrown on the Gospel,—listen eagerly to stale objections a hundred times answered; exult in the faults of professors. And in this way, little by little, the reverence for sacred things departs, the power of the truth is weakened, and men seek freedom from the disquiet of God's voice by resolutely doubting whether he has spoken.

We talk of fighting in order to get rid of moral foes, of running to keep away from powerful tempters. But there is often more struggle required to go to perdition than to heaven; more to keep a conscience drugged than pure.

That living Saviour is here. To say that is to do the highest thing connected with our ministry. You need not feel orphaned and forgotten. He comes and asks if you will be his, and let him become the inspiration of your life. Tear down every barrier, strike hands with him, rely on his help, and you shall have life,—life more abundantly.

Those who dignify the common spheres of duty with the Christian spirit, make each daily duty a testimony for Christ. Each trial meekly borne bears witness how God may honor the human soul and make common paths radiant. We need to have our common life lifted up and lighted with sanctity.

Oh, if all effort were fully sanctified with the thought, "These are done for Christ," we should be always tarrying in the temple; each daily task would be a handful of incense flung into the censer; and each word of love spoken with a blessing in it, would be the key note of a psalm.

Lay your finger of self-denial on the lip when a passionate tone leaps up from within; crush into quietude the selfish propensity that struggles for a moment's rule; carry out the perfect work of patience when petty perplexities are stinging every nerve; turn wrath away with a soft answer; bear each dull affection up to God in prayer that he may quicken it with a touch; show the souls that are so burdened they can not look up, or so benighted they can not see, the way to the Giver of light and the Receiver of burdens; sit down before any little wondering child you meet, lead its thought gently up to the Saviour; fill the bony hands of want; show waywardness the sanctity of wise counsel; teach earthly spirits how pure and holy things may be made to nestle in their chambers; let cheerfulness beam from your face and tone in the path of sad souls; walk humbly and faithfully with God in your own sphere: do all this as your best gift to goodness, your highest work for God and men.

Toleration of religion on the ground of indifference and stupidity is contemptible. Some men lend an equal endorsement to everything religious because they do not know nor care about any religion at all. None of the religious sentiments are important enough to be plead for, contended for, defended. Simply a want of life explains this form of charity. Sometimes earnestness in religion is only a quarrel with all religion.

The Christian spirit is one everywhere,—in pulpit and pews, in apostle and child, in the first century and in the nineteenth. I have no doubt that a piety deep and fervent as Paul's still walks the earth and talks with Heaven. Lives whose stories were never told to the public have the same kind of heroism, and a faith that stands, without faltering, the friction of as fierce trials. Spheres, circumstances and duties differ, but the religious spirit begotten by the Gospel is forevermore. Natures may be nervous or quiet; one's impulses may be like a tempest seldom sleeping; another may be specially deliberate; but though there be diversities of gifts and temperaments and aspirations, there is but one and the self-same spirit begotten and revealed by Christianity.

Trust not merely in the triumph of a party, nor in the seeming triumph of a principle. Watch over it, that it may not suffer defeat. If the party lose the principle, it will perish. Do not be deterred from standing for justice by the bread and butter argument.

Every man may help the nation. Be righteous and it may be better than to hold an office. In your own sphere cling to principle and equity at all hazards, taking any temporary losses that may come, never doubting that triumph is thus to be won.

However we may throw off allegiance, we can not annul the law nor take ourselves from beneath its authority. The tribunal stands; the legislator and judge still keeps his seat; the misread decalogue is in force; we shall be tried by the changeless standard.

How much has been done for many of us. Hymns, pleadings, prayers, sanctuaries, memories of sainted ones, wooings of the Spirit, promises of Jesus, calls of God! What have we brought forth? Amiability, kindness, integrity. But are these more than the wild grapes? Where is the choice fruit, the Christian clusters?

There needs to be sought and gained, the spirit that deliberately chooses God, duty, and toilsome usefulness, whether there shall be fine sentiment, poetry and gladness in them, or whether they shall involve walking in darkness and bearing a heavy cross. Not fine sentiment, but a consecrated soul;

not a tearful or a jubilant human sympathy, but a settling into Christian faith and principle; not vehement pleas, but a hearty alliance of the whole nature with the redeeming Christ, to live in and work with him for the highest welfare of men,—these are the things that prove our prayers genuine and set forth the real fruits which the week of prayer was meant to offer.

If there is one truth in the Bible more clear and unquestionable than another, it is God's love to man. And if the Bible makes one duty of man more imperative than another, it is the duty of love to God. If we love him, we shall try to please him. And our aspirations may not only rest in hope; they may be full of assurance, for, with the help we may receive, it is no difficult task to please him.

But it is asked, How shall I please God? Loving him with all the heart and our neighbor as ourself, can not fail to please him; nor when we repent of sin, trust in the merits of his Son for salvation, and praise the Father for all his wonderful dealings with us. And never, perhaps, is he better pleased than when, in the spirit of Christ, we do good to others as we have opportunity.

It is by maintaining a constant communion with God that we best learn how to please him. Without this acquaintance ever fresh and intimate, we are continually forgetting our duties to him. How appropriate the admonition, "Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." Just as we may be more successful in pleasing our friends, the more intimate our acquaintance with them, so, as we seek a closer acquaintance with God, the more acceptable can we render our service.

Some souls seem especially dowered by Providence with great affectional wealth. The sunshine abounds within, so that it irradiates their faces. It puts music into their voices. Their very presence is felt like summer airs. There is a whole sermon of comfort in their glance. The silent pressure of their hands is more, in encouragement and sympathy, than the profuse words and ample gifts of others. Blessed are such souls! Thrice blessed are they when the Spirit of Christ has come in to sanctify and lift up their natural affection! Thrice blessed are they to whom the ministry of such natures daily comes!

We pray, perhaps, for faith, for love, for earnestness, for courage, for spiritual skill, for the best sort of power over others. But to nurture faith, we must search out and bring home the convincing truth. To gain and keep love, we must cast out hatreds and put down resentments. Earnestness depends on our active alliance with a great truth or cause. Courage is born of resolute and victorious endeavor. Only thoughtful and patient effort brings skill. Till we speak out of a living conviction and have a character for integrity and consistency behind our words and deeds, we shall seek in vain to be leaders of our fellows. So that, if there be no willingness to enter upon this larger, intenser, costlier effort, the heart will still be empty, the life continue barren, and even prayer will be likely to come back in mocking and reproachful echoes.

It is well to pray for this richer, deeper, better, truer life. But when it becomes plain that this means breaking off worldly habits, taking heavier burdens, casting away selfish aims, taking up neglected duties, walking in purity before men, spurning illicit gains and debasing pleasures,— it is time to stop and ask whether the prayer can be honestly offered again, till the heart is ready to surrender its hesitation and the hands are willing to reach out the price of the blessing. Such a surrender and dedication may tax the soul's full strength, but the service will prove a blessed one, and the gain that comes of it and after it, will represent the true and eternal riches.

Joining the church is not the ending of Christian responsibility. One does not carry his finished duty there. It is not a mere asylum where the inmates, retiring from labor and turmoil, are to be nursed and cared for, and saved from all future struggle, and burden, and responsibility. One goes there as into an organized company of workers, to accept the great service of life, learn to do it in a wise way, and find such stimulants and aids as will most strongly assure its accomplishment. He goes not simply to get, but still more to give. He may indeed take whatever of light, moral security, peace, comfort, and quickening the church offers. This indeed is both his privilege and duty. But it is chiefly as a helper of his associates and an added item of moral power, that his coming should be a grateful thing both to him and to others.

It was a suggestive sight, the other bitterly cold morning, to see the firemen coming home from a long and hard fight with the flames, with clothing nearly covered with crackling ice that had frozen upon it while they worked. At first view, it seemed as though the frosty air had chilled all the life in the frame, and made it powerless for service. But it was not so. The ice was only on the surface. Beyond this, there was a warm heart beating with high resolve; there were nerves that tingled even to the fingers' ends as the soul rose to meet the peril and master it. Under the icy habit that crackled with every movement of the limbs, there was a genuine man, nobly doing and daring for the sake of human welfare, as only a brave and noble man can, and all the more actively because of the outward chill.— It is well for Christians to learn a lesson from the picture. The frost of unfavorable circumstances, of difficulty, of disaster, of defeat, may enfold us, so that outwardly they suggest winter and death; but the ice can be kept at the surface; the vital energy may yet be active at the center; it may be December without, but we can still have June in the soul. Happy are they whose inward life is so fed from above, and kept in such constant activity by faithfulness, that the frost only touches the garments and leaves the heart aflame.

Serving the public is not always yielding to its whims, caprices, going with it to destruction; certainly not in buying it off from earnest work by loaves and fishes, or shams. Not in appealing to its pocket to keep it from doing the great work God is pressing it to perform. Not in singing its forces to sleep, nor teaching it how to escape all heroic service. Be right, against the world, true to conviction in all peril. Service to society can not be true and large save as we are right and Christian. We give what we are — only that. Being right, society will feel us strongly and well. Every high character and noble life, is a true gift for the enrichment of society.

A true ministry is a power. It must break a long, deep, moral sleep, and rouse to genuine life those who are dead in trespasses and sins. It is set not only for the conversion, but for the training of men; not to answer an objection to the intellect, nor soften an icy heart, nor direct a wayward will. It must do all these, and so it must be a varied power, such as resides in a well-balanced and well-trained soul. It is not merely to teach a child how to pray, or a dying old man to confess that a worldly career brings only vanity and vexation of spirit, but to build up the early prayerfulness into mature Christian faith, and make the death of the white-haired man, like the sunset of a harvest day. It is not simply to regulate and chasten men's Sunday worship, but to consecrate all their week-day life. Not only is it to look after individual lives, but to inform all the great forces that throb in society with the Christian influence, until "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

There is not one element of power, from the martyr's faith, the prophet's vision, the soldier's courage, the laborer's muscle, but finds here sphere and scope. If it be said: "The power is of God;" yes, but it uses human arms and pours life through human channels not palsied and shrunken. If it be said that learning may lean upon attainments, and position may trust in its prestige; but so may ignorance fall back on its self-conceit, and obscurity may call its impudent volubility a sacred inspiration. The pride of the one and the mock humility of the other are alike weapons of weakness and folly.

There is no working in a high and true way without a plan. Random service is sure to be imperfect and unsatisfactory service. We do not stumble into success. Work must be based upon principle, not expediency; must be persistent and on a continuous line; energized by the conviction that if it is true, it can not fail.

It is conscious sympathy with a personal God, that is wanted; not trust in the order of Providence, but faith in God; not a merciful order, but a forgiving Christ; not an approval from a principle of righteousness, but the blessed well-done of Jehovah.

Waiting on the Lord is not waiting for him to come and do our work, nor waiting for him to come and make it perfectly easy for us. A courageous and waiting patience is often the highest kind of strength which God gives.

One of the essential conditions of bringing out the highest results in character and life, is the thorough identification of a soul with a great principle or cause.

It is a wicked cynicism that never looks at the world save to scowl on it; and he is an arrant coward who runs away from it into the cell or monastery for the sake of safety and relief. The world is meant to give the training for a better life. The loves which fashion homes and then flourish in them; the cares that make us vigilant; the interests that forbid negligence; the honest gains which our enterprise brings to bless us; the rights we struggle for, that teach our consciences discrimination — all these are meant to build us up into something nobler and better, and make us familiar with the higher life and the things above. This is God's world, and he has placed us in it to keep, improve and love it.

Great results are the fruits of steady and patient forces. A comet may startle, but the sun is the real benefactor. Men gape at pyrotechnics, but navigators regulate the movements of ten thousand ships by the inspection of the constellations that hang silent through generations. Ten thousand novels keep young persons awake of nights when they ought to be resting, but they are soon forgotten; the Bible lives on as teacher and comforter for generations. And when souls are smitten into dumbness or despair they turn to it for light and solace.

We often greatly mistake the times and conditions of our spiritual progress. A storm, a battle, a fighting with unsubdued foes not yet dislodged from the citadel of the heart,—these are discouraging things, and we only wish and long to get beyond them. Whereas they may be hastening the coming of that higher light and life which we have long prayed for, and long hoped to see.

They abuse society who turn cynics and become blind to every bright and good thing, because of some disappointing experiences; treating everybody as rascals. This often passes for profound knowledge of human nature,—it usually is a shameful self-revelation.—As magnets attract iron and carrion draws buzzards, so a cynic attracts evil.

This is often contagious. Young men dread to be thought green and simple, and go into the field to ripen, but ripeness like that is rotten.

* * *

No man is in his right mind who suffers perpetual disquietude without asking the cause; who carries the daily sense of sin and yet never earnestly seeks its removal; knows he leaves the noblest part of the soul unschooled and yet goes on thus delinquent; knows his aims are all too low and unworthy, and yet does not make them higher; knows his influence lacks the essential element, and does not seek that; suffers self-reproach, and yet is busy searching for apologies instead of trying to get rightly rid of the conviction.

* * *

Piety is a manly thing,—adapted to a throne,—the grandest thing. David's civil rule is mostly forgotten, but thousands who know nothing of his character and work as a ruler, treasure his doctrinal Psalms in the sanctuary of the heart. A worshipper of God, he is immortal. His prayers still wrestle with Heaven in the outpouring of millions of hearts, and his songs are wings bearing the love and faith of the world to the sky.

What a rebuke to the upstart wisdom of an age that covets distinction, and sees the path of strength in sneering at Godliness. Only the smallest fraction of all the names who have sought to bury the Bible have been preserved; the simplest prayer-strain or song of the monarch Psalmist makes the air of continents fragrant. "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

Competence and plenty are matters of the heart rather than of taxable property. It depends on our moral state whether there is real heart plenty or not.

The religion made up of feeling happy, simply, is a poor affair. Happiness is the blossom of work; the natural and grand result of a true work.

We have no right to refrain from all prominent service because not appreciated, or criticised, or envied,— because everybody does not praise us, or confess our superiority.

Walk humbly with God, lovingly with men. Count meekness nobility. Weave a chaplet of self-denials; they shine on the brow above gems, or gold of Ophir. Be more earnest to serve others than to be served by them; so shall you rule in the empire of love. Helping others upward is the only way to rise. Put honor upon others and it shall dignify yourselves.

They who are always asking if one can not be a Christian and do this doubtful thing, or neglect that required service, must learn that an accepted life is one that is anxious to do not the least but most work possible, for Christ's honor.

It is always a most grateful thing to find gentle affections and quick sympathies associated with a royal intellect and a kingly strength and majesty. Now and then a man may think of these as elements of weakness, but no true critic will take any such view.

Seek usefulness chiefly, not supremacy and distinction on the one hand, nor obscurity and irresponsible position on the other. Learn to be content with usefulness, not demanding distinction and compliment in order to work.

Ask not chiefly what is pleasant, but what is right and duty.

Delay to seek Christ is an endorsement of our past sins as well as the endorsement of the sins of all others who are reached by our influence.

To flee before the assumptions of evil may pass for shrewdness now; hereafter it will wear another name. However a man may thrive on expedients for a time, he is damned by having "trimmer" put on his tombstone. The verdict of righteousness gets itself impressively rendered by and by.

The servant of duty, alone, wins a place in the temple built to heroism.

Only by opposition to an evil can we avoid co-operation with it.

Not a few do nothing on the pretense of fearing a failure. As if doing nothing were not the worst kind of a failure.

* * *

Men talk about deliberating well before assuming the responsibilities of disciples and friends; is there not more need of deliberating well before they consent to take and keep the position of foes?

* * *

Religious teaching must be varied, as Scripture teaching is. To preach a system, is not always effectually preaching the Gospel.

* * *

There is no choice between doing a thing directly ourselves, and electing or lifting another man up when we know he will do it.

* * *

It is objected by politicians that ministers should not touch politics. They are easily gulled, it is said, are simple,—do not understand party tactics,—soil themselves with its filth. After saying this, I should suppose any one would blush to confess himself a politician.

* * *

We have no right to have political principles whose promotion requires morality to be trampled down.

* * *

Religious virtue thrives only on religious truth. He is the most stable and consistent Christian who has pushed his researches farthest into the sphere of divine things, provided he has suffered them to exert their proper practical effect.

He who comes out from the halls of learning with his heart beating no more warmly and sympathetically over human want and woe, has either been trained under a system of education that is undeserving the name, or has perverted the great instrumentalities which have been brought to bear upon him. It is the true office of education to socialize, not to isolate; to make philanthropists, not aristocrats.

Many in heaven have been dwellers here with us, have passed through the same conflicts — nay, have sat by our firesides — have bowed at the mercy-seat with us, have blessed us with their last word, have carried away half our hopes and hearts with them. Their memory is a chastening influence; their recollected words and virtues are our daily teachers and comforters; they seem nearer to us, often, than those whose hands we daily clasp,— more sympathies are attached to them than perhaps to any earthly friend—we would leap to their embrace. How eminently we and they are one!

One of the greatest and most common perils is that springing from an accepted life of routine.

Art has struggled to exhibit the dead Christ in the marble and on the canvas. Romanism hangs him up before all her altars, and it is not strange that the heart feels the violence done it and craves the mild, pure, loving face of the virgin by his side. "Not here but risen," is the voice we need to hear. These symbols are meant to make us tender, but their ministry will be brief and slight if they do not point us beyond the darkness, within which they take us, and show us the everlasting brightness out into which the conqueror passed.

In regard to my preaching, I have done just what I thought was wisest; have called your attention to just those views of the Gospel which I thought were needful. I have sought to avoid two extremes, — the making of our petty experiment as a community, the staple of my sermons; and the dealing with religion in so abstract a way that nobody should feel that they were meant. I have dealt with principles; for only as these are understood and embraced can any gain be assured. I have discussed public wrongs, not at all deterred because they are labelled political; and I shall do just so again whenever I think it needful. To suppose that each and all of you, have approved my choice and manner, is not consistent; to suppose that I have always chosen most wisely would be high egotism.

There is danger of thinking that the redemption of the world depends on *our* type of piety becoming universal.

The germs of the worst characters lie in human nature, not only at its average level, but even at its highest. He who knows himself best sees most cause for self-distrust. The purest spirit still shows its earthly affinities. Even more than others, he who laughs at moral danger is liable to be the next victim, and he who thinketh he standeth may well take heed lest he fall.

But there is another view that is proper to be taken. That view is given us when we see the soul at its best, and let it impress us with its grand possibilities.

There are such seasons in the experience of all true and trustful men and women. To some they are more frequent, to others more rare. But it is difficult if not impossible to find a real Christian who does not know of them.

There is a plant which blossoms once in a hundred years. Like it, the soul blossoms now and then, to show its capacities, to assert its grandeur, to prophesy its wondrous future. And this is the lesson to be learned from these exhibitions of the soul at its best. We see what great forces it carries even when they lie latent; what a real majesty belongs to its structure even when it is veiled; what a wealth of experience it may claim even when life seems prosy; what a song it has the ability to swell even when its lips are silent; how it may be at home amid the splendor of heaven even when it sits bewildered in the earthly darkness. And, possessing such a soul, one may well keep it from earthliness, even though it requires hard and constant work, and comfort himself with a brave hope even when its weaknesses will not be hidden, and when every step leads over a path that is rough and painful. Climbing upward and living truly, its goal is the perfect life and its coronation is sure.

Blessed are they who carry a winning Christian grace that makes godliness seem not less attractive than sacred, and blends the beauty of holiness with the homelike affection of the human heart. And blessed, too, are they who are acted on by such examples of piety and such helpers to the soul's Redeemer.

The Scriptures speak of "Christ in you, the hope of glory;" "Christ formed in you;" having "his abode" with and in the saints; of their being "partakers of the divine nature." What can this mean? It is more than to have him for our Leader, King or Ruler; more than to accept his doctrines and believe his promises. It is a reception of the personal qualities of his heart; his love becomes our love; the moral impulses of his soul, so rich, generous, noble and true, become our impulses; his spirit, purposes, tastes, loves, motives, aspirations, become our own, incorporated into our personal being, our every day experience and life currents; his righteousness becomes ours, not by imputation merely, but by infusion, incorporation, by being made actually, personally ours, properties of our being, qualities of our characters, endowments of our lives.

It is truth, reverently accepted and wisely used, that sanctifies men. And the naturalist may be God's mouth-piece to reveal his thought, as well as the theologian and the preacher. David's devoutness climbed up to God's presence, where he laid his consecrated soul, by the aid of the midnight constellations; and Jesus has made the lily of the field preach an effective sermon upon trust to almost twenty centuries. The phenomena of the material universe have not yet spent their force. Never before were their lessons so many, so clear, or so full of meaning. The true attitude of Christians in relation to them is not that of Christ saying to Satan, "Get thee behind me!" but rather that of Mary sitting at the Master's feet, looking reverently into his face with beaming eye and attentive ear.

A genuine Christian faith often shows an achievement rather than an inheritance. It does not always come unasked. It does not spring up in all hearts as a natural growth, and defy all attempts to tear its roots out of the soil. Sometimes it thrives only beneath a constant and skillful nurture, and every item of fruit represents much labor, conflict, heroism, and prayer.

That religion which dies out as soon as a revival ceases, or the prayer-meeting is at an end; which is afraid of an anti-slavery sermon, or wilts in the workshop; which is tainted at each election, and dies down at every trial; which grows peevish at the loss of praise, and feels as though it were starving because the preacher does n't make his hearers weep in tenderness in every sermon, — shows babyhood, not manhood.

The systematic study of the Bible needs to be esteemed more highly, and presented more generally. Each community needs to feel that the religious necessities about and within it demand provision for the religious culture of the young, no less than a place for public worship, and a preacher of the Gospel.

The noblest and finest souls are those that cheerfully and constantly serve. If they can do this as the result of careful plans, hard work, and the steady putting down of selfishness, it is something to honor, admire and copy. It is a still better thing if they can do it as by a sort of sanctified instinct and ruling impulse, as though there were nothing else that stood in competition with it. Himself

This is what so clearly marked the character and life of the Great Master. He came to do the will of him that sent him; to serve and save others; to give his life a ransom for men. It is his meat to give. He stands among men as one that serveth in newness and gladness of spirit. His service as the Great Helper is the natural and steady outflow of his heart. It is the fragrant blossom of love, not a product fashioned by the mandate of law.

We admire brilliance of intellect. We are awed before the power of a great thinker. We bestow laurels on the hero. But, after all, in our heart of hearts we pay the highest tributes, and offer our tenderest love, to those who make us see what is meant by helpful lives. They stand nearest to God in our thought; they seem most like him; the chasm is deepest and darkest that is left when they pass away; we can hardly think of heaven without finding it especially attractive because they are to make up a part of its company and give tone to its life.

The disquiet of the human soul is not an uncommon thing. It labors and is heavy laden. It strays widely and loses sight of home. It is shrouded in darkness and filled with fear. It seeks peace where storms are born; and tempests make it their sport and plaything. And so the peace and rest for which it is fitted are wanting.

Some souls have known nothing better than this commotion, weariness and fear. They have been tossed and torn all their days. Spiritual peace has come to them only as a bright vision, a blessed dream, an unapproachable heaven. Their inward history is symbolized by the dove sent out from the ark while the floods covered the mountains, — by the troubled sea.

The psalmist was in that mood of retrospection when he broke out in that sentence of mingled sadness, self-reproach, gratitude and aspiration, and which is so full of human pathos and religious fervor, — "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." He had known the peace of faith, of great victories, of conscious security, of a fellowship that made God's thoughts precious, and of a love that casteth out fear. He had seen men lying in wait for his life, had been driven from his throne into exile by a rebellion headed by his own son, had touched almost the lowest depths of what men call calamity. And yet, through it all he can rest. His heart often breaks out amid these experiences in a burst of triumph or a strain of peace that sends its wondrous music down through three thousand years. We hear it yet. It trembles to-day in the psalms and hymns of all Christendom. The gladdest and most victorious souls yet voice their richest experiences in his words. Wherever faith conquers, hope soars, peace becomes worshipful, or love is satisfied, there these strains, which come out of his joyous and restful heart like the lark's song out of the summer morning's mist, are caught up and repeated, as having unequaled power to voice the deepest experiences of the soul.

But his soul had wandered. It did not now find itself quietly at home with God. It sought rest elsewhere. It may have been in the achievements of his conquering sword, the renown that brought him homage from distant empires, or in the anticipation of the splendid dynasty he was to found, or in the sensual luxury which waited on his steps. No matter what. *His* soul could not rest in these. They were not meant to satisfy it. It had known a better portion. It had felt a diviner joy. However others might find peace and satisfaction in these other things, they deepened his sense of want and loss. They made him long for the old peace. God's fellowship was the only source of rest for his soul. And so he bids it return to its rest, and cheers it with a reminder of the Lord's bountiful dealing. He rouses himself to find and regain it. And it is his again, as his after songs of peace, and gratitude, and thanksgiving, and triumph, tell us.

It is the only real rest of other souls, whether it has once been known or comes as a fresh revelation. It is the chief thing needed. Seeking it elsewhere must fail. Seeking it here truly, will reveal and obtain it. It may abide. It may deepen. It may become a habit of the soul. It will calm agitation. It will allay fear. It will make effort wiser and more fruitful. It will make trials serviceable. It will take the sting out of death. It will send the soul to heaven ready to breathe its air and enter at once into sympathy with its eternal peace.

It is time that we had learned that a mere change of methods will not do everything; that Satan is not to be dislodged by a piece of skillful strategy; that there is no spiritual machinery which will enable us to dispense with resolute effort; that a Christian life can not be entered without a real struggle nor maintained without self-denying devotion; that the cross is yet a symbol full of meaning, and the bearing of it an experience that tests and tries the full energy of the soul; that the promotion of religion is to be a steady and costly as well as a sublime and joy-giving work; and that he who truly and largely serves his Master and his fellows in the highest way, must still keep to the old path whereon the feet of the saints have left their footprints, know something of the conflicts that make David's psalms like the outcry of a desperate wrestler, and go up to Paul's immortality and crown along the way of Paul's heroic service.

There are those who find their gospel in the newspapers, and claim that they are doing more for the promotion of true religion than the pulpit. They set the editor's leader above the minister's sermon as a religious force. But we shall have to wait a long while for the Christian millennium if we are to depend upon the work of the secular papers, as that work is done to-day, to bring it in. While the *World* thrives by slander, and the *Herald* prospers by pandering to the lower passions, and the *Tribune* wins applause by charging its critics with being "liars," "hypocrites," "rascals," "knaves," and "fools," we shall need some better interpreter of the beatitudes and some higher illustrations of the golden rule than the secular journalism of the country affords.

And it is no injustice to say that much of the religion which gets commended in our journals is little else than a decent respect for strong and imposing institutions that have won a place and gained an influence which will not allow them to be ignored or despised. The vigorous, stalwart, personal faith that our times are needing, is not greatly praised. It is more apt to be calumniated than commended.

Our journalism tolerates and commends generally just that kind and degree of religion which pays respect to Sundays and takes a seat in the sanctuary pew; which recognizes an over-ruling Providence in the opening or closing paragraphs of state papers and Proclamations for Thanksgiving; which would put a short prayer at the beginning of public business, as a kind of call to order and a testimony that we are a Christian instead of a pagan nation; which would have some serious words said at the funeral and the wedding, as fitting to the occasion; which would trace a sentence of Scripture on the tombstone of a friend, because accordant with good taste; and allow an immortality, for the purpose of putting the departed into a pleasant world where they wait our company amid music and feasting.

But it has not a great deal to say, directly or indirectly, in behalf of a religion which begins by calling for a radical repentance and a thorough regeneration; which makes faith in God the chief inspiration of life, and righteousness the central quality of character; which will not allow principle to be bartered for the gains of policy; which scorns the profits that are bought by the sacrifice of godliness; which will neither participate in, nor connive at, a wrong, however old or popular; which lifts up its solitary voice to protest against a false life like John the Baptist from the wilderness or Paul at Athens; which begins and ends all its arguments by quoting Jesus of Nazareth against the oppressive statute of a legislature, the vicious decree of a court, or the false verdict of a great people. Far too much of the religion of our journalism is that which can be made to give its benediction to the policy which that journalism has chosen, and which consents to walk side by side with the principles that bring the largest dividends and allow the widest freedom of life.

The discovery of printing did not inaugurate the millennium, nor do daily journals come to assure us that the Messiah's final triumph is at hand. It will mark the moral height of public sentiment, and indicate the moral temperature of public life. The editor is not always the clear-eyed and evangelical prophet, and the sheet he sends forth is not always the healing branch which turns the bitter waters into a sweet and refreshing beverage.

No, the journal is not the Redeemer, and not even his obedient and loyal servant. It may yet be sometimes found exalting the vices which he put under ban, and casting open contempt on the beatitudes which he has grouped into a constellation and fixed in the spiritual firmament overhead. Yet it shall doubtless one day be his instrument, — speaking his word with its mute but eloquent lips, and hastening to bear his salvation to the ends of the earth.

The early Greek sailors on the Ægean sea had no compass. But on the Acropolis, at Athens, there was a system of burnished shields, and by turning these skillfully to the sun its rays could be caught and thrown far over the water, to guide the sailors home. How many are going down all about us in the sea of sin. The darkness of woe envelops them. But God has set his people to be the "light of the world." And yet, how shall the heart emit this light, unless it be fixed toward the Sun of Righteousness, to catch its rays and fling them out towards the bewildered and the lost? No clouds can prevent this light. By day or night its effulgence is undimmed, and it is their own fault who do not walk in its glory.

Whoever would preach virtue successfully must practice it faithfully. The word goes for little when the deed contradicts it. A bad life will neutralize the best sermon. A man may pray like a saint, talk like an inspired prophet, and sing hymns like an angel, but if he acts like a self-seeker and leaves the rights and interests of others to be sacrificed, his power to profit will be gone, and his most pious utterances will awaken impatience and disgust.

What do we when we fret, but indirectly chide

God for his treatment of us? Will not the Judge of all the earth do right? Shall a stormy day, or a lost election, or a losing bargain, or any of these minor matters betray us into snares which Satan would gleefully see us entangled in?

* * *

Intellect and sensibility are not sworn and deadly enemies. They need not fight, sneer at, hate, or protest against each other. Logic need not neutralize love. Fervor need not blunt intelligence. Study and prayer may clasp hands. What the keen vision discovers, affection may feed and grow strong on. On the solid facts which intelligent thought has brought together, faith may plant the foot of her ladder whose top pierces heaven, and over which the angels of God ascend and descend, ever bearing precious messages between God and the human soul.

* * *

We become vitally interested in those for whom we directly labor. They are at once near and real. Their souls and ours clasp hands. It is true service given and received. The giver acquires a fresh love of giving; and the receiver finds the new, inward possessions adding something to every generous impulse and grateful emotion.

Never disparaging the church, nor exhibiting an audacious and defiant disregard of its objects and plans, yet we want more of the sense of individual responsibility and the devotion of personal effort. One's duty is not done by uniting with a church, by helping to pay the minister's salary, by attending the prayer meeting and communion service, by teaching a Sabbath school class, by contributing to the funds of benevolent societies. All this is well. These are things that should not be left undone. But these may not be substituted for personal effort. What we want is Christian disciples, who realize that they are laborers with God, and who do their daily work as in his eye, with the sense of responsibility to him, to their own consciences, and to the needy hearts about them. Each needs to feel that he is his brother's keeper. Say an earnest, practical word for the Gospel to the soul that stands nearest. That soul may keep open ear only at your lips. Offer sympathy. Give aid. Supply a loaf of bread. Do n't wait for the church or for any of its other members to do it. Let the heart speak out in the sentence or the act, and it will not be in vain. Ask God's blessing on the effort, and see how great things can come from what seemed so small.

Whether one finds little or much meaning and joy and profit in church life, depends, more than on almost anything else, upon his own active fidelity.

Christ is the Teacher; we are called to go to school to him, not to learn literature and science, but theology and life. He teaches gradually, not all at once. First, simple principles, then, applications, then other, deeper, and more comprehensive principles.

The true law of Christian life is progress; provision is made for it. Conversion is the end of nothing but going on in the old way of selfishness and impulse; of all growth upward, earnest service in the right sphere, self-mastery and the true way of living, it is simply the beginning.

They who wish to be free from temptation, know not what they ask. They are calling for a repeal of the law of influence, praying for a complete and ceaseless isolation of soul, craving a spiritual desert for a dwelling place; and never to be touched with the finger of social sympathy. For there is no such thing as repealing the law of social affinities among the vicious, and leaving it in full activity among the pure. That may be possible in the chemistry of eternity, not in that of time.

Trial has its high uses,— a blessing springs from the soil of sin. The bee gets honey from the poisonous herb, the skillful and dutiful soul draws vigor from the conflict wherein evil strikes at its heart. The prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is the outburst of a soul, only fearing, with godly anxiety, a moral fall.

A great nature shows its greatness quite as much in its condescension to details, as in its soaring after a great object. God impresses us quite as much when organizing an animalcule as when launching a system; and Christ, in talking with the woman of Samaria, awakens not less of wonder and love than when stilling the tempest.

Christ's sympathy is more than mental appreciation, more than mere pity for our lot, more than a mere interest in our getting on — though when we think who Christ is, that would be much; — but he feels it as one feels the blow that fell on a friend, as a mother's heart writhes when a calamity strikes a dear child.

Men are deceived by resolving they will not be deceived by religious pretensions, appeals and people. They are deceived into opposition and skepticism. They resolve to take a cool, calm, reasonable view of religion; not to be carried away by enthusiasm. Hence, they become icy, cynical, irresponsible. They are deceived by an excess of severe criticism upon others, on faults real or apparent. They become destructive critics and iconoclasts. They may be such for other reasons than love to truth and Christ, there may be hatred instead of affection. They are deceived, too, by getting rid of dependence on church rites, ceremonies, Bibles, Sunday schools, prayer meetings. Going from these is usually going away from Jesus, and leaving the great forces of religion to weakness.

A soul roused to the consciousness of its state and necessities, feels itself summoned to service. No doctrine of passive regeneration avails then. And when self-subdual is called for, that is felt to be most earnest work. Moreover, it is felt that God is rightful Master, and that He must be appealed to for light and direction. It is felt, too, that all is unavailing which lacks his approval. Until God says, "Well done," little has been gained.

The veriest slave is he whose own selfish passions lead him whithersoever they will. Freedom is the gift of stern discipline, of heroic labor. The pilgrims were not less free because Plymouth Rock was flinty, the tempest rough, and the wilderness inhospitable. The slave is not less free because forethought, care and toil are steps to manliness and dignity. These nurtured the Puritan invincibleness — these nurture, also, the bondman's higher qualities that make him fully a man.

It can not be too well understood that Christ comes to offer conditional help to needy and seeking souls. If men do not wish nor mean to come into contact with him, keep aloof for any reason or on any pretense, he will not be seen as he is, understood nor appreciated, nor will he profit men. There is folly and presumption in the men who sit down and endeavor to analyze or pronounce upon the work Christ can do for a soul, when there is no fellowship with Him.

There is sometimes a great deal of pride, prejudice and jealousy on the part of the poor as exercised toward the rich. They talk of the wealthy and strong as though they must be sinners, and of the poor as though they were surely saints; and yet it happens so that they do n't often take special pains to get rid of wealth and power when it is offered. They often copy the extravagances of the rich, and insist upon appearing their equals. Poverty and piety are not synonyms.

Not a few are fond of interpreting the Gospel so as to make it drop benedictions over the poor and depressed simply because they are so; and utter its maledictions over the wealthy and strong, as if wealth and strength were wickedness, or implied that.

That men should give attention, sometimes seriously, to religious teaching, is no great virtue; it is eminently natural. The source of the Gospel, the testimonials attending its preaching, the solemnity of its subject matter, the appeal it makes to every side of our nature and every faculty of the soul's authority and its love, our own instinctive yearnings,— all nearly compel attention and interest. It is no great virtue that we listen, believe, feel, and are prompted to act. The wonder is we feel so little and so seldom, and that our feeling issues in so small practical results.

One other phase of faith there is,— it is the phase that makes it an inspiration; a given energy, the passing in of the spiritual power, indicated by the truth within us; the lifting us up in purpose, the making God operative within; the rousing of energy which makes us live in the future, sow as if we saw the harvest, struggle as though we grasped the crown. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. This is the climax. Belief is a privilege; confidence a promise; trust a deep, permanent joy; but inspiration is a redemption and a glory forever. On the first, God looks kindly, on the second, he smiles, with trust he sympathises; but over the inspiration of faith alone, he cries, "Well done."

It is useless to attempt to disguise the fact that well trained and truly cultivated minds are in great demand everywhere. This demand is to grow stronger and more imperative every year. The real leaders in all the higher circles of life must henceforth bring to their work disciplined and balanced powers. And it is a rounded culture that is especially demanded. We have salient points, angles, unbalanced forces in society generally. We want symmetry, unity, completeness, — minds harmonized, rounded, with their forces brought to each other's support.

Give us real, vital, working vigor in our scholars, to be sure, but give us also symmetry and sweetness. The modesty, the graciousness, the fine sense of propriety, the courtesy that is always equally dignified and affable, the deference that is never withholden where it is due, the manners that keep their polish but do not part with their warmth, the spirit that never ceases to be kind and sweet even when it must be firm in its dissent and faithful in its reproof, — all this is something which enters vitally into a complete and rounded culture; — it is something which our teachers should earnestly set themselves to secure in their pupils, which our pupils should be bent on acquiring, and which will exalt our education in the esteem of the people. In order to this, is it needful to establish special Professorships in the interest of Christian manners?

* * *

It is one thing to take the yoke; it is quite another to endure it. It is a help to bear life's inevitable load in the one case; it is like the world on the shoulders of Atlas in the other.

* * *

This friendliness of spirit is the very essence of Christianity. When the Saviour wished to impress upon his followers the blessed station to which he had called them, he said, "I call you not servants, but friends." Wonderful service of love, which at once constituted and sealed Christ's friendship for the world! Can one be his follower and fail to exercise the same spirit? Has not the church this divine message for the world, and is it not a part of its mission that it be delivered in sympathy and love? How else shall we gain the heart of those whose knowledge of our religion is so often gained only from our cold and formal expressions of it? It is, moreover, largely by the exercise of this friendly and sympathizing spirit that the church keeps up its life. Thinking only of itself, of its elegant house, of its eloquent preacher, of its exquisite singing, of its wealthy membership, what service, such as the world needs, is it fitted to render? Opportunities depend upon the use we make of them. Bayard Taylor's Lars was

> ——" Weary, not in hands and feet,
> But tired of idly owning them."

It is so with whatever opportunities we idly possess. They become only a burden and a reproach to us.

Like the rain and the sunshine God sends abroad his love. And as the daisy by the highway, the fern in the forest, and the lichen on the mountain take the warmth and the moisture and thrive thereon, no less than the gorgeous flowers in the rich man's garden; so the loyal human soul, providentially shut away from church life and fellowship, may count on the coming of that infinite affection which blesses as with heavenly beam and dew. It is never forgotten; it is never left without help; it never need fear that God's care will be denied it.

Christianity is a strong stimulant for souls. Christ came that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. A nature offering itself freely to the influence of the Gospel will be quickened as the landscape when the summer sun and airs come up from the tropics and blend their ministries in its behalf.

Peace and rest are among the most special and the choicest things promised in the Gospel. That wonderful forty-sixth psalm is an exaltation of the quiet and settled trust that keeps a serene heart and a smiling face amid the fury of the elements and the fiercest strifes of men. It is upon the heads of the gentle virtues that the beatitudes are showered. The portrait of the Great Master that rises on the reader of the New Testament, is one that suggests a quietude of heart that is divinely deep, — the infinite majesty of moral repose. And there are few words among all that are found in the Bible which speak of Jehovah more impressively than those which show him to us sitting "King above the floods."

Truth can enter no solitary way. Whether its next step leads into the darkness, or the flood, or the desert; amid thorns, or over mountains, or by the springs of Marah, it may see a constant gleam ahead, for Christ has gone before.

Gentleness of conduct is life's brightest ornament. Not that gentleness which meekly stoops under opposing forces, and without a protest lets them walk over one; but that which goes quietly and steadily along its way, scattering blessings from one hand even if it must make a fist of the other, and so healing even while it hurts its enemies. This commandment is not indeed among the regular ten, but its authorship is the same. God judges by the spirit quite as much as by the act, and perhaps Tom

Hood's "wooden oaths" are oftener charged to our account than the violation of the command which Moses received on Sinai.

* * *

Let him who would do a worthy work for God and men be manly and brave as well as sincere and earnest. Let him keep clear of the minor key. Let him hide his own griefs and trials with a cloak of cheerful and patient resolution. Let him not whine, nor croak, nor scold, nor boast. Let him bury the story of his own sufferings out of sight, and, instead of asking sympathy for himself, plead for aid to the right cause. Let him not be forward in making his own plans the exponents of God's thoughts, nor accuse his own critics of freshly crucifying Christ. Let him keep his faith in God steady and his charity toward men sweet.

* * *

Yes, it is a vital Gospel that is in our hands. Its words are spirit and life. He of whom it tells us was dead, but is alive forevermore, and has the keys of hell and of death. His truth is still like an angel standing in the sun, and on his own head are many crowns. He walks daily to fresh triumphs over the graves of opposing systems and confident antagonists. His steps lead to a final triumph. Shouts of victory from his friends blend with the prophecies that his overthrow is sure. And so his truth will live. He will reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. And the great voice will yet be heard, saying, — "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ!"

The number of converts made to a system does not indicate its strength nor clearly predict its future. We need to know the nature of the cause, and the character of the converts. If the first lack a sound basis of principle, and the second are wanting in character, the seeming strength is weakness and the swelling army is only ready to make the panic greater in the coming day of defeat.

The Gospel, then, is of God, whether developed with human eloquence or not; by the sturdy divine or the feeble, lisping Christian child. In both cases we are put into contact with the vast forces of God.

It is the plan of God, according to which he has made and still governs the world, that an unselfish devotion to the welfare of others, through suffering and self-sacrifice, shall wear the highest honors, work out the noblest results and be crowned in the loftiest temple.

Each claimant of the Christian name should remember that the only tenure by which the Christian character is properly held, is that of labor, — active labor in the Gospel. This is a primary idea. Not that this is a distinguishing feature of superior piety, a kind of extra, surplus virtue, which may inure to the benefit of others. They are created unto this —

the first inhalation of the Christian spirit is an impulse, a commission, and a command to labor,—labor not only in moral forms, but for religious prosperity.

Remember that what we are primarily and chiefly called on to do, is to receive what God has provided, and is pressing on our acceptance. Teaching, promise, inspiration, spiritual help, guidance, elevation of aim and motive, stimulus for the affections and purification for the whole spiritual nature, is what God brings us,—this is the cup of salvation.

There is a great deal said in the Bible about men in social and national aspects; for there has always been a strong tendency to narrow down the idea and sphere of religion so that it will fail to include fidelity in all social relations and civil work.

Our real prosperity is not dependent so much on the dominance of any party, nor the adoption of one or another set of political measures. The vital forces lie deeper down.

A man with a conscience against a national wrong, and living and working in its interests, is a conscious or unconscious foe to the land in which he lives. Pleading for the sacrifice of moral conviction and principle for the sake of material gains, he is paralyzing the manhood of the nation and adopting a policy which will in time turn the very soil into barrenness. Our opposition to a wrong must be based on a conviction of its intrinsic wickedness and its resulting evils.

The Gospel contains a reply to the most significant and thrilling questions that come up from the soul; offers relief to the greatest and most pressing necessities; brings the strongest motives to act on the soul to subdue its passions and rouse into life its slumbering moral energies. Its adaptation to varieties in character, circumstances, and experiences is as large as the wants it comes to meet; and its inspiration of the heart by means of bringing eternity so near as to be constantly operative, shows how perfectly the necessities of man had been measured, and how fully its depths had been sounded by the Author of the Gospel.

How powerless is a religion of mere taste and imagination to profit the soul, — nay, how it sometimes consists with and fosters the worst vices and the most frivolous spirit. Only Christian principle can do anything for us. The worst opposition of heart may consist with great sensibility to religious forms, — with tears and admiration.

There is no ground for hope in Christ's mercy, save as there is a spirit of obedience to the prescribing law. I know Christ is Saviour; but only of the obedient. That faith is worth very little that does not work purity and fidelity. The trust is as a broken reed that is not coupled with active duty.

Every member who gives less than he receives; who uses up more energy in being kept and carried along respectably, than is given to aid in such service, and adding to its moral strength, is so far making that church weaker by his connection with it; and so virtually doing something positive to defeat the object of its organization. They put burdens on others, diminish their courage, paralyze their arms, neutralize their influence; they are leeches on its arteries.

It is so common a thing to confess unfaithfulness as Christians, in general terms, that it is regarded as the proper expression of humility, and no real impeachment of character.

It is proper to state the facts about ourselves, but when we regard the confession as an atonement, and go on as before, we are doing a strange thing.

The idea of the atheist that this universe has no God, is as desolating to the heart as irrational to the intellect. It leaves us orphans; and in those great breakings up of the deep of the soul, which come, when human sympathy is mockery, what portionless creatures we are!

The glory of heaven will be that all sides of the soul will touch God. He will speak in the ear, show himself to the eye, teach the intellect, stir up the conscience, awaken and give tenderness to the affections, set nobler tasks than ever. Every faculty will have nutriment and objects ; and the whole life will be one over which religion smiles. All experience will be holy ; all exercise worship. Each power in combined and harmonious action will make life a glorious, majestic and endless anthem of praise to God and the Lamb.

What a thought that, under the most touching circumstances under which Christ ever offered a prayer, it was for all future disciples. It is the climax of his plea — the culminating of his fervor. And it was no general and meaningless prayer. His eye saw *each* believer, and looked over all his conflicts ; for each, for *us* he prayed.

We often pray for methods of deliverance not the best, though we may suppose them so. Nevertheless if it be true prayer, aiming at Christian results and efficiency, it will be heard and answered, though in other and higher forms than we dreamed.

We can say of the Bible, it is given by inspiration of God. I have studied it; and though my childish veneration has been modified, my intelligent approval has grown yearly stronger. I have ceased to be afraid when men dispute its history, or its statements, or its principles, on the ground of philosophy, or science, or intuition, or new revelations. It has been a hundred times given over to the tormenters; but its martyrdoms transfigure it into some new form of splendor. Do you ask me if I find no mystery in it? Yes; but it is a testimony to its divine truth. No difficulties unsolved? Yes; many. No hard sayings? Yes; many. No statements staggering my intellect and my faith? Yes; many. Why do I believe in it? Because unbelief costs a hundred times more credulity. What do I do with its mysteries? Wait for their solutions.—Its difficulties? For the growth of wisdom.

I can not do without the influence it brings. Within me are yearnings the world can not still. They cry for light, for sympathy, for help, for immortality, for peace, for a great bosom to rest on, for great, strong, tender arms, where my frightened, hunted soul may lie down in safety and sleep, and smile away its fears. I ask, what answers to these inward wants? There is the Helper, who offers a staff for all my journey, and a pillow for my confidence when I lie down amid the shadows of the grave. He speaks to me, only as I would be spoken to in this book. I read, I listen, I believe, I trust, and my thrilled and satisfied heart lies down like a soothed child, or wakes to sing, or girds itself joyfully for toil and conflict.

Like a field, blighted by frosts, all sere from drought, and scorched by the fierceness of the sun, so lies my heart, parched and desolate, all its green growths going to decay. As the dew and shower leave diamond drops glittering on every wilted shrub and grass-blade, quickening to life while they beautify, till at length all the sward is in blossom, and the air is all sweet-scented and delicious, so these promises of God's word, more full of refreshment than ever a cloud of summer was of rain, come and pour their wealth upon me, and there is spring-time and opening summer in my soul. As each dew drop mirrors all the magnificence of the firmament, so my spirit becomes a tiny miniature where is faintly uplifted all the magnificence of heaven. I am still human, but no more weak; I am still perplexed, but I have a guide; still the heart bleeds, but precious oil and wine are poured into the wound; whole armies of temptation assail me, but a sweet voice is saying, "Fear not"; dark clouds,—but a shining face beams through; the grave is before me, but the gate of immortality opens within it, and radiant forms invite my entrance, and I hope and long to be there.

VIII.

SERMONS AND LECTURES.

I.

RELIGIOUS PROSPERITY; ITS DESIRABLENESS AND ITS CONDITIONS.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper."
John 3 : 2.

This word is just what might have been expected from the disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom, as, in his ripe old age, near the hour of departure, he turns his thought to those who have still life's battles to fight, and its temptations to meet.

Christian affection can never be selfish; and a Christian heart can never be indifferent to anything pertaining to the honor of Christ and the spread of the Gospel. The new circle into which the spirit enters can not blot out the memory of the old. The waiting glories of a heavenly life still leave the eye free to cast backward glances of sympathy and affection. Amid its thanksgiving to God it still has a prayer for men. Triumphant over its own redemption, it can not be satisfied till others are on the highway, pressing nobly toward immortal life. "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper," is the word which alone expresses the depth and direction of its yearning.

Passing by whatever was peculiar in the circumstances of the beloved disciple and in the circumstances surrounding the objects of his solicitude, let me speak of the desirableness of religious prosperity and the conditions upon which it may be secured.

Religious prosperity alone is real,— all else is apparent. Only those who grow in wisdom and moral goodness are doing well. Houses and lands may be multiplied; influence increased; distinction won; friends may flatter and the world applaud; but it is all shortly over. Outward possessions are soon the spoils of others, or the sport of calamity. The wealth we have grasped will slip through our fingers, and the worth of the soul alone make up our heritage. Heart wealth is all that is known and recognized in the inventories of the future. There only the godlike are kings, while the pretenders of time, long revelling in fancied royalty, will find their gold ashes, and their moral nakedness laid bare. All mere earthly prosperity is a temporary cheat; that which is truly religious is an eternal glory.

Besides, religion has a blessing for this world, as well as for the other. She is the ally of all good things, the friend of all man's interests. She smiles on industry, develops enterprise, invigorates and inspires the planning intellect, and makes the workman's hand cunning. She fills the horn of plenty, opens the eye to see beauty where it has long lain hidden, lightens the load of care and brings the peace of patience; she restrains passion, sets the conscience to rule over the empire of life and harmonize elements that were otherwise in chaos. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand, riches and honor."

With true religion for an attendant, life is a hero's march, and death the translation of a spirit hasting heavenward. Who that has heard its benediction, felt its strength, and contemplated its full bestowments, but would yearn for others to take the same blessing, and rise to the same sphere of light? No other word can better express the sentiment that struggles within, than this: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper." The same thing is true of a community. No matter what elements are in it. It is a sad society that is not ruled by the fear of God. You can not trust the prosperity that has been built up on any other foundation than Christian righteousness. It may look well to the eye; so did the Assyrian palace while the monarch was boasting over the wayward power that lifted it up. But a divine sentence against it was even then dropping down from Heaven; and the centuries march over only heaps of rubbish. Religious principle alone nurtures integrity in business, elevates industry into a sacred duty, forbids any class of men to grow fat by preying on their neighbors, puts double dealing and demagogism under ban, excludes vices, and makes each public place a school for both intellect and heart. Intelligence, taste, refinement,— admitting these to be possible where Christianity is ignored; — these all fail as safeguards against evil works, against treachery, presumption, hatred of God and contempt of men. The world is full of proofs of that; and history tells no story with greater plainness. Of what avail that intelligence is claimed and possessed, if it is employed to authenticate a false principle and control men for sinister ends? What are refinement and taste worth if they are employed only about the altars of frivolity? If Christian virtue is to be scouted from a community, it is little satisfaction to know that it was driven away by a man of ripe scholarship, or dismissed with a graceful bow; or that practical atheism is set up with impressive ceremonies. When religion is put away, these evil passions, in forms attractive or disgusting, come in and take its place. Whoever, therefore, exerts his influence directly or indirectly against the religious prosperity of a community, is warring against all the elements of public weal. And, on the other hand, every Christian heart and life is a contribution to civil quiet, social joy, and material comfort. The prayer of the humblest disciple, offered in the secret closet, is often worth more, even outwardly, to a community than a hotly contested election, or the accumulation of a million dollars additional capital. A single faithful Christian life may operate more effectually in the way of removing poverty, and bringing comfort to wretched hearts, than would the establishment of a new branch of business that added at once fifty per cent. to the population and enterprise of the neighborhood. Whatever else any man may do, if he throw the weight of his influence against religion, he is striking deadly blows at public welfare, and providing for the coming of calamities which afflict the body and brutify the soul. Happy is that people — and only that people — whose God is the Lord. All outward and material interests prosper just in proportion to the strength and activity of the Christian element. Every decline in spiritual power has been the signal for new evils to rush in and riot; and if religious institutions ever become enfeebled by neglect, or crowded out by growing worldliness, you may be sure that the tide of private and public iniquity will have full sway; manliness will be a rare quality, the taint of corruption will be left with the heart of childhood. Let Christianity, on the other hand, find sanctuaries in all your hearts and homes, and she will make the first, temples of peace, and the last, places of plenty and joy. Truth will then spring up from the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven. But what are the conditions of this religious prosperity, which so lies at the basis of every other form and kind? How can it be gained, increased, and preserved? What are its elements, and on what terms will it come?

In all I have to say I take it for granted that this blessing is the gift of God. He awakens penitence, forgives sin, strengthens weakness, keeps courage, patience, meekness and self-denial alive. Without his blessing, all is vain. But his gifts are always ready. He would always keep the windows of heaven open, and make the stream of blessing flow to us without cessation, if we but left it room in our hearts and lives. Of what Heaven must do I need say nothing; for Heaven is always doing, or anxious to do. Only our co-operation is needed,— that given, the result is certain. I speak, therefore, only of the human conditions,— only of those things which depend on ourselves. The question, then, comes back again, What is necessary on your part in order to secure religious prosperity, and increase it? I may be answered promptly: "A wise, faithful and talented minister, is just what is wanted. Let such a man come, and pray and preach, exhort and work; one who shall care for the flock and be careless about the fleece; whose spirit is like Paul's, — self-denying, tender, zealous and devout; who spares no time nor effort needful to accomplish his work; who never gets impatient nor uneasy; who turns away from all paths of worldly honor and gain; who keeps himself free from all worldly strife, and indulges no meddling with what is not of his sphere; who works on, day after day, even if he must work alone, in the very spirit with which a martyr dies; — let such a man of God come, and religion will flourish. Such a laborer, and such labors, will scatter the darkness, bring heavenly light, make Sundays pleasant, life a scene of daily happiness, and death a messenger which there shall be no disposition to put away."

That is, perhaps, your answer. Well, it is true, according to Scripture, that God has chosen by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. A regular ministry is a divine appointment; and history testifies that true religion has never flourished to any considerable extent when this divine expedient has been set aside. I need not stop to develop the reason of this; it is enough to note and admit the fact.

Nor can it be doubted that they who enter upon the work of the ministry are called to a faithful, self-denying life, that their aim is to be high and holy, their spirit consecrated, their hopes based on the promise of God, and their chief reward to be sought in the "Well done" of Heaven. I do not deny the obligation that is asserted, nor wish to depress the standard of ministerial character which the highest truth sets up. But can any one tell why it is claimed that ministers are bound to be more holy and self-denying than other men? Are there two laws, and two Gospels, one for the pulpit and one for the pews? Are there two standards of Christian duty — one for the pastor and the other for his people? Two kinds or degrees of religion, the clerical religion, and the lay religion? A minister should doubtless possess all the elements that have been mentioned, but is the obligation any less sacred as it applies to those who do not occupy the post of public teacher? Would you scorn a minister who was not meek, prayerful, earnest, pure, faithful, unselfish? Why, then, should you not scorn yourselves when any such lack is discovered? It sounds, I confess, a little strange, and a little ludicrous to hear a mere shrewd getter of gain waxing warm and earnest in a lecture upon the sin of a minister's unwillingness to welcome poverty; or to hear a man whose home is a palace, and whose table groans beneath luxuries, mutter something about the extravagance and pride and worldly conformity of the clergy; or a merchant, who makes his ledger his Bible, and who knows no devotion except that to the fluctuations of the stock-market, complain of the coldness of the Sunday sermons and the formality of the prayers; or a politician, who is ready to break the tables of the decalogue in pieces that he may pelt his opponent into defeat with the fragments, passionately declaiming about the dishonor and demagogism of the pulpit, when it says that sins perpetrated at the ballot-box are as heinous as any others; or a cold-hearted professor, who sleeps in his seat on Sunday, and whose place in the prayer-meeting and closet is always vacant, intimating that until the minister grows more devoted there can never be a revival. But I need not specify further. So long as the whole responsibility of promoting religion is laid off on the minister, so long there will be blight and mildew, hoar-frost and ice. His devotedness can not atone for the indifference and worldliness of his people; his prayers can not pardon nor sanctify their profanity; his earnest and powerful preaching can not excuse their irreligious practices; his arguments will never avail in convincing a prejudiced world, so long as the daily deeds of his audience declare all the inferences lies; his yearning can never draw after him to heaven the community for whose welfare he is ready to lay down his life, while they are tied to the world by the mill-stones of sinful custom; he has no authority by which he can legalize a union between Christ and Mammon; he has no skill, either human or divine, by which he can bridge over the chasm between the empire of Beelzebub and the kingdom of God. He may endure and weep like Jeremiah, sing like David, love like John, work like Peter and preach like Paul; and yet if he is left to bear responsibilities alone, and held accountable, exclusively, for the state of religion, he might as well lay down his trumpet ere he sounds it, and so save his breath; and you might as well keep the money in your pockets wherewith you seek to buy the grace of God, when there is no heart to receive and appropriate it. Your earnest and responsible co-operation with a minister of simply good sense, and deep piety, and fair abilities, would promise far more than the unaided labors of a monarch of thought, whose glowing speech were to dazzle you every Sunday like a shower of meteors.

Besides, there is a great temptation, when you have filled your pulpit with a man of mark and power that you will come to feel that the provision for religious ends is adequate, and that you are called on to do no more. The truth has now a strong defender; there is no need of anxiety; it can be safely trusted in his hands. You are sure the sermons will be good and able, and so you can sleep during the delivery, assured that no false doctrines will be taught, no unseen argument adduced; or you can stay away from the sanctuary and the social and business meetings, satisfying yourselves by the thought that all will go on properly and well. There is danger that you will simply compliment instead of encouraging; that you will be tempted to deny co-operation, and seek to atone for the neglect by multiplying your praise.

Proud of your minister, you may give him your admiration, instead of prayerful help. Satisfied with having him, you may pay little practical deference to his teaching. I hardly need to say that such a state of things is the most disastrous to a church, and most disheartening to a true minister. Anything which diminishes your own sense of personal responsibility, and anything which induces spiritual indolence, and a mere literary taste in the place of working zeal and a yearning for the manna of divine and saving truth, will bring a moral night-mare to sit upon all your spiritual energies, and make you stand like a sapless tree, beautiful in its proportions, but lifeless and decaying secretly at the heart. And you may be sure it is a sorry recompense for a faithful and earnest minister, to find only words of praise for his performances, when he had looked long and prayerfully for penitence and duty. A well expressed and well meant eulogy on his sermon may often send him home to his study and his closet with a heart ready almost for bursting; if instead he could only have heard the eager question coming up between heart-sobs, "What shall I do to be saved?" or the deep prayer, mingled with tears, "God be merciful to me a sinner," it would have set his heart beating with a joy too great for words, too grateful to be told anywhere, save in the ear of God. He could spare your praises, if he could have your duty and faithfulness. But they are in danger of being the poorest instead of the best gifts that you offer to the man of power. You may not mean to try his heart; but you may be wringing drops of blood from it when you supposed yourselves offering grateful incense. What is the approval of your intellect and taste, when it is apparent that no new cord has been set vibrating in the heart?

I should say, then, that you make no certain provision for spiritual prosperity by securing a strong, intelligent, instructive, and faithful man for this pulpit. It is not of the first importance that eminent mental abilities should stand here; though, other things being equal, that is desirable. No sphere demands more eminent ability than this. The first minds will find tasks lofty enough for their powers. The idea that the pulpit needs only third or fourth rate men; and that a young man of eminent attainments and genius is excusable for refusing the ministry in favor of some other sphere, is preposterous. It is casting contempt on the divine ordination of preaching; it is degrading the Gospel, and impeaching Jesus Christ. Some of the mightiest minds have stood in pulpits, and even these borrowed half their lustre and inspiration from their functions. A man too strong and eminent in ability to preach the gospel! Then surely there is no work on earth he can touch without defilement; there is no seat in heaven high enough for him, unless it lifts itself above the throne of Him who came of old to preach good tidings unto the meek!

But I may still say that it is not absolutely essential to the religious prosperity of a community that it have one of these great souls in its pulpit. If he be sound in judgment and doctrine, apt to teach, incorruptible in heart, prayerful, laborious, ready to endure hardness for his Master's sake, — he brings all that is essential. If he can but secure your earnest co-operation, if you can be depended on to second his efforts, supply his deficiencies, share his burdens, and help him in steadying the ark which he alone is too weak to control, it is fitting to welcome him as a blessing to you and yours. With that co-operation, such a man may witness religious results such as a solitary pulpit toiler, mighty as he may be in word and deed, would wait for in vain.

May I add that a congregation does not always stop to think upon how many apparently trifling things a minister's courage, hope, faith, and success may depend. You may suppose he is, or should be, lifted above all ordinary influences, and find stimulus in heaven, when a hundred things combine to cheat him of it on earth. Repeated absences from your seats for the most frivolous reasons; — a slight indisposition, a few clouds, a moist side-walk, the call of a friend, a little weariness induced by the excessive worldly toil of the week, or a desire to husband the strength and so be fitted for the highest business efficiency to-morrow — you do not always think, perhaps, how much there may be in this to wear away the patience and clip the wings of hope. You expect him to fill his place and meet his engagement, cost whatever of effort it may; is it strange that he should be disappointed at your vacant seats, or your late assembling even when you choose to be there? If the hour comes and the services must be commenced with but a third of the audience present, and the service interrupted almost constantly by the crowding in of absentees, is it strange that the quiet of his own spirit should be disturbed, and the interest he had nurtured by prayerful preparation should be sadly interfered with? How much a full house on an unpleasant Sunday would bring sunshine to the pastor's heart; how regular and prompt attendance, such as vindicates that religious duties are something more than matters of convenience, and that they have taken hold of principle and conscience, will stimulate the spirit. The absentees on any cloudy day may be the very persons whom the pastor had in mind in the preparation of the sermon on which his best efforts have been expended; is it strange that the idea of fruitless toil should occur to him, as he looks for your answering faces and beholds vacancy? Is it strange that his next effort should have less heart and hope, and his next Sunday's service should seem wanting in unction? Do you say these are little things, unworthy of a minister's attention; that he should be wholly above the influence of such petty annoyances? Perhaps so; and yet every life is mostly made up of little things; and in things pertaining to the welfare of the soul, the least of them all never seems slight to an earnest pastor. Remember, too, that a pastor's whole being is bound up with his religious sphere and labors; that he may not turn away to other things for relief when his religious relations seem only sources of pain. He is allowed to have no worldly projects to which he may devote himself for relaxation and relief; he lives his heart-life in the circle of spiritual things; and when these suggest nothing but anxiety, disappointment and fear, still they must make up his world. He has no gains but religious gains; growing virtues are the only harvests he reaps; Christian hearts and lives around him are his only badges of honor. Carelessness about the interests of religion, the falling away to worldliness and sin among those to whom he has looked as trophies of the truth, is to him what the sinking of the vessel is to the captain who has all his reputation and his fortune invested in her. I mention these things because they are small, and being so are in special danger of being overlooked; and yet, small as they are in your eyes, they have immensely more to do with a pastor's hope and ambition, faithfulness and success than perhaps any of you ever dreamed. If your minister is to do any considerable portion of the work I have supposed you may assign to him, he needs and must have the encouragement it would cost you almost nothing to give, and yet without which his spirit is poor, and often irresolute. I am not attempting to defend or excuse a minister's timidity, or misanthropy, or croaking. A man who has God's word to speak, and God's promise to stimulate him in doing it, who has allies in all the universe, and witnesses to the truth of what he speaks even in the most stupid souls before and around him; who has all history endorsing the principles he advocates, and all eternity waiting to witness their triumph; who finds appeals to be faithful coming up to him from all the spots where martyrs put on their singing robes and begin the chant of the skies, and before whose vision the gates of heaven are daily swinging to tell him how near he is to his coronation, — such a man should carry a heart so brave that it can defy all enemies, and a purpose so firm that no strain should ever make it quiver. The Lord of hosts is with him; the God of Jacob is his refuge. Let him work on, human though he is, just where and as his Master bids him, changing his methods, and trying new expedients; selecting a new spot in the vineyard, if he must; but ever refusing with Christian obstinacy either to submit or flee. That is for him. — But it is not for you, if such a man shall ever come among you, yearning for your welfare as an angel, and preaching as one of the old prophets, — it is not for you to leave him, on any pretense, to stagger beneath the load of moral responsibility while you leave it untouched, — a load which will prove heavy enough when every arm is lifting, and every life crying courage.

There is another vital thing: The maintenance of the principles of Christian righteousness, against all attacks of subtlety and power, in defiance of all hazards, and at the risk of all outward and temporary losses.

This is so plain a matter that it ought to require nothing more than a simple statement; but unfortunately between what ought to be and what is, there is often a wide, deep, and almost impassable chasm. What the pulpit shall speak, has been clearly indicated by the divine commission, and the irrepealable law. What the church shall do, has not at all been left to its discretion. It is to destroy the temporizing spirit so prevalent in the world that Christianity has been commissioned and inaugurated. She can admit no human dictation, and strike hands with no human leader who substitutes policy for principle, and craft for courage. Righteous principle has well nigh been driven from the world; the only design of Christian institutions is to provide it a sanctuary and crown it royal even amid the sneers of the world. And when a body, calling itself Christian, truckles before power; or is bought with a bribe; or dragooned into the train of a demagogue in whatever sphere he acts; or stoops from its true position to court patronage; or perverts truth and judgment to increase its popularity and keep off outward dangers; or panders to a false sentiment; or connives at popular wickedness; or goes out of its way to gain the smile of an unprincipled individual or faction; or consults the pulse of public feeling rather than the leadings of the Spirit of Truth, — any body that will do that, is not only faithless before its duty, but doing what it can to sanctify, in the eyes of the world, the very crimes against which its very existence was called forth to protest; forming a league with the very sins it was set to exterminate; and taking up arms against the Ruler whose sway it was sent to make universal. By such a process of trimming, numbers, wealth and present peace may be gained, but each man so won is not an ally,but an enemy in the camp; every dollar so obtained will drag downward like Judas's thirty pieces of silver, and the quiet is only the lull that goes before the earthquake. The larger such a body grows by such methods, the greater evil it becomes. The more that are attracted by its outward impressiveness, the more rapidly does the work of moral perversion go on. Its outward beauty covers worse loathsomeness than the garnishing on the old prophets' sepulchres. Externally, it may appear a splendid temple; but within the air is thick and heavy, where souls are strangled while they try to breathe. Of all the curses that came leaping from the old prophet's lips, there is not one, scorching wherever it touches, like those flung at the head of an apostate church, which had been set to tell and live all God's truth, and war against every spoken or acted lie, but which had held back the verity and smiled on the falsehood. And the curse will keep repeating itself and executing itself on every body calling itself Christian, which repeats the experiment, and lives over the crime, — which seeks for peace at the expense of its purity, popularity by discarding principle, and salvation by giving heed to Satan.

Nor is it enough that you simply tolerate freedom in the pulpit; that you license your pastor to be as courageous as he dares, as faithful as he feels he must. In these days of dictation from the pews to the pulpit, that is something; even that you consent to the utterance of the whole law is a ground of thankfulness, when grave senators hurl philippics at the ministry, and the daily press writhes in contortions to develop its spite against the occupants of the pulpit. That is something, when influential citizens mutter in their pews at quotations from the Bible. It is something for a religious society to consent at all for its minister to lay bare all sins,— organic and legalized, as well as others that hide for shame in darkness. It is still more when that consent is given not because it must be,— not because the pastor would spurn a shackle, and the attempt to impose it reveal glaring inconsistencies and make the people cry "shame"— but because it is felt to be the right of the minister, the duty of the people, the condition of prosperity; because the soul feels that nothing but faithful dealing can save it from the grasp of evil, or render the pulpit anything more than a mock battery, or a stage for the display of moral fire-works for the public diversion.

But all that is not enough. Christian men must stand by this faithfulness; must defend and exalt this plain-dealing; must regard that as the vital thing, and as that for which chiefly it has been organized, and in view of which, alone, it deserves still to live. Nay, a policy must be inaugurated and adhered to through all stages of experience and ordeals of trial.

When a body, no matter how religious seems its spirit, how touching its history, how reverend its aspect, ceases to retain and work out that spirit, its locks of strength are shorn off, its force is gone, its arms paralyzed,— it is hastening to decay. One thing must be done, at whatever cost; and that is to stand by the truth, to make no compromises for the sake of gain, to yield up no faithfulness, whatever bribes are offered, or clamors arise, or perils threaten, or graves yawn. Better a thousand times to die in martyrdom for truth and Christian principle, than grow fat on the food procured by dishonor. Nay, death can not come to a true church. When it loses its faith only it perishes; retaining that, it lives immortal. Its example cries ever, like the blood of Abel, from the ground where men had built for it a sepulchre. Its spirit walks the earth, a perpetual presence and power, singing still with martyrs, and making the prayer of a hundred closets more fervent, and teaching bereavement in a hundred dwellings how to look up calmly to heaven. It shall be a force through all time, and eternity shall never be weary of telling its inspiring tale.

Religiously, inactivity is death; to stand still is to stagnate. He who resolves to make his religion cost him in the way of thought, of time, of effort, of self-denial, of money, of patience, of skill, as little as possible, may be able to get along cheaply,—but the religion he gets will be only of the cheapest and poorest kind, and the quantity will be very small at that. He who aims at no large religious results, works for and expects none such, will reach none. That is certainly plain enough in respect to an individual experience; it is just as true when men act in bodies, as when they act alone. The Christian element lives and acts only by expansion and diffusion. When men get thoroughly chilled in winter, they often feel a pleasant quiet creeping over them, that makes them disposed to lie down and sleep,—the tendency is almost irresistible; but to sleep is to die. The fact has its analogies. They who are satisfied with what they have done or are doing, whether in the domain of their own personal life, or in the field of Christian activity without; who feel the pleasantness of self-satisfaction stealing on, only indicate benumbed spiritual energies, instead of proving that they have finished their duty nobly and been released by the Master from farther toil. And the more fully they are satisfied, the more like death is the lethargy.

The whole genius of Christianity is aggressive. It never is satisfied or wearied out. One object gained or defeated, it eagerly pursues another. Reaching one heart, it makes that a helper in its future work. Subduing one evil influence, it consecrates that and makes it an ally in the work of overcoming. It goes on enlarging its plans and multiplying its trophies. It is like the leaven working in through the mass till its influence permeates the whole. Every gain in ability and opportunity imposes a new task, and prompts to a higher service. Men under its influence acquire only that they may use; they crave means and strength only that they may be employed about some nobler, broader and more important object.

They strangely mistake or pervert the spirit of religion who think of Christian institutions, the preaching of the gospel, and the ordinances of God's house, as meant simply to minister to their gratification, as affording an equivalent in pleasant experiences for the money they pay for them; — who regard it as an instance of honorable and successful trade. Are all questions of service for the church to be settled by interest tables, by questions of economic exchange and shrewd business barter?

To the poor the Gospel is preached,— was one of the testimonies to the Messiahship of Jesus. The sympathy and benevolence of the Christian spirit, naturally wrought out, will always reveal a similar result. Religion is the one grand want of all souls — it may be said to be especially the want of those whose share of outward favors is the poorest and smallest. Everything that can be done to put the gospel within the reach of the whole people — nay, everything that can be done to interest them in it, and bring them regularly and systematically under its influence, is demanded at the hands of all who can aid in the work. It does not answer to wait till they come, crowded forward by courage or the sense of necessity, to beg for the smallest of its crumbs of comfort. Every consistent thing that can be done to bring them to the sanctuary regularly and keep them there, is but the plainest and simplest duty.

It is not in the power of one person or two to bring such a result to pass. When a religious society has become strong, stable, and influential, its corporate action gives character to the religious effort expended there. A pastor can not inaugurate any new and progressive policy without their co-operation. The idea of religion, obtained by the general community, will be determined far more by what they do than by what he says. He is their servant, and is considered such among the people, quite as much as he is a servant of the Lord. He may declare that religion is love, good-will; that it destroys selfishness, ennobles life, dedicates men to the welfare of their kind; that it enthrones all sacred principles; that the sanctuary is a school for the heart,—the temple where God comes near with help and mercy to save; that life is a failure save as the baptism comes to it from on high, and that then it is a thing of beauty and glory,—a perpetual, affectionate and earnest beckoning of all the world upward to heaven. He may tell them all that, with fervent words and tears, and sanctify his effort with exhortation and prayer. But if he should meet an incredulous look; if he should be asked where is this zeal for God among those who have built up religious institutions; if it were asked where is this working energy, this planning enterprise for Christian objects, this working faith in the divine promise, this unselfish and large-hearted philanthropy; where is the proof of this felt importance of bringing the whole people within the circle of sanctuary influences; where among all the multitude who bear the name of Christ are they who plan, and labor, and deny self, and spend time, energy, money and zeal to make the gospel work like leaven through the whole community? If he were asked these questions, and were compelled to be silent or confess that his picture was very far from being a copy of the religious body with which he was identified,—what then? Would he be obliged to retire, owning his defeat, and feeling that he had perhaps only brought out and confirmed the prejudice against whose barrier his effort must still storm in vain? How shall he prove that Christianity is benevolent; earnest, skillful, self-denying and laborious; having faith in the promise of God which pledges the truth a triumph, and which is bent on seeing the fulfillment?

Of all places in this world, it seems to me a Christian church and society is the place where to find the active heroism, and the majestic air of human life. There is where all the manly qualities might be expected to sit in convention to devise, and then to rise up and work with a harmonious energy and a sublime purpose. There whatever is beautiful and great in the human character is expected to appear. If there is thought in the intellect, it may be expected to come out bold, strong and clear. If there be high and generous impulses, they may be expected to give ample proof of their presence. If a nice sense of justice, there it may well poise its delicate balance and weigh out equity. If there be enterprise, what other sphere so fitting for its tasks? If an unselfish whole-heartedness be anywhere in this world, there we might look for it to thrill our nerves, and make the tears start in sympathy, and the heart pay homage unconsciously. And so on the other hand, how natural to think of such a place as one from which all narrowness of view, all petty jealousies, all mere dollar and cent shrewdness, all scheming for sinister ends, are driven away by the simple power of moral repulsion!

That ideal society and church haunts my thought perpetually. There is that within me which tells me it is possible; and my hope has struggled long to see it actualized on earth. More than once an inner prophecy has whispered to me that it shall yet appear. Here and there a soul alive to all that is good, and dead to sordidness, tells me that the elements of the portrait are even now found on earth. And along the track of departed centuries, I see the foot-prints of those whose legacy is an assurance that, even here, life may be emancipated from the bondage to the flesh. Above all, the life of Him whose walk on earth voiced the old prophecies with a tone that rings ever louder,—that life tells me of a Power which can and will work until divinity becomes incarnate in the church he inhabits, as it was once in Him.

Take the mantle,—broad enough to cover the world,—which he wore, for your radiant vestment. Make Christian enterprise and benevolence actual things. Make religious interests the ground of eminent purpose, the sphere of your noblest endeavors, the occasion for your largest generosity. Then how slumbering souls will leap with life! How fear and distrust will yield to hope and faith! How mountains of difficulty will change into clouds of mist through which the star of promise will look to greet you! How cynical lips will close up in silence, and croaking prophets turn their curses into blessing! How prejudice will melt, and co-operation hasten to you! Heroic souls will hail you from afar as allies and brethren, and true men turn to you in their thought, drinking in your inspiration whenever a strong word is to be spoken or a brave deed done. Then would be realized religious prosperity.

II.

CHRIST'S VITAL RELATIONS TO MEN.*

"I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." John 15:5.

In the early summer, especially, Nature everywhere gives emphasis to the illustration of the conditions of spiritual life, which is found in this fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel, where Christ sets himself forth as the Vine and his disciples as the branches. The illustration is equally forcible and beautiful. The branches that maintain their vital connection with the parent stalk are full of vigor. The boughs are green with foliage, each twig is bursting into buds, and all the buds are flashing into blossoms. Roses are blushing as if at their own beauty; honeysuckles clamber up the lattices and breathe fragrance in at every open window; the lily puts on the robes which no attire of eastern monarchs can rival; every bush by the road-side is hanging out its bannerets; the fruit-trees already bend beneath the weight of promises hastening into fulfillment, and the most barren mountains are carrying verdure far up their sides toward the crest, or bursting out into miniature oases wherever a little tuft of grass can push its way up through the crevices of the rock. The brownest heaths grow beautiful, and the mosses upon the stone gather new greenness. And all these struggles and swellings and triumphs of life owe themselves to the organic unity of vegetation; — the stem keeps its hold upon the root, the branch abides in the vine, the loftiest twig preserves its vital connection with the deepest and minutest radicle.

---

*Preached at New Hampton before the Society of Theological Research July 10, 1860.

Sever the thriftiest branch, and the sap stagnates in the channels, the chemical processes that went on without interruption are suspended, the twigs lose their flexibility and then stiffen into brittleness, the foliage wilts, and decay and decomposition come in to end the process. No artificial appliances avail. Cement or string may keep the member in its old position, but they can not restore nor preserve the vitality. The stream of life has been cut off from the fountain, and so the channels must run dry.

How different, too, is this life of nature from the best and highest imitations of it in the spheres of art! The best painting on the canvas is a poor thing compared with the landscape which it seeks to reproduce. The grass in the picture has no motion; the clouds keep their shapes day after day; the brook neither sparkles nor sings; there is no murmur through the forest; the shadows cast by the sun neither lengthen nor change; the night dims the scene with no unusual suggestiveness, and the morning floods it with no new splendor. An oak in a pasture elaborated by the chemistry of a hundred seasons, is a thousand times nobler than a cedar of Lebanon in a picture-gallery, built up of painter's pigments. A rose of wax, however skillfully fashioned, can not be compared with the queen of the parterre swinging in the breezes of June. The painted cluster of cherries which tempted the bird to the window where it hung, how vastly inferior was it to the product of the fruit tree, which would have fed instead of cheating, and called out a new hymn of thanksgiving from the throat of the warbler. By so much as substance is better than show, as realities are superior to shams, as great deeds are above skillful jugglery, as spontaneous movement is to be preferred to automatic impulse, as a leap of life signifies more than a galvanic contortion, by so much are vital products to be chosen rather than mechanical, and God's inspiration before man's philosophy.

In these words of Christ, that show his vital relation to the true life of the human soul, are stated both the highest fact and the deepest philosophy of the Gospel. All genuine spiritual life is the result of that vital influence which is poured from the divine heart into the currents of the human spirit. The amount of this influence received and appropriated measures the strength of the religious character and the faithfulness of the religious life.

Without this, the soul is weak and effort ineffectual; with it, even frail natures become strong, and exertion that seemed to promise little, issues in achievements which wake the wonder of men and win the smile of God.

Vitality is the test of every thing. Whatever helps us does so by adding to our life. All true teachers quicken; — they are not set simply to soothe and subdue. We do not want powers crushed out, but rendered normal and consecrated to vigorous work. The test of a system or a sermon is its power to quicken the recipient and hearer. Anything that sets fettered powers free, that expands the sphere of thought, that opens new channels of enterprise, that exalts aim, that solidifies purpose, that enlarges the play of imagination, that makes the movements of the will resolute, and thus increases the dynamic forces of men, is set down as a blessing and a condition of real gain. The whole plan of the world is such that it is meant evidently to stimulate and normalize the human powers. The hiding of resources that they may be sought for; the curse and dishonor put upon selfishness and indolence; the reward held out to a wise industry; the victories promised to persevering toil; the joys that blossom in the pathway of learning and discovery; the honors that wait as a crown of heroism; the monuments which men build in their hearts to philanthropy; the benedictions wherewith all good men hallow human saintship; — all this shows that souls were meant to find stimulants rather than anodynes in the experience of life. And it is Christ himself who says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "Go, work," is the Master's commission whenever he finds a teachable and loyal heart, not, "Lie down and dream." "Take up thy bed and walk," is his cry to the palsied cripple; and the mandate was aimed more at the torpid soul than at the droning nerves or the flaccid muscles. And he vitalized common natures till they became historic and wonderful. Peter had scarcely been known, save about the shores of Gennesaret, till Jesus commissioned him; — after that, he filled all Jerusalem and Judea with wonder and alarm by his bold magnetic speech. Paul had sat as a student at the feet of Gamaliel till the Gospel stung him into frenzy; and then, having accepted its ministry, he makes all Asia Minor ring with his name and become reverent before the messages which go out from his prison. Not more surely does morning dawn to wake the earth from its slumbers, than Christ comes to quicken humanity and vitalize stagnant souls. Not more surely do the monotonous forests change into fruitful gardens along the highways of civilization, than does the desert of human experience blossom out into beauty when the life-giving spirit of God finds a channel along which it may flow through the torpid heart.

It is this perpetual presence of Christ that constitutes the glory of his Gospel, and gives it the chief promise of success. That pledge,—"Lo, I am with you always," rightly interpreted, is the highest guaranty that his word shall not return void, nor his servants speak it in feebleness. It gives the speaker new authority and fervor, and it makes the hearer realize that he is listening to no common message. Christ's ministry was not simply the proclamation of a system, nor the founding of a new religious party; it was chiefly meant to bring a new vitality to the world. He did more than to make our planet a visit, show his own condescension and assert the forgotten dignity of men. He comes to dwell in humanity, and build up successive generations of souls into heavenly majesty and beauty.

The manifestations of God which marked the earlier history of the world are not to be set down as exceptional developments and expressions of his interest in the human race. The old miracles are not the only symbols of the Father's heart. All the centuries are his children; each generation draws largely and freshly on his sympathy. If he brooded over the cradle of the race, he does not forget its youth nor leave its manhood unattended. The interests of our world grow constantly more numerous and more valuable. As its forces increase and become more operative, so must he follow them in their work with a deepening interest. The world's life of to-day stands related to its earlier life as the oak is related to the acorn, as the flower to the bud, as the fruit to the germ. The human race is a constantly growing element in the sum of being, and God's interest is always measured by the moral power of any existence. That is evident.

Men, calling themselves philosophers, often object to the idea that God is operating in the world in any effective way, on the ground that he is restrained by law. As though methods must exist at the expense of souls! As though God would frame statutes that shut him away from the home, and cut off his most needed ministries from the hearts of his children! As though laws were not instituted with a full knowledge of all the ends to which they stand related! As though they were fashioned for any other purpose than to be channels through which his grace might be poured, in the largest streams and with the highest certainty, into the heart! As though any law of God were anything else than a guaranty to faith that the gift of to-day should be repeated to-morrow. As though it were anything else than a picture of his beneficence, all written over with the sentence, —"The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever!"

The withdrawal of Christ's humanity from the earth is no index of loss. It does not denote the perishing of divine sympathy, — it rather suggests its enlargement and diffusion. The human channel could no longer hold the broad stream, as the banks of the Nile can not enclose nor restrain the liquid fruitfulness which comes pouring down when the spring rains have given their baptism to the mountains. It was expedient that he go away; for only thus could the great Comforter and Inspirer find his way to all hearts without hindrance. Allied with a human body, God's grace must be largely limited in its operations by conditions. If Christ's human lips must distil wisdom, it could fall only when his lips were opening. If the touch of his finger or the glance of his eye must give healing vigor or communicate hope, the distant sufferers must pine on without relief from weakness or despair. While Capernaum brings out her diseased ones, and Gadara is cured of possessions, and Nain and Bethany welcome life back from the sepulchre, Jerusalem finds no cure for her leprosy, Hebron sits solitary, and Bethlehem stretches forth her arms in vain. While the lost sheep of the house of Israel are sought out and brought home with rejoicing on the shoulders of the Great Shepherd, wolves are devouring the flocks now broken loose from the folds of the Gentiles. Christ's bodily life is the alabaster box which holds the sacred ointment; — it must be broken before its odor fills the house of humanity. The incense must find egress from the censer before the fragrance can diffuse itself at once through all the temple of life. The flood of glory which came at Pentecost would have been only another shower, such as fell at Nazareth and Sychar, had not the cloud found room for expansion till it filled the whole heaven. The light set now in the firmament, and "lighting every man that cometh into the world," would have been only a changing star, like that which guided the Magi, had not the obscured splendor culminated and formed the Sun of Righteousness. The human Jesus walked among men to show how thoroughly God may come in contact with the soul and with common life; having done this, he threw off the finite limitations that the Infinite Presence might brood at once and forever over all the world of spirit.

Jesus, then, is the giver of a new and divine life to men. All real spiritual vitality comes of his influence and quickening. It commences with an infusion of energy from him. It continues only while he feeds it from his own exhaustless fountain. The original impulse from him does not suffice to keep us forever in the sacred orbit. He gives as we receive and apply; he feeds only as we consume. We never get beyond the necessity for his ministries. We never acquire a momentum that enables us to dispense with his fresh impulses. Daily we must have the daily bread. The manna gathered yesterday does not answer to-day. We maintain no independent spiritual existence, by virtue of any acquired vigor, or enlarged knowledge, or completer self-mastery, or growing skill. However green the foliage, or beautiful the blossoms, or luxuriant the fruit, which may appear in our life, while preserving our vital connection with the living Vine, we sever ourselves only to find the flowing currents stagnate, the foliage wither, the blossoms perish, the half-matured fruit fall. Keeping up this union with him, the sphere of life enlarges, the play of its forces is freer, the experience is enriched, the vitality becomes intenser, the working energy multiplies, the interior friction grows less, the powers combine harmoniously and work with new singleness, and the results of this intensified and normal life are larger as well as better. Out of this statement of the truth contained in the figure of the Vine, there spring many thoughts which show the significant bearings of the lesson, exhibit it as a practical sentiment, and enforce its applications. Of these let us consider a few.

1. It exalts Christ to a divine rank and assigns him a divine ministry.

He can be no finite teacher, no delegated personage, no dependent being, who is authorized to speak such words as these: "Abide in me, for so only can you have life. I alone can vitalize your spirits, can keep your souls from stagnation, can fill you with energy, and crown your work with success. I am the fountain; drink and live. I yield nutriment; feed on it and grow. I supply energy; receive it and be strong. Cut off from me you perish, let whoever will, bring guardianship or apply culture. Without me ye can do nothing. With my inspiration no human task shall be undertaken in vain. Prompted by my impulses, ye shall ask what ye will, and the petition shall have its answer, — struggle for any goal and it shall be within reach." Make now all proper allowance for eastern metaphor, and there still remains in these words a fullness of meaning, and they denote the calm, quiet consciousness of resource, authority and power, that makes them the outburst of an insufferable egotism, or bold with terrific blasphemy if they are not from Him who is the beginning and end, all in all.

2. These words set aside all theories of human redemption based on self-culture, or the education of society.

The philosophy of development is utterly ignored in this statement of the source and the quality of all real spiritual life and Christian character, and which explains every thing by reference to a new and higher agency. These two theories of the Christian life divide the world. One set of teachers tell us that true religion is proper self-regulation; that repentance is breaking off bad habits; that forgiveness of sin is the overcoming of passion and a growth out of the reach of evil forces; that faith is adherence to principle; that prayer is a stimulus applied to the sensibility in the form of devout words; that the peace of God is the harmony of a well-balanced soul; that true worship is a wise industry; that God's gift of strength is a will grown resolute by exercise; that succor in temptation is the repulsion felt by an improved moral taste; that the "well-done" of Heaven is the reasonable self-satisfaction which our heroic work has brought us; and that salvation comes only from an out-growing of our inherited weaknesses.

There is indeed a partial truth wrapped up in these methods of representation. They imply a fact; — they show that there is a human side to Christian experience; that a Christian life is more intense in its activity than any other. But these words of Christ give another account of the change wrought by religion in the human soul; — they make these high activities chiefly the expression and result of his ministry within us. They show that the heart is quick because life has been poured into it from above. It is penitent because its sin is shown it as a defiance of God's law and a blow at Christ's love. It has peace because the broken law's sentence of condemnation is withdrawn. It hopes through its clinging to the divine promise. It is strong through the incoming of heavenly power. It loves because the Redeemer stands before it transfigured into the beauty of excellence. Its gratitude is kept active by the perpetual coming of great and undeserved gifts. It looks for victories only under the leadership of Him who, in conquering all foes for himself, comes to conquer them again in and through each of his children. Not by mechanical processes, but by vital, does Christ propose to make human nature a divine temple, and the earthly life a type of heavenly experience. Not by curtailing this power and enlarging that; not by pruning here and stimulating there; not by perpetually crowding the nature into some ideal mould, to bring and keep it into comeliness and harmony of parts, would Christ teach us to fashion the soul for him. Rather, he instructs us that we must take from him the living force that works in the center of our nature, elaborating the elements of spiritual nutrition, and distributing them with superhuman skill to the very extremities of our being. He must pour light into the understanding, make conscience quick to see and prompt to impel, arouse sluggish affections, ennoble aim, fortify purpose, sustain faith, preserve patience, keep effort consecrated and vigorous. Into the arctic winter of the soul he must breathe summer airs; and on the barren soil of the heart he must pour enriching influences, as the annual floods of the Nile change desert Egypt into gardens. Thus, and thus only, according to Christ, does the soul truly live; thus only does experience rise up to its great heights of privilege; thus only does effort bear the weighty sheaves on its shoulders at whose approach heavenly voices join in shouting "harvest home."

3. This view of Christian life is reasonable and necessary; — that is, it is easily sustained by philosophy, illustrated by numerous analogies, called for by all profound experience, and exalted in its results.

Whenever life becomes really ennobled, it is by the infusion of new forces from without. A soul that gravitates downward through its own weight, must rise, if it rise at all, because an upward impulse has overcome the nether attraction, or a superior magnetism is lifting it heavenward. All effort at self-redemption, which excludes help from without, is like a struggle to raise one's self by lifting at his own feet. And the merely human helpers that stand on the same plane can only push the ambitious soul as high as their own shoulders. The truly ascending spirit must rise by the aid of stronger and diviner hands. The soul's life is in union with God; whatever aims at or reaches less than this, leaves the great work undone and the great want unmet.

And in those deeper experiences of the heart, when its fountains are broken up, and the floods go careering over it,— sweeping away the monuments of its power and laying all its earthly hopes waste, nothing can content or relieve it but a real God at hand. When the plans of life succeed, when each new morning dawns upon a fresh joy, when heaven smiles in the look of the sun and drops benedictions from all the stars, when calamities are kept at bay, and lips distill compliments, and honors accumulate upon us,— then we talk, perhaps, of the beneficence of natural order, and glorify law, and praise human skill, and boast over our foresight, and feel we have no great need that God should come near us. But when great perils impend, and our wisest plans are thwarted, and our possessions drop away from us, and loving lips are dumb, and trusted hearts grow treacherous, and the order of nature is like a massive chariot with scythes hung at its axles cutting down our treasures as it rushes by; — when all surrounding forces are laying life desolate without apparent compunction or emotion,— blind to our tears, and deaf to all our wailing,— then the blasted and quivering soul cries out for a heart and yearns for a bosom on which the aching temples may find a soothing.

And especially when the heart reproaches itself for its sin; when the Law thunders condemnation;

when the soul wakes to find itself guilty, desolate and astray; when it feels that retribution is on its track and the earth has no refuge for it; when the passions wake and ply all their enginery as if to take conscience by storm; when temptation comes every hour with a fresher and larger bribe; when the public virtue falls away, and the integrity of trusted men fails them; when the retrospect of a wretched life sickens the dying transgressor, and a miserable legal obedience seems only a tattered garment falling away from a selfish soul; — then what but the prompt mercy of a personal and Infinite Redeemer can avail? Will you talk to such a spirit of magnetizing itself, when its very limbs are torpid? Will you point its fears to Law, when Law is only Mt. Sinai quaking with thunders? Will you bid it submit like a stoical philosopher, when its deepest and strongest instincts are leaping to find deliverance? Will you offer it a subtle and icy philosophy, when it pleads for a simple word of love and the uplifting strength of a Father's arm? None of these things can satisfy; they only mock at its necessities, and reproach while they profess to help. One word only can bring peace and impart satisfaction; — and that is the sentence of the last Jewish prophet,— "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" And then, while the hearer looks and listens, He himself draws near to say,— "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Lo, I am with you always."

The character, too, which grows up under the tuition of faith, and matures in the sunshine of this conscious presence of Christ, is better as well as surer. The spirit of an amiable woman is beautiful; the integrity of a strong man is impressive; a mother, walking affectionately and queenly among her children, is a scene for an artist's skill; and the heroism of a great patriot is wrought into an epic whose grand music goes sounding down the ages. But if the amiable woman lack heavenly love, her grace may be only inherited taste or fashionable etiquette; and if the strong man's integrity wants the basis of religious conviction, it may go crashing down beneath the next fierce pressure. The mother's royal robes drop from her when we perceive that her home is prayerless, and her children are taught no trust in a Heavenly Parent; and the patriot keeps but half our reverence when we know that his death was no token of fidelity to God. A punctilious legality is far below an obedient love; a constrained propriety is not half so welcome as a tear that proclaims the thorough repentance of a prodigal. Tithes of mint and anise and cummin are less than one deep gush of affection, making the heart run over toward a personal Christ. The Magdalen's box of ointment was worth a thousand times more than the Pharisee's anxiety for the moral reputation of his house; and Thomas's "My Lord and my God," mounts in its character far above all his prudent questioning lest he should be persuaded too soon into the belief that his Master had fulfilled the prophecy of his resurrection. From the humility of a broken heart, there springs up the highest nobility of goodness, as the *Gloria in Excelsis* is never so magnificent as when it bursts up from the orchestra just now wailing out the *Miserere*. The virtue that comes of self-culture and the regulation of the passions may have symmetry and beauty; — that which flows out from the inspiration given to the soul by Christ has warmth and life and motion. One is like the statue of the *Venus de Medici*, standing century after century in the Florentine gallery to challenge admiration; the other is seen in such daily ministries as those of Florence Nightingale among the wounded soldiers of the Crimea, ambitious only to soothe suffering, and finding her highest reward in the smile of peace which answered her effort when she pointed the dimmed eyes of the dying to Calvary.

4. The practical acceptance of this sentiment is the highest guaranty of a sound theology.

Theology begins its method wrongly when this idea of God's direct and constant contact with the human soul is not laid at its basis. Religion has no vitality, and so no valuable truth, when this is denied or ignored. It is only a set of dry dogmas, — a skeleton system, without nerves or blood, and in which all the muscles are either shrunken or ossified. He who, on the other hand, commences his system of doctrine by putting this great thought into the centre as the nucleus around which all other truths are to be arranged in their order, is not likely to go widely astray. Such a man has one of the highest qualifications for the study of religious truth, — that is, a heart quick with affection, reverential with wondering gratitude, and teachable in its simple trust. Such a spirit as this wins its way where philosophy is bewildered, and sees the morning kindle while irreverent science is searching vainly for a star. Where speculation stumbles, love interprets; and many a text of Scripture or a hard sentence of Providence that defies investigation, gives up its meaning to prayer. For God has "hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes."

Besides, he who accepts this perpetual presence and grace of Christ, as the end and significance of all religious doctrine, will have a special reason for loving, and longing for, the truth. To him each truth will seem a cup with which this living water is to be dipped from the fountain and carried to the spiritual lips; and so the more clearly the truth is seen, the more readily can it be used; — the more full our apprehension of it may be, the larger is the quantity which it holds. As souls seek for the water of life, so will they prize the channels offered by truth along which the tide may pour. True doctrine is an unfailing aqueduct; false sentiment is a broken cistern; it is the thirsty spirit, coming often to drink, that will soonest distrust the shattered vessel.

And by this test the relative importance of errors is to be determined. The worst heresies, — those that most need hunting down, — are those that cut off the soul from the divine fountain, that palsy its spiritual faculties, that make its higher life stagnate, that cheat its pulses of vigor, that take God away from its consciousness, that beget a false independence, that drive the spirit out of its appointed orbit, and leave it to moral orphanage. Whether these errors be of those put under ban, or of those that keep orthodox company, they work the chief disasters in the theology of the world. And that is the divinest sentiment which most abounds in nutritious juices; that feeds the soul without killing its hunger, that allows God all majesty and yet brings him closest the heart, that enables us to whisper our prayers into his very ear, to behold him putting his seal on every task, to realize that he touches the soul at every point, and so makes all life the outgrowth of his influence, and all work to be done as under our great Taskmaster's eye. That theology is the soundest which, year after year, in many times and lands, on many classes of souls, brings such attestations, stimulates such forces, and matures such fruit. The heterodoxy that vitalizes is truer than the orthodoxy that benumbs.

5. The hearty reception of this sentiment will give to the soul courage and to effort effective power.

He who knows most of the world has usually least faith in its redemption; they who carry with them most of this sacred vitality are most effectively pressing it on toward its true goal. Peter and John could promise nothing of themselves to the crippled beggar at the gate beautiful; but, holding at their control the forces of Christ, they could make him leap with a word. And he who goes abroad in the strength of the Lord God, may calmly look all dangers in the face and yet be full of resolution; may measure the barriers that oppose him and yet look for them to melt away like walls of mist when smitten by the wings of the morning. It matters not much how weak human things may be, if God has really selected them to confound the mighty, nor how simple the instrument if it is Heaven's chosen weapon for the overthrow of men's wisdom. God in us, is the adequate explanation of every achievement, and a sufficient justification of the highest prophecies of the sacred word.

There is hope of bad men, too, if God's quickening may be counted on when our most rousing words bring out no symptoms of life. The dead in trespasses and sins may live, if He will pour vital currents into their stagnant souls. The "old man" may give way to the forces of the "new creature," if his warm breath may quicken into summer growth the seeds of grace till now buried and unwakened. It is no longer a marvel that the chief of sinners may be saved, and that possessed men may sit clothed in their right minds.

Here, too, is the proof of the human soul's nobility. Not all the history of Bethlehem had enriched that town so much as the brief sleep of the infant Messiah in the manger of one of its inns. The glory of Solomon's temple was not in its magnitude nor its splendor. The Shekinah above the mercy seat was its crowning characteristic. The glory of man is not his splendid intellect, nor his skill which puts even his weakness into the place of mastery, nor his great achievements of which history is the monument. The dwelling of divine forces in him is the strongest assertion of his greatness. The weakest and most defiled soul is a majestic thing when the Creator's spirit chooses it for a temple. Carlyle voiced his sentimental pantheism when he said, "He touches divinity who lays his finger on a human body;" it is plain, Christian truth which tells us that he who unlocks a human soul to the Gospel builds Jehovah another sanctuary on earth. No man is mean who carries such a nature; no effort wants dignity which would transfuse such a nature with the life of God.

So, too, this sentiment will help us rightly to interpret success. Our learning may astonish, our taste purchase compliments, our genius startle, our gifts win homage, our logic silence opposition, our eloquence magnetize, our pathos start tears, our imagination throw splendid hues over the homeliest things and thoughts, our fame attract crowds; and yet, if men are not made to feel the beating of God's heart in theirs, and their souls are not quickened with the consciousness of his inspiration, we have only displayed a skillful jugglery where we were set to distribute life. Pretending to inspire souls, and to feed them with the bread of life, we have only pampered taste and amused the fancy,— deepening all the while the guilty slumbers we should have broken.

6. There is special need of making this sentiment real and primary now.

Our general life is eminently outward and fearfully intense. The gains we chiefly prize are those that can be turned into cash without much discount or delay. We spend our chief force upon matter. Strength of muscle, cunning of brain, and subdual of natural powers to the service of the body,—we hold these up as symbols of our civilization and indices to our boasted progress. Physical science is jostled by eager devotees everywhere, who tease her for commissions or boast of miracles in her name. The cry of the restless soul is answered by an offer of new luxuries to the palate, or the display of art that shall feed the taste and so turn off the eye from the inward barrenness. Men change the desert into fruitful fields, and so forget to ask Heaven for daily bread. They play with the lightnings, and so lose their sense of dependence on the divine protection. They balance one selfish interest against another and call it peace. They play off counter passions upon each other in the game of life so skillfully that they forget that God only can preserve the whole mechanism of society from confusion. Charged with nervous power, men swing backward and forward without cessation, like electrical balls, — attracting and repelling, striking and rebounding,—and this they call life; while the music which comes of the collision is described as the "March of Progress." We work deep, but think on the surface; we stimulate invention, but mesmerize the heart; we plan much, but pray little; pet the body, but plague the soul; multiply resources for this world, but lay up little treasure in the other; put new honors constantly upon men, but lay down small homage at the feet of God.

That is one vicious element, and defective feature of life. Another is our exaltation of human interests above God's authority. The sneers at the Higher Law, in which so many public men have heretofore allowed themselves to indulge, show us pride gone mad, and self-worship which has become at length practical atheism. It is perverting the public conscience, turning faith into mere sentiment, and robbing religion of all vigor; and is paving the way to the very worst civil anarchy, and converting legislation into a game of skill.

The cure for all this is obvious. The consciousness of God in the heart of society, the perpetual conviction that his Spirit is interpenetrating our life, and will let no injustice nor crime pass without notice or challenge or discipline,—this alone can call men back to reflection; teach them dependence and submission, and render life loyal and noble. We want intelligence, without doubt, but still more we want that vitality of conscience which God imparts by his contact with souls. Our discoveries, our enterprise, our achievements, our increasing power over matter, and our developing national forces, may be welcomed with gratitude; but even these fail of their highest service till we have learned to use them all under the direction of Him whom we recognize as Lawgiver and Lord.

Nor does this vital union with Christ imply or promote a dreamy sentimentalism, which thrives in the cloister but wilts in the sun. It does not show itself chiefly in rhapsodies, and perish the moment hard work is to be done. It is not a mere stimulant of imagination, while it palsies muscle and takes the vigor from volition. Rather it is the opposite of this. Its legitimate and richest products are stalwart men,— keen of eye, prompt in duty, unflinching in courage, skillful in work. This spiritual force of God is specially wanted that it may fill the whole domain of life. This vital power, truly within us, comes out everywhere; — there is no task, however humble, but it ennobles and hallows. On the high places of eminence and in the commonest walks; in homes as well as in sanctuaries; in places of merchandise as well as in closets,— this sacred influence works and appears. "To be spiritually minded is life. Every rising up of pure aspiration; every clinging to principle in the hour when the tempter is nearest; every choice of abstract right above politic selfishness; every putting down of sensual passion with reverential prayer; every preference of a truth which inherits a cross, over the lie that flatters with a promise of prosperity,— is a palpable motion of God's life within the soul." Indeed, the highest developments of this divine force we have yet seen or shall see, appear in common life, when the daily work of men and women all about us is undertaken with prayer, continued with true and patient heroism, hallowed as though it were a holy sacrifice, and ended with a hymn of thanksgiving. And some of the grandest achievements which the Gospel is set to reach, will be seen only when our secular pursuits shall be animated by a Christian temper, and our week-day work shall be holy like our Sabbath worship. No higher tokens of God's presence among men can be witnessed than will appear when labor and capital shall confide in each other, because both shall cultivate honor and cherish sympathy; when trade shall be both just and generous; when commerce shall be beneficent by intention; when politics shall be animated by a conscience; when law shall echo the divine statutes; when statesmanship shall imply patriotism and philanthropy; when schools shall produce manhood, and honors be ordered by a wise and efficient love. Over such a human state as that, the great voice would be heard again in heaven,—not as before ringing out a prophecy, but at length announcing a fact,—"Behold the tabernacle of God is with men."

Here, then, is the force by which your chosen sphere is to be distinguished and your waiting work carried to completion. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." The warning is significant; the assurance inspiring. As an instrument, your attainments and gifts may work mightily in concentrating and then diffusing the heavenly light and life; make them your dependence, and they will utterly fail. Though your speech be golden as Chrysostom's, it will be wasted treasure; though you reproduce the learning of Erasmus, your eye will be blessed by no new-springing verdure; carry to your pulpits the dialectics, the philosophical skill of Edwards, no agonized souls will be moved to put their sliding feet upon the Rock of Ages.

Preach faithfully and prayerfully this word whose sentences hold this life of God, as the clouds carry the vitality of the garden and the forest. Teach men its history; utter its statutes for their warning; paint their future with the colors of its prophecy; sing its psalms into their souls; and rest not until they have found Him who is its central glory and whose life in us is our only redemption.

III.

CHRISTIANITY: OUR HELP AND HOPE.*

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4: 12.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us. 2 Cor. 5: 13.

The great problem presenting itself to every sincere and thoughtful man, may be thus stated: — Given: A race of beings selfish and sinful by tendency and habit, acting for thousands of years. Required: The available moral force requisite to redeem and purify it.

---

*Preached at the session of the N. H. Yearly Meeting, on the occasion of the dedication of a house of worship at New Hampton, June, 1854.

Over this problem, ingenuity, benevolence and conscious necessity have toiled long and earnestly, without reaping any satisfactory or very valuable results. They have constantly varied the process, but missed the solution.

If help is to come to the race, from what source shall it emanate? Will it be a force springing up among the sufferers, or a minister of power coming from abroad? Are the lost to work out salvation for themselves, or to expect a deliverance from afar? The text furnishes a reply. The first passage declares the futility of all merely human expedients; the second shows the means and method of the divine work. Peter shuts us in a prison, whose bars our weak arms can not break nor tear down; Paul shows a heavenly messenger, at whose touch the ponderous gates swing back, and we leap to the vigorous life of freedom.

Let us, following the method of the text, look at some of the chief natural forces at work in society, which are often confided in as sources of hope and help; measure their moral power, and study their bearing on the redemption of the world. There is,

I. SELF-INTEREST.

In its behalf it is said,

First, That an effort to purify others, guards ourselves most securely against their vices. We render all our interests the more secure in proportion as we teach justice and integrity to others. A child, reckless and maddened, may imperil a city; discipline hearts till their passions are quieted, and the feeblest citizen walks at midnight without harm or fear through a multitude of brawny men. Self-interest, therefore, will prompt the giving of time and effort and money to the work of purifying those from whose vices it has everything to fear; for their integrity is its only security. It is said,

Secondly, That this effort for their welfare will attach them to us by ties of gratitude and sympathy, make them our fast practical friends, who will directly lend us their aid, and become our benefactors when, perchance, they hold the resources and we are the dependents. It is added,

Thirdly, That, as our social state has so much to do with our gratification and welfare, to improve that social state by promoting the virtue of those about us, is to make the most effectual, abundant and secure provision for ourselves. Few men will consent to make a home in the midst of a vicious neighborhood, and have only the companionship of those who live by preying on the rights of others; while purely worldly men, for the sake of a promised social harmony and fellowship, have often cheerfully put the hard earnings of years into the treasury of a Fourierite community.

In all these forms, it is said, self-interest is prompted to toil for the moral purification of the vicious; that the reasons for such toil are strong, conclusive, and constantly pressing; that these considerations must in time become influential and controlling; that thus the better and more favored in society will become benefactors to the weak, lifting up the depressed and elevating themselves in the same effort; and that in this way the world will ascend to redemption.

This is specious and plausible, but is it trustworthy? To the whole argument, I reply,

1. Admitting the justness of the reasoning, self-interest is not wise enough to originate that view, or feel its full force when presented.

It is the nature of self-interest to be short sighted. It is not wont to seek gratification in the fields of philanthropy. The toils of benevolence are distasteful to it. Its plans are not thus broad, and its chosen means are not wont to be thus highly rational. Self-interest, because it *is* self-interest, is strongly averse to moral considerations, — to turn philanthropist would be to abandon its own character. The steady aim at self-aggrandizement, and the continual effort to purify others, are incompatible. The very argument stated above, in behalf of self-interest, was suggested,—was first constructed and taught, — by genuine benevolence. It is real philanthropy alone that learns how beneficent toil brings back its own reward. Go and present that argument to a thoroughly selfish man, — one who lives and labors only for himself, — and see how much confidence you can awaken in it, and with how much readiness he will spring to the work of moral reform. Bring the poor outcasts up to his door, whose restless eyes flash with passion, and whose faces are all written over with the inscriptions of crime, and observe with how much readiness he hastens to feed, and clothe, and instruct them in duty. Show him the wretch who only last night entered his store and robbed his till of a hundred dollars, and who threatens now to burn his dwelling; then tell him that, if he will convert the offender, his property will be safer, and his prosperity receive a new guarantee; see if his selfish arms will open, and his selfish heart throb with anxiety for his redemption. No! He will only knit his brows with vengeance, as he looks on his assailant, and he will bid you stop your mocking speech. The language of philanthropy falls on the ear of self-interest like the dialect of a barbarian.

2. But suppose the reasoning could be apprehended, and its force felt, there is still another difficulty. *The motive is altogether too weak.* It is no slight task to redeem a sensual soul, and turn the energies of life into a new and virtuous channel. The tax which such a service lays upon the patience, the forbearance, the charity and the faith of the toiler, is very large. The work is not done by a single wish, or purpose, or effort. The vicious characters which breathe a pestilence, and which prey on society, are not made white and clean by one ablution, nor transformed into models of virtue by one attempt to exorcise the evil spirit. The sea of their boiling passions is not calmed for-

ever by one cry of "Peace, be still!" Your words of sympathy may be answered by the sneer of suspicion, your offer of help be met by a threatening scowl or a menancing gesture, your highest sacrifices be so interpreted as to be used for your calumniation, your miracles of love may awaken the charge of being leagued with Beelzebub, and for the generous offer to lay down your life for them, you may be rewarded by a crown of mockery and a malefactor's cross. Surely, that is not impossible, — nay, not wholly improbable. This is only an outline of his history who was the wisest and divinest of all philanthropists; and He has said, "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master." Do you say that the Master has conquered, that eighteen centuries of triumph have walked over the path of his thirty years' humiliation? I know it; but will *your* zeal and patience and faith and self-devotion — inspired as they are to be only by self-interest — will *they* hold out during thirty years of humiliation and contempt? Nay, great as Jesus was, in sagacity, and power, and prophetic insight, do you believe He would have possessed his soul in patience, if self-aggrandizement had been his only impulse? It is the yearning heart that weeps over doomed Jerusalem, the appreciation of the god-like capacities and measureless worth of the souls for which he toiled, — it is this, and only this, that explains his endurance, and brings him off with the victory.

Where has self-interest turned moral deserts into blossoming gardens of virtue? Where are the possessed ones, whom it has rescued from the "Legion" of adversaries, and presented "clothed and in their right minds?" It has not been wanting in opportunities; it has heard a hundred times the argument for effort; but where are the trophies?

3. But supposing self-interest could both feel the claim and exercise the patience necessary to keep itself diligently at work; there is a third difficulty in the way of its success, more formidable still. It is found in the *character* of the agency which employs itself in the work. It is selfishness that prompts and sustains the effort. Self-aggrandizement is the end, and, being such, it must give form and color to all the effort put forth to compass it. There is no genuine regard for the welfare of the depressed ones; they are sought to be elevated only that they may be used as stepping stones, by the aid of which the toiler may climb to a loftier position. Their virtue is thought of only as so much material, out of which some gain may be wrought for himself. This is the spirit in which the laborer goes forth to work.

Now it is just that selfish spirit that constitutes the curse of humanity, and explains all the debasement of character of which the race struggles to rid itself. Sin consists in selfishness; its removal will be effected only when love shall take the seat of empire. Self-interest has been schooling the world for sixty centuries, and its success has been the measure of human guilt and woe. The wider the range you give to human selfishness, the more hopelessly you bind the race in fetters. The more calculating you make it, the greater is its power, and the less conscience is connected with its rule. Only as you eradicate selfishness, and enthrone piety and philanthropy and justice, have you done anything for human improvement. Men's vices may be transposed, but they are vices still; they may be gilded so that they shall be less hideous to the superficial eye, but the corruption festers beneath the surface, as the putridity lay within the garnished sepulchres of the prophets. Remove the disease by prescribing the very thing which created it? It is trusting to Satan to cast out Satan; sending a traitor to teach loyalty; employing an ambitious chieftain to negotiate a peace; commissioning Judas Iscariot as an apostle of self-devotion. No! That will never do. And the poor sick world looks up sadly and repeats, "*Never*!" We must do better than that.

Let us look at another force. This is,

II. — THE DISCIPLINE OF EXPERIENCE AND EXAMPLE.

Here is the plea in its behalf: —

Suffering, or punishment, is less penal than instructive and reformatory. Wrong doing has always sad consequences, grievous to bear; while right doing gives a heritage of blessing. In process of time, men will learn that sin only curses, and hence be deterred from its commission. The ruin wrought upon others will prove a beacon which time will cause them to heed. They will learn that justice and joy, purity and peace, are in wedlock, to be divorced by no human alchemy; and so they will practice the duties that they may gather up the rewards. And thus, gradually, will the race be disciplined to righteousness in its work, and rest in the quietness of its own virtuous self-satisfaction.

To this it must be replied,

1. The experience comes *after* the sin; we are not told of our danger till we are in its jaws and they are fiercely closing upon us; we are acted on by the wrong tendency before being aware that it *is* wrong. The instruction may come, but not, perhaps, till we are cursed by the false step beyond the hope of recovery.

A child may burn its hand, and so be taught that coals are perilous playthings; but in the experience which teaches that fact, he may be maimed for life. And the soul may be scorched as well as the body.

Sentence against an evil work is not always executed speedily, and so crime may become such a habit while we are pocketing its temporary advantages, that, when judgment overtakes us, fines and prison walls fail to cure; or a halter is about our neck before obstinacy gives way to penitence. So the spiritual iniquities may be sweet in the eating, and when they suddenly turn to bitterness in the belly, the imperious moral appetite may still clamor for the accustomed indulgence; or the impartial Judge may stand at the door all ready with his sentence.

The warning was needed over the doorway; but it came only when the poor soul was being borne headlong to ruin, and at a point where few exercise the decision which stops them, or the heroism which brings them back.

2. Each flatters himself that, however others fall, he shall escape. Men are self-confident, and the weak not less so than the stronger. They attribute some imbecility to those who fall, whose absence guarantees *them* a firmer standing. The peril is less operative than the pride and the curiosity. "Do n't go to the theatre," besought a mother of her daughter, and sustained the appeal with her tears. "Why not, mother?" "Because, my dear, it is a perilous exposure of one's virtuous principles. I have been there, and seen and felt the dangers." "*Well, I shall be careful; but I want to go and see them, too.*" That brief colloquy reveals the whole philosophy on this subject. So little heeded is the warning of example. Each commends the lesson to others, but denies that it is needful for himself. Every drinker of champagne resolves not to be a drunkard; and though nine-tenths fall, each successor trusts his purpose none the less.

3. Another defect in this force is, that there is no model experience and example which can show the goal and attract to it. Our own experience is full of dissatisfaction and self-reproach; and the examples of life about us are impressive chiefly by their defects. (I am speaking of life where *only* these natural forces are at work.) Or, if it be insisted that some philosophical Socrates reveals such an example, the masses pronounce it impracticable

for themselves, declaring that even the theory of life on which it rests is above their comprehension. As a result, it lacks power over them; and because it lacks power over them, the philosopher himself loses faith in it, becomes disheartened, and is likely to sink to the popular level. Why should he walk among the clouds and starve forgotten, when his fellows will not look up at his call, except in derision? He will go down among them, and learn to check his ambition.

No! The true experience and the moulding example are wanting. We feel wrong; but do not reach the right. We meet much to condemn; but we want something to reverence and imitate. Education has its positive as well as its negative side. Prohibition is not more important than precept. Discipline means to plant and train virtues, as well as to eradicate vices. Our teachers must develop as well as repress. We want something more than fiends to frighten us from paths we ought not to enter; there is need of blessed angels to beckon us up the celestial highways. We want not only to be disgusted with the caricature of a man; a complete specimen of our species needs to be ever before our eyes, to teach us our capacities, to show the culture we require, to win us to the work of copying.

4. Such discipline will corrupt tenfold more than it cures. The Spartans were mistaken when they made some condemned criminal drunk, and sent him staggering through the streets as a warn-

ing to their youth — I say they were mistaken when they supposed the vicious example was corrective. It was the public sentiment of Sparta which greeted the sot with the hiss of derision, that taught temperance and sobriety. Let the gravest and most renowned men of that city have made themselves just as drunk, when they marched up to their civil assemblies or their temples of religion, and every Spartan lad would have begged for a sip from his sire's mug of alcohol. Is an experience of sin and an example of vice to teach virtue to the race; the more bitter the experience and the more corrupt the example, the more rapidly and successfully will the needful work of discipline go on? Is this so? Then Bibles should give place to the "Age of Reason," and the outrages of violence are better than the restraints of wholesome law; then Napoleon is to be preferred to Howard, and a carnival at Paris is more valuable than a Sabbath of New England.

Let us turn to the next of these natural forces. This is

III. Civil Government.

1. Civil government is only a human product,— an *instrument* in the hands of men for *applying* their possessed power. I am not touching, now, the question whether government is of divine origin and appointment. We should not probably differ on that point. I am simply saying that only human forces are employed in the administration of government; and hence the power represented or exercised by government can never be greater than the

combined power of the men who are allied with it. Government is not power; it is only the instrument employed by men for the better application of their power; for theocracies are past.

Now the fact is, that the defect may not be in the instrument, but in those who use it; and that is just where the defect lies in this case. Men want the moral power which can secure their redemption; that is just the lack; there is too little moral influence in society,—this is the radical evil under which we are suffering. They have too little force for the result; and so no matter how they may perfect the means of using their force, the means will reveal no more than they possess. If a ten feet fall of water will not drive a given amount of machinery, it is useless to seek the result by building a better dam. If a horse can draw but a ton, it is folly to hope he will walk off with a ton and a half by giving him a pair of new traces. And society, too feeble to rise to redemption, will not accomplish it by struggling through the avenue of government. But,

2. Government expresses and employs only the *average* moral virtue and force of the community, if it be popular; only the moral virtue and force of the autocrat, if it be imperial. In the formation of all popular governments there is a compromise, either expressed or implied. The most vicious will not consent to have legislation expressive of as high morality as the most virtuous exercise and desire, and *vice versa*. The result is, both make a

concession, and form a government which is morally below the purest, and above the vilest. The best men are defective enough; they feel that the race must rise far above themselves to find redemption; but, in point of morality, the government standard is far beneath them, and so it will, nay, must be. Does that look as though this force were to turn the world speedily into an Eden? — As to an absolute monarchy, little need be said. The holding of such power is itself a vice; and if it were not, it would almost certainly corrupt the purest of men to exercise it; or if its exercise could be necessary, that would imply a debasement in the people which always suggests barbarism. In 1854, the best specimen of autocracy we can exhibit, is Nicholas the Czar and vassal Russia.

There is yet one other force to be inspected. This, as it is sometimes termed, is,

IV. THE PROGRESSIVE DESTINY OF MIND.

Progress is said to be the law of the universe. Gradual development is the process obtaining everywhere. The germ, the stalk, the flower and the fruit,—these are the steps by which life climbs to perfection. So man is gradually ascending. He begins in ignorance and necessity, comes slowly up through barbarism; practice makes his hand cunning, experience sharpens his intellect, his conscious supremacy gives him a royal air, his ambition to improve leads to the subduing of the forces about him, his awaking conscience shows him the law of morality, his growing religious aspirations attach him to God; till, at last, his manhood is complete. And here, it is said, is the hope, rather the certainty, of human redemption.

To this beautiful and imposing theory, it is replied,

1. That it is not warranted by facts. The theory was not reached by careful induction; it was evidently framed by some man made for a sentimental poet, but who mistook his function and aspired to be a philosopher. Throw the influence of Christianity aside, and I do not know of a single people shown us by history, whose path has been one of uniform progress. Nay, there are a multitude of facts that look exactly the other way. Where are the old civilizations, deemed so glorious, and whose broken monuments yet remain to us — the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Grecian, and the Roman? Gone, all gone! Imbecility walks listlessly over the land of the Pharaohs, wondering at the Pyramids, and timid amid the ruins of Thebes. Where Nineveh and Babylon once sat, mistresses of the East, the bittern and the satyr have their lurking places; and the few roving, superstitious descendants of Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus wonder at the exhumed bas-reliefs which symbolize their ancestral greatness. The former splendor of Athens, where Homer sang, and Apelles painted, and Aristotle philosophized, and Demosthenes thundered in the Forum, seems like a fabulous story to the modern traveller, who wanders among its ruins. Rome, after having pulled down and set up as she would,

herself fell in pieces, and was buried beneath the northern avalanche. The great mental masters of those times and lands have given place to an effeminate and sparse posterity, who are hardly able to read their fathers' epitaphs. Does that look like progressive destiny?

Here is another fact. The literature of every people, whether traditional or written, enshrines the history of an early golden age, when the gods talked with men, and human nature towered up under the discipline until itself grew divine. Each nation glorifies its infancy, and kindles into rapture while it celebrates its early purity and power. Has that fact no meaning? Does it justify the theory of perpetual progression; or is it an echo of that divine testimony coming up from the first pages of the Bible, and repeated all along the ages,—"God created man upright; but they have sought out many inventions"? And one is anxious to know if the cannibals of the Feejee islands have been progressing steadily for six thousand years, more or less, what must have been their character and condition when they began the work of life; and if, in so long a time they have only reached their present stand-point, how long it will require for them to ascend to a true moral redemption. Alas for them, if that is the highest promise we can give, when they mournfully ask, "Who will show us any good?"

No! steady progress is not the rule; it is not even the exception in human experience, where revelation has been withholden. Left to nature and themselves, no people has made a long and steady march in the upward direction. I do not know of one such people to-day,— not one, even, that is advancing in mental culture and the growth of the arts. Outside of Christendom, if there be any movement, it may be around a circle, it may be off in a tangent, it may be backward; it is not progressive and ascending. Even intellect is asleep, save where the touch of the Gospel has startled it. Indeed, where Christianity found its cradle, climbed to its cross, broke open the door of its sepulchre, and walked royally for centuries, the old temples are rebuilt, the crescent overlooks the Holy Sepulchre, violence lies in wait beside the paths trodden by the Prince of Peace, and the lips of men curl at the name of Jesus. I think there is no wave of destiny which evermore sweeps our race toward the gate of heaven. Progress is normal to us, without doubt; but we are not in the normal state.

2. But suppose it were true that growth in knowledge, science, art and influence, were our destiny. Is piety always in proportion to power? Is strength synonymous with goodness? Are human forces all virtuous forces? We know the answer. The most terrible forces have come to fight virtue, bearing freshly written diplomas in their hands. Intellect and skill are power; but they are often power perverted, pledged wholly to wickedness. Does Milton's picture of Satan, with intellect keen as a sabre and awful like the Alps,

furnish a proof that large mental attainments are always a lever to hoist the sensual world up nearer to God? Give Archimedes a fulcrum, and he will move the earth. Doubtless he will. But in forcing it from its position he may crowd it toward the blackness of darkness, as well as push it up nearer the empyrean. Power may be used to break a demon's chains, as well as give vigor to the sweep of an angel's wing. It is better for a madman or an assassin to be weak like a child, rather than strong like Samson. We would not willingly put thunderbolts into the hands of a man of passion. Till principle find a home in the heart, till duty is felt to be sacred, till love and pity dwell with men, till God be reverenced in the earth, the expansion of intellect and the growth of invention promise us nothing but curses. I will pray that our poor race may rest in an innocent infancy, rather than advance to a reckless maturity. Ours had been a far better world if its Alexanders and Cæsars had always lain in their cradles, and been kissed by grateful lips to happiness and dreams.—No! there is no forced march of humanity that terminates only at the gates of the sky.

All these forces are defective. I have spoken of the specific grounds of their inadequacy. In general terms they fail; because,

1. They can not bring the great *facts* which set forth our state and relations toward God. We need to know our condition. We want a host of questions answered. Why are we here? Whither

do we tend? What is before us? What mean our disquiet, our consciousness of guilt, and our dread of judgment? May we be forgiven, and how? Is there help for our weakness, rest for our spirits, an ample provision for our moral necessities? These questions call for replies, — not the replies of conjecture or credulity, but of wisdom, truth, authority. Till these are answered, and our faith is satisfied, we can not rest; but are tossed on treacherous waves, and trembling before destruction. To these inquiries none of these afore-mentioned sources afford a response. Self-interest, experience, government, progress, — all are forced to be silent, for they have nothing to reply.

2. They set up no definite standard of life which satisfies the heart; they leave duty without exposition; they reveal no distinct goal toward which aspiration and effort may turn and struggle. They leave the purpose aimless, and set human energy to beat the air.

3. They lack the moral motive power requisite to overcome the selfish tendencies of the race, and bend the spirit into the service of God, and dedicate its power to the welfare of men. This is the great lack. Motive power is the chief defect in every system of morality. Men see duty, approve the right, confess its claims; but the selfish nature rebels in practice. And in this fierce struggle, others than Paul have cried out, "O wretched man that I am!" The hard heart needs to be melted, the wayward affections captivated and held by

righteousness. Men whose souls are magazines of passion, want something more than light and conscience; they want a holy magnetism to which the heart joyfully yields itself. And that motive power is wanting to all and each of these forces which offer their ministry to the needy world. They may be strong for other tasks, but how to save the sinking soul they find not.

And these are man's boasted possessions, the sources of his trust, the helpers that stoop over a prostrate nature. It is mockery to offer such things as these to our race. Smitten and afflicted as it is, what can they do for it? It may well turn away as did Job from his friends, saying, with a gesture of impatience and a heart of disappointment, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" Away! Leave me alone to die!

And is our poor race doomed? Must its long cherished hopes die slowly and sadly out? Is its future to be only a repetition of its past? Is it to grope on, waiting vainly for light; to cry out piteously and listen in vain for the footstep of an approaching helper? Look up! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travailing in the greatness of his strength?" Listen to his reply. "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Yes, it is He, — "the Desire of the nations." "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" The Son of God is set forth among us.

How does Christ meet our necessities?

1. He brings the needed truth. He tells us the sad story of our fall, and delineates feature after feature in our corrupted characters; and as he proceeds, memory and consciousness, reason and experience, rise up to proclaim every statement true. With great clearness and authority he shows us the way of salvation. Or, if ever our suspicion is awakened, and doubt diminishes the force of his testimony, he sees the necessity and hastens to meet it. Some sightless beggar opens his eyes at his bidding; leprous men grow pure at a command; Gennesaret sleeps at his fiat; loaves multiply at his touch; Lazarus marches from the tomb at his call; and heaven speaks its approbation in response to his prayer; until all distrust vanishes, and each satisfied soul cries out, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God!" Henceforth the seal is removed from the book of our destiny, the scales fall from the eyes, and the long sought truth streams steadily on the inquiring spirit. "Whereas I was once blind, now I see."

2. He reveals the model character, and so gives definiteness to our aims, a path and a goal for our aspiration and effort.

The question, "What is virtue?" is answered when we look at him. The completeness of manhood is before us, and our critical eye and yearning heart are satisfied. There he stands, solitary in his superiority, yet pouring out streams of sympathy for the lowliest and vilest, purer and deeper than ever flowed from a woman's heart. In him blend majesty and gentleness; the awful face of justice and the pleading eye of love meet at once the gaze of the beholder. Hoary-headed and hard-hearted guilt sees something in him more terrible than in the executioner; while innocence, though timid as a fawn, pillows its head confidently on his bosom. In his unbending integrity he is firmer than granite; in his touching condescension there is no want so low but he stoops without effort to its level. To serve him would seem an honor for which angels might contend; but he can wash the feet of the disciple who is planning his betrayal. He discloses the greatness of God, and the meekness of the humblest man.

And his life, how full is it of power and beauty! It is at once heroic as a singing martyr's death, and as beautiful as a mother's ministry about the couch of her moaning babe at midnight. Now he is driving a cohort of evil spirits into the deep, and now folding childhood with a whispered prayer to his bosom. At one hour his own disciples cry out in terror as his awful form sweeps over the midnight sea, and at another, guilt kneels before him to hear him say, "Go and sin no more." But I can not tell you of him or his life. He is Immanuel; and his life a prolonged benediction. Go and study both, and you will go no farther for a model, or be in doubt about your appropriate work.

3. He gives the motive power which takes control of the wayward heart.

Showing us his character, he awakens our reverence and admiration; exhibiting his love for us in toils for our sake, our hard hearts melt, and our gratitude leaps forward to serve him; for his great service our self-devotion for his sake becomes a ruling force; seeing the value of his interests, we ally our all with him and his; his wishes are our chief impulse; his expressed will our highest law; our zeal to please and honor him becomes a living fire. The heart has become loyal, for now it has found its sovereign. It is no more a mysterious saying, but a joyful truth of experience, that, "THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US." A patriot dying for his country, a daughter sacrificing all, that a mother's last few days may be less sorrowful — these are feeble illustrations of that motive power with which Christ impels us, of that magnetic bond that draws and holds us to himself. So is the cord of selfishness snapped, and the soul has gained redemption.

4. This work accomplished in and for us, we are ready for the Master's bidding. Now let him say, as he does say, to such a captivated soul, "Go seek your fellows, and lead them to God; teach ignorance; win back the wayward from evil paths; gather in the outcast; bid the despairing hope, and the dying live; *save them for my sake*; this is the proof of your love, and the condition of my honor — let Christ say that, and philanthropy shall rest in waiting no longer. No second command is needed. Nakedness will be clothed, hunger fed, sickness blessed, crime forgiven, guilty penitence

brought to the Master's feet. If the constraining love has passed within us, we shall not tarry. We are strong to suffer or to do. Reproach, opposition, sneers, temporary ill success, unappreciation by those we toil for, — what are these? Our enthusiasm is fed by the divine fountain. In the moment of irresolution we look once at the Cross, and the flagging energies leap to work again; or we listen, with the ear turned heavenward, to hear a voice say, "Well done;" and our reward and our inspiration have come to us. We are the servants of men, *for Jesus' sake;* and we bear them the same Gospel that has won us forever. Will they not be won also? Surely, it shall not return void. Its mission is to conquer. The desert will blossom. The sower shall shout to the reaper, as both sit down rejoicing over the gathered sheaves. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands;"

> "While, nation after nation, taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

We come, to-day, to dedicate this goodly temple to the great work of redeeming men by means of this Gospel of Christ. It speaks not only of the end we would attain, but equally of the means we would employ in compassing it. The chief theme of thought and speech here is "Jesus Christ and him crucified." The divinity whose presence will be sought here is the universal Father; the oracle to which the gathered company will listen, is that which spake at Sinai, and Calvary, and Olivet —

proclaiming justice and mercy and redemption. When weary and sad humanity, with heavy heart and dimmed vision, waiting long and vainly for relief beside the Bethesda pools of nature, comes here to rest from some fresh disappointment, it shall start with gladness at the pitying and triumphant cry that greets it on the threshold, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and then, with beaming eye and face toward heaven, it shall take up its couch and walk up to where frailties drop off as a worn out garment, and experience becomes a lofty and eternal pæan.

As preached in this house, Jesus Christ and him crucified shall mean not only Jesus Christ the giver of heavenly hopes, but Jesus Christ the expounder of duty and the legislator for life. He shall be shown, to be sure, with the weeping Magdalen at his feet, that the guiltiest penitence may never despair; but he shall not be forgotten when he makes reputable Phariseeism quiver and turn pale before the artillery of his reproof.

I have spoken of four great forces in society, and exhibited their inadequacy to reach and save the race, — indeed, I have shown how they often fight against its welfare. But the pulpit, while preaching Christ, is by no means to ignore the existence of these forces, nor pass them by on the other side, either in carelessness or contempt. It is no small part of its business to mould them into a higher image, and then subsidize them into its service — to change them from foes into allies, as the malefactor's cross, after the Redeemer had hung upon it, became the symbol of the loftiest virtue.

Self-interest will sit here now and then in these pews; let it go away ashamed of its low maxims and its calculating spirit, as it learns of Him who for our sake became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich.

Politicians will now and then come here,— that strange modern race of beings that so wretchedly caricature humanity,— politicians, who find their decalogue in a party platform, their goal of virtue in a successful election, and their highest heaven in a well-salaried office. Let them come; but let them find wide open a statute-book which tests the validity of all civil constitutions; let them find a law which, however it may be sneered at by the mightiest men you ever cradled among your mountains, is "higher" than your Mount Washington, or the Alleghanies, and which spurns all vicious compromises; let them be put face to face with a Ruler before whom even the political giants of the Western Republic are but as the small dust of the balance, who remembers every sigh of the oppressed, and forgets no act of treachery.

And not less important, but far more grateful, will be the task set this pulpit, of calling together, from time to time, this gathered company of ingenuous youth,* whose daily culture gives them keener eyes with which to survey the works of God, and larger power for whose exercise they are to be held responsible, and teaching them how to see Jehovah in his creation, and how to honor Christ in the laying of every fresh acquisition at his feet. Beautiful companionship — the seminary and the sanctuary — science and religion — the elder and the newer Scripture — the works and the word — the study and the worship — the kindling intellect and the aspiring heart. The one shall save from that superstitious devotion, whose mother is ignorance; the other shall guard against that vain philosophy, which begins in self-conceit and ends in moral ruin. Each is the complement of the other; let them clasp hands before us in reverent affection to-day, while we pronounce over them the sacred formula, "*What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.*"

---

*The students of the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institution.

In erecting this house for the ministry of the Gospel, we try no new experiment. We only follow God's appointment, and confide in the testimony of two thousand years now passed into history. The redeeming power of the Gospel is now more than a divine prophecy; it is a solid, living fact. Wherever faithfully preached, the darkness has fled away, and the true light appeared. So, thank God, the promise pledges it shall ever be. So may it be here; so let it be. Here may weary, heavy laden ones find rest. Here may guilty penitence be bidden to "go and sin no more." Here may mourners be comforted. Here may childhood learn to lay itself confidingly in the great Saviour's arms, maturity and strength be taught to give their large resources to God, and trembling age, waiting for its translation, find every shadow fleeing from the tomb it enters. Here may the fellowship of him who shall stand where I stand, and of those who shall sit where you sit, be sweet on earth, and ripen to an eternal union. To these high ends is this sanctuary dedicated. Hail! Father, Saviour, Sanctifier. In thy name we set up our banners, and seek thy presence for our waiting temple. "Arise, O Lord, into thy resting place, thou and the ark of thy strength: let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let thy saints shout aloud for joy."

IV.

THE BRIGHT AND DARK SIDES OF LIFE.

Two visitors were standing before a distinguished painting by Rembrandt, in one of the galleries of the Louvre. One gazed a moment, turned the leaves of his catalogue to learn the subject, gave it a second glance, when a half-suppressed sigh escaped him, and with a dissatisfied expression he slowly turned to other works of art.

Rembrandt's pictures always appear as if hung in shadow, or made somber by deepening twilight; and the visitor, impressed and saddened by the gloomy hue of the canvas, had no inclination to linger where his already too heavy heart had nothing offered it but an additional burden.

His companion was not so soon satisfied. He first glanced over the whole scene, and then commenced its study in detail. Beneath that veil of shadow, he saw the tracings of genius and skill. Those shadowy faces seemed revealing the inward struggle of a life-time; those dusky brows told of lofty purposes. The conflicts which had shaken the world were symbolized before him. The somber painting became an illuminated history of the best half of the world,— a silent, magnificent Epic. He turned away from it at length with an air which indicated that some new glory had fallen on his eyes, and the power of a new hope had passed into his heart.

Such a Rembrandt picture is our life; and such is the difference of view and of impression made, as it passes under the eye of different observers. One sees shadow, lighter or deeper, falling on every object, leaving every outline dim and confused; another finds brightness on every hill-top, sunbeams and flowers in every valley. One sings amid scenes where his neighbor can only sigh and weep. The same inscription is now translated so that it promises a blessing, and then so that it threatens a curse. One sees life perpetually on the dark side, the other on its bright. The shadowy veil blurs everything to one eye, while another detects star-gleam and beauty.

These two classes of men and these two phases of life are found in stately mansions and in humblest cottages. They often inhabit the same dwelling, sit around the same board, and are busy with the same tasks. Some men's faces are bland as summer morning in one circle, but severe as Juno in her wrath when outside the charmed ring. Lips that drop honey in society, sometimes distill wormwood at home. Half the heaven over some men's heads is perpetually dark; the remainder has an azure firmament and Orion and the Pleiades shine nowhere more gloriously.

There are various reasons for these different aspects of life, some of which are known while others are hidden.

The natural and artificial surroundings of men do much to affect their view of life. If one were doomed to spend his days in a tent in Sahara, or in an Esquimaux hut, near the Pole, he might be pardoned for calling this a hard world; or for having so little interest in it as to say nothing when he found his walrus blubber used up in February, and the temperature stationary at 60 degrees below zero. Wherever the climate is inhospitable, the soil barren; where food is scanty, intelligence wanting, and selfishness supreme, it is hardly reasonable to look for the bright side of life. Amid splendid cities are to be found deserts as terrible as Sahara; shivering want as hard to bear as the cold of polar icebergs; ignorance, vice and superstition as degrading as in Hindustan.

Sometimes the whole aspect of life is determined or changed by a single peculiar experience. A child comes to a dwelling long somber and shadowy, and at once there is the dawn of joy and hope; that little face warms and kindles like a sun, filling the whole circle of life with its beams. Sometimes a bereavement turns every cup into bitterness, and grief succeeds laughter and song.

A man inherits an estate or draws a prize in the lottery of stocks, or mounts to a petty office, and all at once the ways of Providence seem full of equity. Fire consumes a warehouse; the tempest sinks a ship; or a political opponent beats him, and he fills his days with croaking, charges the world with ingratitude, and declares the devil had never so many dupes and allies as to-day. Sometimes a giddy, thoughtless life amid luxurious indolence, is reached by misfortune, which repeats the decree: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and the mortification and weakness which follow induce a peevishness which sooner or later ends in a death-scene upon which no angel-faces look lovingly down. Another nature, long fettered by conventionalities, walks forth into freedom at the call of bankruptcy; and goes to quarry heart-wealth in labor, and grow beautiful in active goodness.

Some see nothing of all their multitude of blessings, because blinded by the tears over the loss of one; others only learn the value of what is left through the pain over the loss of what is gone. Not only does the departing blessing brighten as it flies, but as it looks back it transfigures into splendor all that tarry, and tells us for the first time what unspeakable wealth is ours.

Some men are so endowed that hope always tarries with them,—to others it pays only rare and brief visits. In the darkest night one looks in the east for a streak of dawn, sure that the sun is throwing smiles before him; another never fails to remind you in what gloom the light of many a brilliant day has gone out.

The character of the observer projects itself upon all surrounding life. The world is more or less a mirror where men see their own faces without always recognizing them. A man seems to see meanness in his neighbor when really he looks upon his own meanness. A man of real worth is charitable over the faults and follies of his race. A bankrupt in character pronounces severe verdicts over good men. He whose spirit is like a tent of angels, in which both comfort and the Comforter abide, whose path is marked by monuments to God's helpfulness, who sees the gate of immortality before him, — such a spirit walks amid brightness, and its pulses are notes of praise.

One man so interprets duty that he feels bound to walk abroad as the strange man at the siege of Jerusalem, dropping only wailings from his lips.

Another gives himself to the work of scattering the beatitudes of Olivet, as a summer night scatters dew. Some natures are always merry because they are too superficial to be sad,—there is not depth of soil sufficient for a real sorrow to strike its roots into. Now and then a man seems trying to get a reputation for wisdom, or to gain notoriety, by being snappish and surly. Not being able to be felt when moving with others, owing to the smallness of his momentum, he turns and runs with what little force he has, against them. Even small men of this stamp can do much to divest life of its agreeableness; for small quantities, like a grain of assafœtida, are sometimes readily appreciable.

These influences and many others besides, aid in giving life its somber or luminous aspects, and the heart its sadness or its joy. Sunshine and shadow are both around us; both daily fall on our path. The world is neither wholly good nor wholly bad. Men are neither saints nor demons when the average of character is reached; if they are in its extremes. There is beauty around us, and that is an unfortunate heart that can not drink it in. Firmament, sea and mountain wear perpetual grandeur; flower, dew-drop and zephyr tell of quiet, all-embracing love; bird-song and rill, and the humming of bees charm away care; the laugh of happy children, the loves of home, give rest to the spirit; the tireless watch of sympathy around sick beds, wearying out the stars; the great, yet modest, labors of philanthropy, teaching penitence and making hopeless sorrow smile; the saintship which walks meekly amid scoffers all its appointed time, till it rises triumphant to heaven; — all these stir a holy reverence, and turn even prayer into thanksgiving. These sunbursts gild the darkest clouds that ever rise above us, and fleck the dreariest landscape with spots of gold. They are evermore around us, and he who truly seeks shall find them.

Life has its dark side. The firmament drops down thunderbolts that shiver whatever they touch; the sea becomes vexed, and a thousand eyes grow heavy, wet and wild, as they are strained to see the ship that never comes into port; dews give a fatal chill to the wanderer; the breeze brings pestilence; sweet tones are often siren notes; the laugh of childhood dies out from the home; the tempter leaves our firesides desolate; and warm hearts grow strange to ours. Many look to heaven only to remember that thence came a heavy and relentless hand that smote all their ideals into powder.

This mingling of light and shadow serves high purposes in a life like ours, where mental and spiritual discipline is needed. A healthy life can not be evolved in the perpetual glare of the sun. Half the processes concerned in the growth of a plant can be carried on only when the sun has gone down. The human spirit thrives only when darkness alternates with splendor.

It requires no argument to satisfy most men that it is a blessing to see the bright side of life, and dwell where sunlight tarries. We shrink at sight of a cloud; we pray against calamity, and send our friends out into life with a wish that they may never know a heart-grief. But let us ask, what valuable ends do shadows promote, what good can come to us from disappointments, burdens, sorrows, bereavements and dreary watches of faith?

He who would minister wisely to sad, broken hearts, needs to comprehend the experiences of those who claim his sympathy. This work covers a large part of every life. We are set to help each other. The strong are to hold up the weak, the wise to teach the ignorant, the pure to promote purity, the well supplied to minister to the needy.

The wisest teachers are those who have thirsted for knowledge; the most precious sympathy is born of suffering. Howard breathes day after day the chill, tainted air of dungeons that he may the sooner bring a humane spirit within the door of prisons; Dorothea Dix dwells amid the ravings of chained maniacs before she learns to read the beatitudes so that the eye of insanity loses its strange fire. The charge at Balaklava and the camp life of the Crimean soldiery accomplished nothing else so important and glorious as when they called forth the ministries of Florence Nightingale; Jesus of Nazareth must become the man of sorrows before anxious mothers lay their children on his bosom, and the Magdalen weeps her despair away at his feet, and takes a heavenly hope to her heart. Beneath clouds that hide every star, amid darkness that can be felt, many a man has walked weary distances before he could lead blinded and stumbling travellers along gloomy paths.

The griefs of life, alone, reveal the soul fully to itself. When the sun goes down, there are tones, some gentle and others majestic, coming up from the orchestra of nature, which are rarely heard at noon; creation spreads out some of her finest, richest views only when the staring day has withdrawn. Night marshalls the constellations, and marches them majestically slow, silent and sublime across the field of azure; the cadences of the breeze in the forest, and the roll of the sea-waves on the distant strand, blend with the voices that come from field, marsh and river-bank, making an oratorio which dies away at dawn. So there are phases of the soul which sorrow, only, exhibits; there are chords in our nature which never vibrate until calamity strikes them; qualities never truly seen till the dust is washed from them by tears.

Capacities are brought forth by sorrow. Half of Egypt would be desert but for the regular flood which the Nile brings down. So it is only when some great and terrible convulsion has laid the heart waste, and some flood of calamity swept over the soul, that new resources are opened, and hidden power appears.

> "The night is mother of the day,
> The winter of the spring,
> And ever upon old decay,
> The greenest mosses cling.
> Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
> Through showers the sunbeams fall,
> For God, who loveth all his works,
> Hath left his hope with all."

A blind hopefulness is born of a weak vision. Gravity and tears are manly; a great and true soul answers to the *De Profundis* as well as to the Hallelujah.

Hopeful, courageous men only, can long be leaders. We do not make captains of croakers. Cynics are distrusted. When a man begins to whine, his audience leaves him. A cheerful face, a resolute will, a persevering hope, are the qualities that rally followers. Men of courage and faith open avenues to enterprise. Faith and hope have wrought out the grand achievements of history. Neither ability, nor foresight, nor fierceness, can walk a monarch among men, and lead society like a captain, so long as they live in shadow and speak in sighs. Pleasantry will sometimes overcome a prejudice which defies batteries of logic; and men who grew pale before common dangers, ride in the charge of Balaklava without the quivering of a nerve, when a bold leader peals his trumpet and dashes the spur into his war-horse.

Monasteries have oftener been hiding-places for cowardice, than sanctuaries of piety. Monkhood is an attempt to get rid of the stern battle of life. The song of triumph is a farce when sung in a cloister, and inspired by a hermit's dream. Many giant souls have bartered away their honor for public plaudits. How many mighty ones have yielded to misanthropy, compromise, despair, because there was no inward light, no inspiring hope, no prophetic faith.

For want of that splendor which no earthly calamity can dim, how many hearts grow weary of earnest work, how many powers are perverted, how many purposes give way, how many lives are wrecked! So statesmen change to demagogues, and merchants to gamblers; chairs of instruction misread history to please jealous patrons, and pulpits study to avoid the wrath of exacting pews.

On the other hand, there are no higher lives portrayed, or nobler deeds embalmed in history than those animated by high hopefulness and serene faith. Darkness serves only to show their latent splendor. Clamors without reveal the quiet within. Calamities are crucibles, refining their spirits. Hopes deferred develop patience. The scars of battle-fields become badges of honor. Outward losses buy inward wealth. Every truth defended becomes their sacred defense. Misrepresented, they calmly pass their vindication over to another century. The time of their coronation surely comes.

Life needs illumination from the steady shining of a lustrous, genial spirit. We are not a sedate nor melancholy people, but the bright side of life seems to be either mostly turned away from us, or we are in no condition to see, enjoy and profit by it. We strive hard, plan largely to be happy; and then spend our days worrying and struggling to perfect the system which is to make us glad. And yet the secret is not hard to find. If we will answer each smile of nature with a look of love; calmly study the wise, deep meaning of Providence when clouds hide the sun; lay hold of calamities and wrestle with them as Jacob with the angel; and when deep darkness is on earth, turn face and heart up toward the beatitudes of Heaven, — there can be no night so dark or long but a bright morning shall break, and the most shadowy picture which portrays human life, will exhibit to our eye something of celestial splendor.

V.

PUBLIC OPINION.

One of the marked changes which have been passing over our habits of thought and methods of speech, is indicated by the frequent use of the phrase: "The people."

When one reads ancient history, whether sacred or secular, it is seen that the patriarch, the king, the military commander, or the philosopher, or some other eminent personage, concentrates in his person and deeds a large part of the interest that gathers about the era or the land to which he belongs.

Abraham is a majestic figure on the canvas of antiquity; but we are left mostly to hints, guesses and inferences when we would learn something in detail of the common life which went on around him. Pharaoh stands for an overshadowing imperialism in the centuries of historic twilight; but the millions of the common people are silent in their graves, and have no one to vocalize the epics they lived, or the tragedies in which generation after generation suffered and died. Plutarch's Lives present a group of representative men which show us many sides of ancient life in artistic Greece and imperial Rome; but they afford us only now and then a glimpse of the Helots whose condition forms a dark background to the story, and of the plebeians whose struggle for the simplest rights was always intense and not rarely fruitless. We have detailed records of Hannibal's marches, and

Cæsar's campaigns, and Alexander's conquests, but of the multitudes who fell faint and dying amid Alpine passes, and of the thousands who rendered Macedon a dreaded power beyond the Euphrates, we are told almost nothing.

So it has been in a great measure through later ages. We know enough of William the Norman, and of Charles XII., and of Carlyle's last hero, — the Prussian Frederick; and more than enough of Philip II. and of Louis Quartorze; but we get only an occasional glimpse of the simple peasant patiently winning his bread from the acres which he may not own, and of the significant politics and piety of the common household.

But all that is changed, or is changing. The dullest eyes are compelled to see the people, at length, and even a Bourbon emperor must recognize and consult them. Bismarck must study the temper of the north-German peoples before he ventures to pit Prussian regiments and needle-guns against French battalions and chassepots; and even after victory has perched upon his standards at Sedan and Paris, he does not count the problem solved till the German masses have uttered their thought, and the general sentiment of Europe has acquiesced in the verdict rendered by the thunder-voice of battle. Lord Derby began his administration by suppressing a reform meeting in Hyde Park; he did it easily with the clubs of the London police; but before a year had passed, the simple voice of English working men, speaking through the lips of John Bright, extorted from that same Tory ministry a far more liberal scheme of suffrage than that on whose defeat Derby rose to the Premiership.

When the people have deliberately spoken, the king's edict, the statesman's purpose, and the chieftain's sword have found something mightier than themselves. When they have withdrawn their inward loyalty from any sovereign, he is effectually discrowned, though his royal autograph may still continue to be affixed to state papers, and the gems keep up their flashing in his coronet; and a man may stay in the White House, after the failure of impeachment, write messages and dictate vetoes, ventilate his passion and rehearse his political biography, draw his salary and dispense patronage, long after the sentiment of the people has decided that the Presidential office is really vacant.

The facts thus stated, indicate the need of understanding, if possible, the nature and office of this recognized and growing power in government and society which we call public opinion.

The two extreme views which are entertained of public opinion are well expressed in the current definitions. We are told that it is "the average of the prejudices existing in the community;" again it is declared that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." Public opinion is both like and unlike individual opinion. It is like individual opinion in that it is partly a providential growth and partly a product of definite and positive culture. It has its lesser and its larger variations, its advances and retreats, its seasons of special illumination and its periods of darkness and doubt, its wavering weakness and its calm, settled strength.

There is also to be found the same conflict between the elements entering into public opinion that appears in individual opinion. These elements may be defined as sentiment and conviction. The sentiment is sometimes right while the conviction is wrong; and sometimes the feeling is quite astray when the conviction stands by the truth. When John Brown was hung at Charlestown, the authorities and the people of Virginia were generally settled in the conclusion that the claim of the gallows was absolute and imperative, and many at the North whose desire for the slaves' freedom was little less than a revolutionary passion, were ready to say: "We have a law and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself not only a radical but a revolutionist, and failed;" and so they uttered their "Amen" over the sentence of the court. But underneath this conviction was a sentiment which could not be wholly repressed, and which burst up from the general heart and canonized his heroism, even while his body hung in the air, and sent half a million of soldiers to finish the work which he began. The sentiment was mightier than the conviction,as it was also truer.

On the other hand, when Capt. Wilkes took Mason and Slidell from the cabin of the Trent and brought them back as prisoners of war, the public sentiment not only applauded his chivalric audacity and patriotic resolution, but demanded that they be held and punished as traitors, whatever precedent might plead, and international law require. That was the voice of sentiment. But behind all this defiance flung at England's pride, and this taunting of English neutrality, there was a general conviction that the deed which gratified our sentiment of nationality could not be justified before the tribunal of precedent nor get the endorsement of national honor. We gave up the traitors, that we might keep our integrity; we put down the impulse which sprang from sentiment, that we might exalt the purpose which rested on conviction.

Public opinion, especially when it takes the form of deliberate conviction, is much more likely to represent the truth in its idea, than is the average individual mind. Therefore we leave to a jury the fashioning of a verdict, instead of confiding the case to the judge who may have a better understanding of law than the twelve put together.

Public opinion borrows power from the emphasis with which human voices speak when under the impulse of a common sympathy. Individual convictions are the soldiers of the Republic, springing up as single recruits in all the scattered hamlets of the North; public opinion is the army which Sherman led from Atlanta to the Sea.

There is something terribly impressive in the prompt and decisive way in which public opinion sometimes metes out its discipline to a great transgressor, whom no court could formally convict, and no magistrate punish, because he could bribe the judge, or defy the civil officer. Its feet are swift like the lightning, when it pursues the criminal; its arraignment as prompt as thought; its discipline as effect to follow cause. It arrests the liberated and unconvicted criminal before he can cross the threshold into freedom; it fetters his heart with accusations which his will can not break; it writes his crime on the heavens above him by day, and accuses him in the midnight darkness. Men may affect to sneer at it like Herod, but it will turn upon them as upon him, with a tireless persistence, till it has worn them into agony, or tortured them into the grave. The imperial Neros of society may war upon it with terrific and savage violence, but it will only fill their ears with maledictions, and give their names to infamy. A Borgia may seek shelter from its fearful discipline beneath the mantle of the Popedom, but it drags her vices from behind the great altar of the Church, and holds them up as a warning. A shrewd ambition may delay its verdict by beautifying a European capital and tickling the vanity of a pleasure-loving people; but the judgment will take shape soon and surely, and history is waiting to record the sentence over the Mephistophiles of the 19th century. A rebellion may assume such gigantic proportions, and display such a sublime audacity, as for a time to win a species of toleration and applause; but, because public opinion is to try it and assign it its place, there is nothing in human effort, or skill, or prejudice that can save it from being cursed forever,— as the supreme blunder of statesmanship and the concentrated crime of civil history.

Still more gratifying and not less majestic does it appear when it sets itself to vindicate the integrity which is suspected and condemned, or to lift up virtue crushed beneath the heel of power. It not only disciplines offenders who slip through the meshes of the law, but it exalts to honor the victims of an unjust sentence. It refutes the perjured testimony of the witness; it neutralizes the advocate's special pleading, and reverses the sentence of the most eminent judge.

The cares and anxieties that were plowing deep furrows upon the face of Abraham Lincoln, were made far more tolerable by the sublimest of all the great deeds which marked the years of strife. That deed performed by the freemen of the Republic at the ballot-box, November, 1864, told him that his patriotism was understood, his statesmanship appreciated and his purposes approved; and many a soldier to whom home was sacred and life unspeakably sweet, laid down and died with a smile when he knew that the best part of the nation was blessing him for his devotion and weeping over his sacrifice.

There is a lower and a pitiable side to this great force; for nothing which springs from human nature is wholly majestic. So long as the people are imperfectly taught and are uncured of their waywardness, public opinion will go astray, and its verdicts and discipline sometimes lack both justice and self-consistency, and be at times both fickle and unreasonable. Its hosanna may be still pulsating in the air when the cry: "Crucify him!" comes to drown it in the flood of angry contempt. It names Aristides "the just," and then sends him into exile. It kills Socrates with a draught of hemlock, and then pronounces him a saint, and hastens to line the streets of Athens with his statues and monuments. It banishes the Bourbons with a revolution, and then revenges itself by worshiping an ambitious despot and dictator under the names of first consul and of emperor. The public opinion of Boston opens its lips at Bunker Hill to glorify Jefferson for writing the Declaration of Independence, and to apotheosize Adams for defending and justifying it; and then it mobs Garrison for preaching its doctrines and applying its principles. When secession hurls its first bomb at Sumter, New York springs to its feet a patriotic city, and even the offices of the *Herald* and the *Express* blossom with Union bunting; but when Lee invades Pennsylvania, and is hurled back from Gettysburg with a force that settles the fate of the Confederacy, the metropolis is more than half a scene of lamentation, and the eyes of the Five Points are red with weeping and rum. Call this fickleness the superficial sentiment of the people if you will, and explain these false and vehement verdicts by saying that they are not rooted in calm conviction. Very true, doubtless, but what must be said of a tribunal which speaks so often out of its varying and thoughtless impulses, and excludes both reason and right from its demands and its discipline? And so long as public opinion wheels about like a weather-vane in March, it is hardly safe to use it as a compass; and while it allows itself to storm out its molten passion or pour forth its extravagant panegyric when it ought to be weighing testimony and framing a deliberate verdict, it can hardly expect to be treated with excessive reverence or counted an inspired prophet.

Public opinion is not absolutely the creator of positive law; the statute-book is more or less the teacher of the people. Law itself comes into society more or less as a school-master. Many men venerate, in some sense, a principle wearing the robe of the Law, who would curse it if it stood forth unclothed. It is not at all that their modesty is shocked by the nakedness, but that their respect is awakened by the garment. Just laws not only spring from and guage public integrity, but they promote it; good laws not only imply virtue, but induce it; beneficent laws not only elevate noble aims, but call them forth; while laws that wink at iniquity breed wickedness; laws that are oppressive develop tyranny; laws in the interest of a class are the seed of monopolies and aristocracies; and laws that make a mock of justice invite anarchy, and inaugurate revolutions. Hence the reason for putting the best sentiment and conviction of the community into law, and keeping them there. It is not just the thing to ask grog-shops whether they prefer prohibition or license; nor to solicit a revenue bill from smugglers.

That terror of what passes for public opinion is perhaps more pitiable, though it may not be more foolish, than the opposite extreme met in the case of those who take pains to defy and disgust the community by their rejection of what is currently accepted, because it is accepted, and who count it a mark of merit to deny what the general voice asserts, and oppose what is contemplated by the public will; presuming that when they are voted down they are persecuted; criticising public sentiment and calling themselves reformers; provoking opposition and setting themselves down as martyrs. They forget that though public opinion may not always recognize the reformer, it generally discerns the cynic; though it may not hail the true hero on his first appearance, it seldom mistakes the mountebank whatever his disguises; and though it may not always be ready to welcome the real prophet, it is apt to hiss a mere jester, whether he figures in comedy or tragedy.

Because public opinion has not pronounced upon any question, there is no reason why we should set that question down as unimportant or incapable of solution. The individual thinks earlier than the multitude. There is truth which demands our patient regard that has never yet been contended over in any deliberative assembly; there are duties sacred as a claim of Heaven, that have never yet been defined by civil statute; there are continents of thought which it is one of the highest privileges of God's chosen ones to explore.

Because public opinion has been occupied with a given matter, and pronounced upon it, is not a sufficient reason for accepting the verdict without question or reflection, as though the responsibility of thought were thereby removed. A vote of the majority is not a moral finality, especially when, as has often been the case, it strikes against the private citizen's conviction, offends his conscience, and contravenes eternal justice.

The relation of public opinion to positive statute is twofold. It largely supplies the material out of which specific laws are formed, and it mostly determines the mission and the fate of enactments. Sometimes, owing to local and temporary influences, the formal law may be in advance of the popular will, even in a republican state ; and sometimes legislation may lag far behind the average conscience of the community. But, in the long run, the statute-book is a pretty accurate exponent of the moral sentiment and the executive will of the people who express their sovereignty through their laws. Educate public opinion to the point where it demands new protection for any right or interest, or a sterner discipline for any class of wrong doers, and it will speedily crystallize into a defensive statute, as the lava from Vesuvius hardens into walls of rock, and it will scorch the flourishing transgression as the molten stream annihilates the vegetation which was thriving but yesterday upon its sunny slope.

The deliberate verdict of public opinion entitles it to respect. If it is opposed to our individual opinion, it suggests a reason for careful review, but not for unthinking acquiescence. It gives rise to a proper doubt whether we may not be wrong; it forbids haste in accusing the general thought of folly and the general purpose of recklessness.

It is important to discriminate between that phase of public opinion which exhibits a mere transient sentiment, and that more deliberate conviction. The surface of the popular mind may not indicate the real thought in the calm depths below. Arctic explorers tell us that it is not uncommon to see an enormous iceberg, with vast domes, and uncounted turrets and pinnacles, springing from a body of dazzling whiteness, as though it were a cathedral of marble and crystal set in the sea; and that while the waves and all the lesser bergs hurry northward like a fleet running before the gale, that grand pile moves steadily southward to meet the advancing summer. Far beneath the surface there is a counter-current, steady like God's purpose, and strong like his omnipotence, flowing on toward the equator; and taking hold of the mighty mass that extends down into the deep sea, bears it on with irresistible might. The furious tempest driving northward is the transient and erring sentiment of the public mind; the calm, mighty under-current, making its way to the tropics, is the steady and reliable conviction of that public mind.

Sometimes there is nothing for a true man, in dealing with public sentiment, but to resist its demands and risk the seemingly unequal combat. He has read history and studied life to little advantage, who does not know that the minority is often right, and that the truth is left, now and then, with a single open defender against the multitude who have rallied for the enthronement of a lie. Henry Clay never uttered a finer sentence than when he said, in response to a warning that his course was blocking up his path to the White House: "I would rather be right than be President."

The grandest passages in the world's story are those which tell of privileged souls whom God has taken to the top of some Sinai, or Pisgah, or Tabor, that he might show them unutterable things and unveil to them the face of truth.

Who forgets Themistocles, answering the blow of popular violence with: "Strike, but hear;" or Savonarola responding to the offer of a cardinal's hat: "I wish no red hat but one reddened with my own blood, for this is the one God now gives to his saints;" or Tycho Brahe's majestic reply to the skepticism which greeted his treatise on Astronomy: "I can afford to wait a hundred years for a believer, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer;" or Luther's response to the scowling Diet: "Here I stand. I can not do otherwise; God help me."

There is but one more thing to be said respecting the method in which the individual is to deal with public opinion. His great business is to rectify, exalt and strengthen it. It is not enough to endorse it when it is right, nor to stand out against it when it is wrong, nor to appeal from its undeserved condemnation to eternal justice. Recognizing its growing power for good or evil, every man should seek to make a positive contribution to its vigor and its character. It needs the scholar's knowledge, the Christian's conscience, the philanthropist's heart, the reformer's zeal, the saint's believing patience, the poet's vision and the orator's tongue.

The wondrous and impressive music which one hears in the European cathedrals, known as the mass, which embodies the phases and voices the experiences of a devout soul standing face to face with God and eternity; now penitent and jubilant; at one moment crying faintly from the depths of grief and shame and fear as though it felt at the same instant the terror of a child lost in the forest at night and the desperation of Peter sinking amid the waves of Gennesaret; then rising in the gladness of a great hope newly-born, and a swelling adoration that hardly knows whether to bend and worship or soar and sing; this wondrous Romish mass is made up of fragments of ballads sung by peasant girls, and national airs that have beguiled the march or cheered the bivouac, and pastoral songs chanted on the hill-side, and cradle lullabies rising in the homes of the lowly, and threnodies that ascended from the chambers of sickness, and hallelujahs that trembled on the lips of saints who went to immortality from the dungeon and the scaffold; from all these musical dialects in which human life has sung its varying emotion into the air of centuries, it has gathered some item of its power and glory. So public opinion has been, and still is, and yet more and more shall be, the compound thought and the many threaded tone into which individual ideas and utterances combine with unity and emphasis.

What we give is determined by what we are. The mountaineer had no thought that the notes he was singing as he sat on his Alpine cliff would one day throb, a mighty pulse of harmony, through the aisles and amid the arches of St. Peter's; but, though he only swelled his strain for his own delight, it was caught up and poured into the ear of Christendom, as the voice of a great hierarchy calling the nations to its altars.

We recognize readily enough the influence of a few great names on the public opinion of to-day. We know that the statutes of Moses, and the jurisprudence of the Roman statesman, and the feudalism of Europe, and Magna Charta wrested by the English barons from king John, have all had their influence in fashioning the civil legislation of our own land. We do not find it hard to believe that Homer's music modified the accent with which we speak our fancies; that we are prompted to think in one way rather than another by Plato's metaphysics and Aristotle's logic; that Cicero's orations affect our public speech; that an analytical ear would detect the tones of Horace and Dante in our singing; we know that the voices of Constantine and Charlemagne still inspire the projects which are framed at the Vatican; that the ideals of Angelo to-day are blossoming in our architecture, and the divine beauty which Raphael put into the face of his transfigured Christ struggles for expression in every modern painter's studio. Calvin is yet teaching us theology; Cromwell's Puritanism walks yet with reverent feet in the stillness of New England Sabbaths; Milton's plea for liberty and a free press bears fruit in our polyglot literature which has helped to smite our dark despotism into powder; and the Norman baron's egotistic obstinacy is to-day contending against equal rights in Richmond. We can believe all that without difficulty.

But it is equally true that the lives which are lived in humbler spheres, and on lower social planes, and the voices that fail to get distinct attention, still have their influence in fashioning public opinion and giving emphasis to its utterance. The young mechanic who puts down the temptation to which his genteelly dressed acquaintances have yielded, to turn fashionable swindler; the merchant who sells goods, but will not bargain away his integrity; the mother who rules her little domestic empire as Christ's vicegerent, and serves gladly as priestess in the temple of home; the faithful teacher, opening daily the doors into the halls of knowledge; the invalid in her chamber, interpreting trust and patience in the smile that hides her pain; the white-haired man, whose years of fidelity to his trusts rest on him like a benediction, and whose Christian hope makes the brightness of the other world mingle with the shadows of this; — all these are so many sources out of which the elements shall come that pass into the public opinion of the future. The feeblest tone in which any true soul, however humble, may speak, will surely enter into and affect that majestic and imperial voice with which the united convictions of the people shall one day utter themselves, when public opinion has become the mightiest earthly law-giver, and its word of blessing or of blight comes sounding down from the Gerizim or the Ebal of the future, as the infinite justice of God framed into the common speech of men.

VI.

CRUSADES AND CRUSADERS.

There are certain great epochs and movements in history that stand for almost everything important in the record of the human race. However great and frequent may be the changes about us, it is still true that: "History is forever repeating itself," or as another, long before, put it: "There is nothing new under the sun."

We find that that movement in Europe during the middle ages, known as the Crusades, in its underlying ideas and principles, keeps on through centuries, and is felt to-day in the life of America; and that the spirit which impelled those old actors lives and works in the stern, stirring souls about us, whose words, like Luther's, are "half-battles," and whose deeds are making history.

Let us go back to the latter part of the eleventh century. The kings, not caring just then to fight, are plotting in their palaces; the princes are nursing their ambition; nobles and barons quarrel with each other for more territory, and plunder and cheat their vassals; the Pope carries himself with a lordly air; the priests here fawn and there tyrannize; the monasteries keep some learning; but more vices; dead ecclesiastics seem fast changing to saints, while the living tell a truth too obvious to be questioned when they call themselves "miserable sinners;" the great mass of the people are poor, ignorant, superstitious, with weak consciences and fiery passions, whose hopes for this world are as small as their hopes for the other are extravagant. There is no general war; the popular fury gathers strength, and is ready to flame out and smite wherever a skillful hand shall come to stir and direct it. There is a pause as if the world were waiting for something; and it comes. The day of the Crusades dawns, whose history becomes marked by wild fanaticism, frightful loss of human life, deeds of romance and valor; — fraught with great political and moral changes.

Peter the Hermit, after inflaming the zeal of the nobles and the people by preaching a crusade against the Mohammedans who had possessed themselves of Jerusalem, not waiting for thorough organization, set out at the head of a vast rabble of fanatics. A great pyramid of human bones, near the city of Nice, in Asia Minor, was the chief monument left to tell their disastrous story.

The real crusaders departed from Europe a year later. They represented considerable intelligence, strength, valor and discipline. No king joined them in person. The German emperor was not disposed to do it; Philip I. of France, like most of his successors, was busy with his pleasures; William Rufus of England was gathering the spoils of a recent conflict; the kings of Spain had their hands full of domestic strifes; the monarchs of Northern Europe had not felt the fire and passion of the South. But the expedition was headed by several eminent feudal princes. There was Godfrey of Bouillon, a lineal descendant of Charlemagne, familiar with war, bold, chivalric, high-toned, prudent, and moderate; with a piety deep and sincere even if it was sometimes half blind; who practiced a convert's virtues even in the soldier's camp. He was a man who kept the confidence of his jealous associates and even the esteem of his enemies. There was Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, sometimes frivolous and self-indulgent, but a man born to command and a hero in battle; and Raymond, Count of Toulouse, a veteran warrior, and who knew how to mould a mob into an army; and Bohemond, a Norman prince, cool, politic, whose passion only made his judgment more quick and sure, at once a shrewd diplomatist and a thorough master of strategy. These were captains worthy of the name, and they had subordinates whose alliance brought power.

The forces led by these princes numbered 600,000 foot, 100,000 well mounted troops, besides a great multitude of priests, monks, women, children and marauders. Many of these fell away before passing the limits of their own country; a great host left their bones bleaching all the way to Jerusalem. "Europe was loosened from its foundations and hurled against Asia." Only a handful came back to their homes. We can not here follow their painful story of hardships in famine and sieges, of losses in battle, till they captured the Holy City in 1099.

When Edessa fell into the hands of the Turks, in 1145, a second crusade was preached by the famous St. Bernard. But the great armies that were gathered and led by royal captains were broken, weakened, scattered, repelled; and disappeared at length like a wave spent on the sloping beach.

Then the great Saladin arose in the East, and at length gave Jerusalem back to its former masters; the great church of Omar was consecrated a mosque, and the crescent supplanted the cross.

The fall of Jerusalem gave rise to the third crusade. This, and the five crusades which followed it, at longer or shorter intervals, ended in disaster and defeat; and before the 13th century closed, this strange and significant movement in history had ended. In the meanwhile, and in the 13th century, occurred that strangely pathetic episode,—the children's crusade, in which 40,000 children, of both sexes, miserably perished,—some in slavery, others by famine or by violence, while many met even a more terrible fate.

What valuable ends did the Crusades secure? All such movements have a deep meaning and teach needed lessons. Through the motley and tangled web of human plans and policies there ever runs a divine purpose gleaming like a thread of gold, so that the wrath of man is made to syllable God's praise. And these crusades served human welfare. —More or less sensual souls were lifted and inspired by a great and sacred idea, and were ennobled by it.—The isolated peoples of Europe were brought into closer and more vital relations.—The eastern and western nations stood face to face; and, as is usually the case, acquaintance melted away prejudice, and Moslem and Christian came to think of each other less as monsters and reprobates. The two civilizations, the Greek and Saracenic, furnished the Europeans new ideas which they found worthy to be wrought into their own institutions. Especially did European commerce thus receive the strongest impulse that had yet come to it. The old Greek literature and art were laid open to the inspection of European observers, and became active and strong elements in the later culture. The policy, the power and the spirit of the papal court were also brought to public notice, so that it could afterward be judged and dealt with in an intelligent way. If Jerusalem still lay in shadow, Rome was unveiled. And so the fruitless struggle to sanctify the sacred sepulchre was a long step toward the great Reformation in the very lands whence the crusades sprang.

The crusading spirit is not a thing of one period or people. In its essential quality, though ever changing its forms, it runs through the ages and visits all lands. It appears in the 19th century as well as in the 12th, and it finds a theatre in the new world as well as in the old. The traveler of to-day, who visits Jerusalem at the time of the great church festivals, finds much to remind him of the old life we have been describing. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is still a shrine, and at the time of Easter, there are usually as many pilgrims in and about Jerusalem as citizens,— that is, 20,000. Beneath that one roof, and separated only by open colonnades or slight railings, the Greek, the Latin, the Armenian and the Coptic churches have their chapels and holy places and shrines; and every land where any form of the Christian faith has a foothold, sends up its quota of pilgrims, whose great life-longing has been to visit this holy place once before death, perform their vow, atone for their sins, get a quickening for the sluggish soul, and vivify the hope of heaven. It is a strange, suggestive, and often a touching sight to see them come in, even singly and alone; but far more so to stand by the way-side and let the strange procession file by. Some move on with bowed heads, and faces worn into furrows by the long-lived griefs they now hope to cure; others proceed with a calm and thoughtful silence, as if awed by the sanctities to which they are drawing near; there is a young and gleeful girl gazing with eager eye as though she saw the gates which opened into a long holiday for body and spirit; and here is a pilgrim full of the spasmodic energy and restless fire which proclaim the enthusiast, whose experience is a series of volcanic eruptions, and whose life is ready to be married to any wild undertaking, whether it calls for devoutness or despotism. They are all crowding to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, into which they long to look as a means of scattering the shadows from their own inevitable graves. What thoughts they awaken by their aspect, and what sermons they preach through their silence! And,—though one is sorry to tell it,—I was present at the church on the Sunday morning when the Latin Christians were celebrating Easter, while the Greeks, only a few feet away, keeping a different chronology, were going through the services of Palm Sunday; and it did seem as though the fervor and sonorousness of both parties were greatly increased by the mutual hatreds felt and the determination of each to drown out the chantings and prayers of the other. The faces certainly had more scowls than sanctity. And it is not a very unfrequent thing that the rival

Christian sects come to disputes and violent blows in the church itself, especially in connection with the drama of the crucifixion, so that the Mohammedan guard must needs keep the combatants apart with their swords, to prevent bloodshed and possible murder. One finds thus that the old spirit underlying the crusades yet lives; and recalls the story of the little girl, who, disturbed in her evening prayer by her mischievous brother tickling her neck with a feather, suddenly improvised the petition: "O Lord, excuse me just a minute, while I kick Fred."

Crusades in this century have special features. We plan and execute in haste. We force ideas to maturity. Among peoples that harness steam to their carriages and use the lightning to talk with; in an age when Prussia throttles Austria in six weeks, and crushes the military power of France in half a year, crusades are sure to be intense and are likely to be brief. Neither America nor Europe would work two hundred years over the problem of gaining or keeping a small city, even if it held a gold mine instead of a grave.

But our crusades are real things. They too have various elements,— the sublime, and ludicrous, and pathetic. They are natural products of human nature and life. They are often agencies in the hand of Providence to do real and needful work. Men need at times to act in masses, inspired by a common thought and purpose. You say, perhaps, that silent forces which come like morning through the gates of the East to unveil creation, or like summer from the South to change barrenness into beauty, and that single characters and lives that carry with them the atmosphere of heaven, do the best work of the world. Yes, very likely. But the tempest and the inundation have their part to play when miasma and drouth are suffered, as well as the cooling breeze and the summer dew. If God's word is chiefly heard in the still, small voice, the earthquake and the fire are often needed to awe us into silence and get us ready to listen. You can undermine or honeycomb or wear out by patience some evils; you can dissolve others in charity as the gulf stream melts down the icebergs it can not keep back in the arctic seas. But there are others that must be stormed by an army of heroes, or beaten into pieces as Niagara shatters the ice-fields from the lake into minute crystals or sheets of foam.

It would be pleasant and profitable to follow the course of the crusade of science against superstition; of labor against capital and monopolies; of the public school against popular ignorance; of philanthropy against the brutalities of penal laws and prison discipline; of conscience and the humane instinct against the liquor traffic; of enlightened statesmanship against the barbarism of war; of Christian faith against the idolatrous heathenism of every land. These are great undertakings; there are strong reasons behind them; they are animated by high purposes; they have their excesses as well as their considerate movements; and each can present a list of leaders that embody the sublime strength or the pitiable weaknesses which set forth human nature, and which sometimes antagonize in the single soul.

Science is not something to be sneered at or to be dreaded. Its work is vast, varied, wonderful, beneficent. It is weighing the planets, analyzing the sun, making each dumb and stony-lipped mountain eloquent and impressive; it is filling the water-drop with teeming life and showing us the germ of a world in an atom; it is resolving our coal-fields into sunbeams and showing the oneness of heat and motion; it is giving the winds a captain and making the lightning man's docile servant; it is bridging the ages with solid facts, and bringing what seemed the most wayward and wandering phenomena within the embrace of law; it is illustrating the majesty of man and interpreting the infinity of God. It is not for Christian men to denounce it as the soul's greatest peril. Rather, it should be heard with candor by the church and welcomed as an ally by the pulpit. If it fairly disproves a cherished opinion, let the opinion go. What do any of us want of a falsehood, but to hasten with it to burial? If it shows that truth really requires us to modify our creed,— no matter whether that creed was built up by our own hands or inherited from the earlier centuries,— we may well thank it for having taught us. It may reach and open sepulchres where great truths lie buried, roll away the stone, and set them free to walk the earth as ministers of light and givers of blessing.

And yet, do not scientific crusaders at times go beyond their province? Coming into the domain of Christian faith and experience, and applying physical tests to spiritual nature and life, are they not guilty of impertinence? They can dissect a muscle; but, with all their crucibles and re-agents, can they analyze a purpose? Because they can follow a cell all the way up to a complex organism, must we admit that their microscopes enable them to trace an infant's soul up to its outcome in a Christian character? A convolution of the brain is an undoubted fact; but an affection of the heart, reaching out to a mother or springing up to the Great Parent in heaven, is another fact, not less solid and far more vital, though it lies beyond the materialist's realm. Because he finds infinite force working by law, we can not justify him in calling us to attend the funeral of the great, personal God. Because he has deciphered some striking inscriptions on the rocks, we can not quietly allow him to take away the old family Bible. When a man has long wrestled with his passion and his accusing conscience, and been always mastered, and then, seeking higher aid than human, has heard a voice like that over storm-tossed Gennesaret, saying, "Peace, be still," and so found calmness and liberty; when a baffled and weary toiler, whose hands begin to droop and whose heart is ready to despair, catches that sentence ringing across the ages like the music of silver bells,—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and feels the load daily lightening, and the heart, eased of its fear and fever, settling into healthy repose; when a large-souled woman, going back from the grave-yard to what was her home, widowed and childless, and straining her eyes to look through the darkness and tears, reads the simple sentence, — "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and so learns to take up her life-work again with a smile, and carry it patiently to the end for which she is now quite content to wait; when a sunny-spirited girl, to whom life is like a rythmic poem or the breaking out of a rose-bud into flower, stands face to face with death, and feels her soul going out alone into the Hereafter which no mortal has fathomed, and yet turns earthward an instant with lit eye and rapt face to whisper, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," — "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory," and so passes silently and sublimely on; — when such experiences of soul-life appear, as they often do, is it for men to come in the name of materialistic science and tell us that these are only feverish fancies that evaporate in the chemist's crucible, or beautiful myths born of a disordered brain? No, a thousand times, No! We will hear the experimentist who keeps to his province, but we may well turn away from the philosopher who begins by sending the Lord into exile and striking down the deepest instincts and divinest experiences of the soul. Such crusaders must change their programme and reconstruct their policy or they will never come back with victory blazing on their banners, nor receive any popular following. It is natural to wish for an active part in some crusade that aims to overthrow a huge wrong and publicly enthrone a great truth. We read of them in history, or think of them in society, and long to share in the quickening and the glory that appear to be theirs. Ambitious and generous souls alike share this craving. It may be wholesome and a virtue; or it may lack wisdom and carry no promise. But a noble, glad and fruitful life does not depend on marching with a great host that moves with the tread and banners of an army. There are real crusaders, who wear no outward badge and walk with no multitude. Whoever keeps the right heart and the high purpose is really marshaled and counted in the great host at whose head God's Providence marches.

What is wanted to make up a real crusade? Several things: a keen inner eye, and a sensitive heart, to see and feel the organized lie that is to be supplanted by the apprehended truth; an enlistment of consenting minds and dedicated energies; the spirit that takes needed trial and hardship as Christ took his cross; leaders with brain and character; a vital faith in the idea to be enthroned, and in the divine might which assures success. Leave out any one of these elements, and the movement may prove a failure, an abortion, a farce, a thing for the centuries to laugh at. Let all these things be present in any great movement, and in time it will silence ridicule, defy criticism, belie hostile prophecy, master opposition, and become the royal force of its period. Let even common men join in such a movement, and they will be lifted and kindled. Men get from it more than they give. While our late struggle for union and liberty was prostituted here and there to the basest ends, and not a few pure souls were tainted to the core by it, there were those who went out pieces of human drift-wood and came back clear-eyed patriots and resolute actors. Thus wedded to what is ennobling, visions come to men that make their eyes gleam like a prophet's; they read their triumphs in disasters as from the page of an illuminated book; and they are not likely to return with trailing banners, or scars in the back, or a tale of defeat. That is a truth recognized by the ages. "Hitch your wagon to a star, and you can not miss the road over which heroes go to their thrones," cries the transcendental Emerson. It is but the forcible echo of what was said again and again through the lips of Hebrew prophets long centuries before. Lowell has turned the real Crusader's soul inside out for us in a single stanza:

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One great struggle in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the
Word;
Right forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

We have had our crusades and crusaders here so lately that they are fresh things. Some of them are at hand even now. There is the crusade against the injustice embodied in our system of slavery. It had all the strong and better elements, and some of the weaker and worse. It is a familiar story, but full of meaning. The great actors were many, with familiar names, — quite too many for the roll-call here. How they crowd upon the thought! Phillips, with lion heart and golden lips; Channing, with piercing conscience and saintly soul; Lovejoy, putting the crown of martyrdom on his quiet bravery; Giddings, that human warhorse, always roused by the scent of far-off-battle; Mrs. Child, mastering with her woman's sympathy what had grown defiant before masculine logic; Sumner, first painting American barbarism, and then so smitten down by it as to prove the accuracy of his picture; Hale, fashioning thunderbolts with his strong logic and scattering hatreds with his genial humor. We can not pass by him who preached the Anti-Slavery crusade in New England not less impressively than Peter preached in Europe. How the words come back to us now, written in the Boston printing office while he was yet a young man, in response to a public caution against severity and a warning against the results of rashness: "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I will not extenuate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." That early word of Garrison's was the key-note of the struggle whose end he lived to see, though not till our ideas had been put into Parrott guns and minie rifles with gunpowder behind them, and drawn out into sword-points with strong arms to make them penetrate. Then the Bastile fell before the crusaders, and the despotism found a grave over which breaks no promise of a resurrection.

The old world, too, bears its part in this crusade against the oppression of the people, and has found noble leaders; Cobden, the patient and wise reformer; Bright, the incarnate thunder-tone in which millions of working men's voices condense themselves; Kossuth, through whose lips Hungary sent her piteous and majestic cry to the continents; Mazzini, that embodied dream of a regenerated Italy; Castelar, the statesman-orator, struggling to bring republican order out of the chaos which Bourbonism left as its chief legacy to Spain. It is a grand crusade, whose hosts stretch through centuries, whose leaders exalt humanity, and whose end means justice supreme in all lands.

In the great crusade that aims to pull down the Wrong and build up the Right, every true-hearted worker has a part. The sphere may be humble, the lot lowly, the tasks of the commonest sort, the days may go by quietly, the life-story may be unknown to the great world. The years may be spent in following the plow, in handling the saw and plane, before the mast on the ship's deck, in hammering iron into fresh shapes and uses, in work behind the counter, in bending over the sewing machine, in the routine of domestic cares, in keeping the spindle busy and the loom productive, in opening the mysteries of the spelling-book to little children, in allaying the fever and soothing the pain of the sick room, in carrying the load of bodily weakness with a brave soul and a patient sweetness; — life may be thus devoted, and yet if the true spirit is kept active, the very humblest of such workers is made by Providence a vital part of that crusading force before which the oldest tyrannies and the most audacious evils must surely give way.

Not to gain and watch around the tomb of a dead Messiah in some distant land does this host organize and march and struggle; but to diffuse everywhere the quickening spirit of Him who was dead but is alive forevermore, whose sure victories are healing instead of hurting, and whose final conquest blossoms out in the concord of nations. Thus carrying on our better crusade with the hero's heart and the believer's aspiration, this picture of Longfellow's shall be no morbid dream, but a blessed waking vision daily changing into fact:

> Down the deep future, through long generations,
> The sounds of strife grow fainter and then cease;
> And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
> I hear once more the voice of Christ say,—"Peace!"

VII.

ANGLO-SAXON: THE OLD AND THE NEW.*

We find the older forms of the Anglo-Saxon element in history and language, and its chief home in England. We find the newer phases in actual and prospective life, and its later sphere especially American. We study both history and language more and in better ways than formerly. We have fresher text-books, and more quickening teachers. Grote and Gibbon, Macaulay and Motley, Buckle and Froude, Bunsen and Guizot, have made history quite another thing. We are not now treated to dry details, to prolix and tedious narrations, to stiff pictures of the court and cloister, the conspiracies and campaigns, the bullying and the battles. Now, to read a page of the historian is often like opening a gallery of splendid portraits, where we look into the very faces of the leading actors of bygone times and buried nations. The departed years seem to come back at our bidding, and the dead live anew, — to turn a new leaf is like unrolling a vast panorama, where whole generations sweep by in an eager procession, impelled more by the hand of Providence than by the force of the will. The various nations clasp hands. The whole race is seen to be a unit. The products of life at one period appear as the outcome of seed scattered centuries before. The most remote lands are bound to each other by a thousand ties. The latest civilization is seen thrusting its roots into the grave of the earliest. History, read in this way, becomes at once teacher, inspirer and prophet; man rises in dignity; society is a wondrous growth, and God's Providence takes on new majesty.

---

*Purely historical matter and also extensive poetical illustrations,—in certain ways necessary to the popular lecture,—are omitted here.

Since Schlegel and Grimm, Turner and Latham, Max Müller, Craik, Marsh and Whitney have put us upon the study of Comparative Philology, we find a meaning in language such as the old dictionary and grammar never suggested. It is no longer a mere mechanical instrument, or a set of accepted symbols, but an organism, a growth, a living thing.

The people that used it poured into it their life-blood and gave it a soul. It registers the changes through which their life has passed. It still carries all their beautiful fancies as though they were fresh blossoms. It swells with their great hopes. It keeps the soldier's battle-cry and enshrines his valor. The mother's lullabies run through it like a thread of melody. It catches up the laughter of little children, who made music in the household, and sends it ringing down the centuries.

Wherever a new tide of life has come into a land, the language marks the precise point which it reaches, as the Nilometer at Cairo marks the rise of the great river that holds the great desert at bay and makes Egypt a garden. Reading the literature and analyzing the speech of an extinct people, we possess more than half their secrets; we know even their rarer experiences; and we read their character as the geologist reads off the condition of the earth in a remote period by looking over the fossils in a museum.

Borne over from its Teutonic home in lower Germany, the Saxon element roots itself in the English soil, crowding out or taking up the Celtic elements which still tarry, and working them into its own organism. The sunshine of the Christian faith falls upon it, making it less rough and more flexible. It takes the deposit which the Danish invasion brings, and, although warped and hindered, it grows still. It bends and shivers when the Norman avalanche comes thundering down upon coast and midland, but it is not uprooted, and it will not die; — nay, it shows fresh vigor and bears ampler fruit. It starts out for a broader sphere in the new world, and finds it. Clasping its roots about Plymouth Rock, it pushes its branches on across the continent, and stops for no rest till, descending the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, it is checked by the waves of the Pacific. Certainly, in all this it shows its toughness, its tenacity, its power of assimilation, and so proves the strength of its life, and prophesies its victorious future.

Turning now to the English Language, we shall find that the Anglo-Saxon element is not less powerful and important than it has been in English history.

As the Anglo-Saxons were a branch of the Old

Teutonic family, so their language, when they made themselves masters of England, was a branch of the Old Teutonic tongue.

Less than forty words can now be found in our tongue that were used by the early Britons. The Danish invasion added a small stock of words, but they were neither numerous nor important enough to produce any marked effect. The missionaries brought in the Latin tongue, for this was the language of scholars throughout Europe, and held nearly all the ecclesiastical learning of the time. But as few of the Saxons were scholars, it was not much used among the people, but remained in the cloister or circulated in the narrow circles of the learned few.

But the Norman conquest brought a change in speech as well as in general life. The language used by these Normans at this time was what is known as Norman-French, differing from other French only by having more or less Scandinavian words mixed with it, which they had brought from their home in the North. This Norman, or Norman-French, came originally from the Latin.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, some centuries before, the old Latin language, which had been spoken in Italy, became broken into fragments, and gave rise to the family of languages known as the Romance, of which the modern Italian, the Spanish, the Portuguese and the French are the chief members. It was the French, coming from the shattered Latin, and lacking the finish of the

French of to-day, which these conquering Normans brought into England. They meant to root out the Saxon tongue and put their own in its place. But these plucky and defiant Saxons utterly refused to give up their native speech and use that of their hated conquerors. And so the two languages fought for life and supremacy. The Normans were the rulers, and they tried the virtue of law and coercion. Only the Norman tongue was used at court, in camp, in parliament, in the baron's hall or the lady's boudoir. In this language the laws were written, and all judicial proceedings conducted. No civil contract was binding, no man could sue or be sued, no right could be enforced, no wrong redressed, no favor won, except in the language of the governing race. The first step for every Saxon serf who wished to rise to anything like equality with his Norman neighbor, was to forget his mother tongue and train his lips to the speech of his foreign masters.

The Normans inhabited the towns, managed the markets, held most of the money, and kept the mastery of trade. The Saxons dwelt in the country, tilled the soil, furnished the supplies and talked in the old speech. So that, while this state of things lasted, there were three distinct languages in use. The Latin was used in the schools, and among the scholars in the church; the Norman at the court, the bar and the market; the Saxon over the wide domain of rural life. And yet these different classes mingled with some freedom.

When at length it became obvious that the Normans would stay and that the Saxons would not be vassals, these two diverse tongues became welded into one language, just as the two peoples became welded into one nation; but the tongues were never fused any more than the peoples, for it is very easy to trace the lines that separate them even now. And, as the Saxons were far more numerous and wide-spread than the Normans, and as their language had enjoyed a foothold for some centuries, the Saxon became the basis and body of the English language which resulted from the union, and through all changes it remains such to this day.

The Anglo-Saxon element of our language is that which belongs to domestic life. It is the native speech of love, and trust, and hope. The strongest passion speaks in this dialect. The hero's watchwords are Saxon, and so are the terms in which we naturally tell of his bravest and noblest deeds. The cry of a struggling soul to Heaven is wont to go up in this style of speech; for it echoes the publican's plea, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and the highest word of faith, whether it be watching through the long, starless night, or meeting the last earthly foe, is spoken in the old Saxon tongue, for we hear it sounding still, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" "O Death, where is thy sting?"

Anglo-Saxon speech is simple, clear, strong, direct; sometimes blunt, pungent, audacious, it may be, but often wondrously rich, sweet and tender. To hear it brings up the image of one who means just what he says, who looks you straight in the eye, who wastes no time nor breath in his talk. Men who live by plotting, and speak with a double meaning, do not use it. Diplomacy, finesse and coquetry are chiefly carried on in Latin and Norman. It always reaches the brain and heart of the common people, for it is their own speech to the manor born; and he who would sway the masses of men by his words, will find here the hiding place of his power.

That part of our language which comes from the Latin, is the language of a class. It is the dialect of scholars, who give up a greater boon for a less. It seems unfortunate that educated men, who do so much to fix our habits of speech, should draw so largely on the Latin, and let go that which is both native and better. There is this apology for them. They are early put upon the study of Latin, just when the mental habits are forming and the whole mind is plastic. Many of them form the habit of using terms that came from the old classic tongue, and learn to love it, not wisely but too well, and so keep using it from choice. Or if, in later years, they see the special value of the old Anglo-Saxon, they find it hard to throw off fixed habits, and struggle for simplicity with only partial success for the rest of life.

We do not mean to condemn to hopeless exile the great mass of words that have come to us from foreign tongues. They have come through our seeking, have been naturalized, and rendered us large service. Let them stay as a matter of justice and profit. The English language is really larger in its capacity for the presence of these foreign elements. Every one of them brings its quota of wealth, and pours it into our speech until the English language of to-day is unequalled in resources and power. Though less simple and harder to master than it would otherwise have been, it has become a magnificent instrument of thought. Its vocabulary is wonderfully full. It well represents many tongues, living and dead. Its capacity and its invasions have made its wealth enormous. As another result of having many foreign words, it is especially rich in synonyms. As a single example, take the word *shine*, meaning to emit light, and observe what a list of words express the same general idea, though each has a shade of meaning peculiar to itself. We have beam, blaze, coruscate, dazzle, flame, flare, flash, glare, gleam, glitter, glisten, glister, glow, illume, illuminate, irradiate, schimmer, scintillate and sparkle. For large and varied power, our tongue may safely challenge comparison with all the tongues of history, since it has been thus enriched from these many sources.

Other languages do indeed excel it in single qualities. The Greek has more artistic finish; the Latin has more stateliness; the Italian more melody; the French more spirit and grace; the German more calm strength; but not one of them can call the roll of all those qualities that go to make a tongue the pliant and adequate instrument of royal minds, like the language in which Shakespeare painted humanity, and Bacon mapped out the realm of thought, and Milton sang of Paradise.

There is a class of minds and themes that seem to need the stately Latin element of the language in which to appear, and the dress adds to their majesty. We follow Hooker, when he points out the sphere and the work of law, as we follow the march of constellations across the sky, wondering and adoring all the while. To read Gibbon's Fall of the Roman Empire is like listening to the swell of the sea as it comes rolling in upon the beach, wave thundering upon wave, overleaping its barriers and mocking at man's pride and power. And when Chalmers is at the height of his enthusiasm, pouring out his magnificent periods in his discourses on Astronomy, one feels as if he were hearing the grander passages of an oratorio from the great Freiburg organ pulsing along the nave of the cathedral till the burden of solemn joy is almost too great to be borne. So much may be said in behalf of the foreign elements that have mingled with our native English speech.

The words that cling closest to the memory are of this kind. Milton freely borrows speech from the Latin, which he knew so well, when, in his majestic prose, he writes his defense of the English people and pleads for the liberty of the press; but when, as Macaulay puts it, he "soars with his singing robes about him," it is a Saxon melody that trembles in the upper air and fills the heart of the centuries with ecstacy. Dickens sometimes marshals his sentences after the old Roman style, when his theme is general or remote; but it is the raciest Saxon in which he gives us the unique and contagious wit of Sam Weller, and with which he melts us to tears around the grave of Little Nell. Tennyson draws on his classical learning at times, and then we listen to him as to the artistic passages in a symphony; but his poems of the heart, such as the May Queen and Enoch Arden, appear in the very dialect that he heard dropping from his mother's lips, when he was a child. It is the Saxon that holds Webster's massive ideas; it is the Saxon that carries the quaint and incisive thought of Lincoln, making us admire and quote his pithy sayings, while we venerate his martyred manliness. It is the Saxon that lights up the simple but splendid oratory and points the calm but terrible invective of Phillips. It is the Saxon that rings out like a smith's hammer on the anvil, or like the peals of the old independence bell, in Whittier's songs of labor and liberty.

We can only glance at the Anglo-Saxon element in life. Time has mingled this element with others. Saxon and Norman blood flow in the same veins. Saxon and Norman words unite in the same sentence and to express a common thought. But the lines which divide them are not all effaced. In England the ruling classes are largely Norman.

But the Saxon force gains in influence, wins its rights, and mounts to position. It is mostly Saxon brain that invents and Saxon muscle that builds. Trade and commerce are passing under Saxon control. And steadily the Saxon element is rising to the place of political authority. It is this that repeals Corn Laws; that widens the sphere of the ballot,— that sends men up to every Parliament to speak and act for the people,— that is steadily cutting the cords that bind church and state,— that is fashioning a true public school system,— that makes and unmakes Cabinets.

In that great recent struggle on the continent, before which the world stood dumb with surprise, we see a contest between almost precisely the same forces that wrestled 1400 years ago for the possession of England. In both cases it is the Teuton against the Celt. The period and the names have changed, but substantially the same races are fighting, and with very similar results. In the fifth century we call it the Saxon against the Briton, and the Briton goes down crushed in his own fields, forests and hamlets. In the nineteenth century we call it the German against the Frenchman; and the Frenchman staggers and yields under the shock of disciplined strength, surrenders his strongest fortress to escape the final fury of the storm; gives up his beleagured capital in despair, and sells his pride for peace.

In American life we trace with most ease the working of the Anglo-Saxon element. The old

Saxon was rapacious, grasping whatever he could lay his hands on,— sometimes paying a fair regard to honor, but quite as often acting on the maxim that might makes right. The modern Saxon in America is not wholly rid of this tendency. He has gone on widening his area and adding to his possessions, making his appetite grow by what it feeds upon. He has stretched out his domain till it is bounded on its sides by opposite seas.

The Saxon element in language we have seen to be rapacious, receptive, and having great power to assimilate foreign elements. It has taken words from all quarters, and wrought them into the mosaic of English speech. The modern Saxon in America repeats the operation in life. Our nation takes and uses all comers, however numerous or strange. Though the Saxon element keeps the royal place, yet the national character is already a striking specimen of conglomerate. It has taken up, without hesitation, English courage, Scotch tenacity, Irish humor, French vivacity, German thoroughness, and Italian fervor.

Thus does history repeat itself, and show us that it is not easy for a race to throw off from the surface what is really bred in the bone. There is still room for and need of the aggressive energy, the daring and the persistence of the Anglo-Saxon. The tasks set by Providence still call for brave souls, and Christ keeps the crown only for conquering heroes. True, we do not wish this power to work in just the old way. We want the calm and generous courage that is born of faith and fed by good will, rather than that which storms out in passion. That old vigor and fire are wanted to subdue nature, — to make forests fruitful fields, — to beat down public wrongs, — to dislodge false principles from the citadels of government, — to put an end to the trade that preys on the people's virtue, — to cement the warring nations into a political brotherhood, — and to plant the best and highest thoughts over all islands and continents, so that the tree of life may everywhere flourish, whose fruits thrive all through the year and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. That is the *new* Anglo-Saxon for which the world is waiting.

There is no glorious destiny for this Anglo-Saxon race which an unsound character and a heedless heart may not render impossible. One may be pardoned for his anxiety at times over the future of his country. Looking at certain phases of this Anglo-Saxon race at home, — at the audacity that seems forgetting modesty and reverence; at the greed of gain; at the mad race for distinctions which we are unwilling to earn; at the gambling in stocks; the gigantic schemes of swindling corporations which defy the courts or buy them; at the furious heat of political partisanship; at the worship of outward success even though it has been gained by breaking every precept of the Decalogue; at the casting off of restraint by children and the surrender of authority by parents; at the growing contempt of Paul's ethics and the rarity of that uplooking meekness upon whose head Christ showered his beatitudes; — looking upon all this, a Christian patriot may well find a chill at his heart as he recalls the truth:

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
> Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

But there is a more hopeful and wiser way of looking at the matter. Our life has better and more cheering phases. If the nobler forces are hidden at times, or lie latent, we may hope that they are really here, and that they will answer the clear call of duty and Providence as our doubted patriotism answered the guns at Sumter, or as our suspected generosity answered the cry that came out from the flame and smoke of a western conflagration. We may hope that the Anglo-Saxon has yet the best part of his history to make and write. What he has done, through the favor of God, we may take as an evidence of Divine care and sympathy, and as a pledge of still better things. The first patch of verdure which April brings to the meadow may be vexed by harsh winds, bleached by frosts, and buried by snows; yet we know that every springing spire of grass is a prophet, telling us that June is on the way, with her hands full of flowers, her lips dropping melody, and carrying all the glory of summer in her bosom. So we accept the things already done as a pledge of the better things that are yet to be.

We know that Divine Providence which watches and rules over the nations is just, but it is also patient and gracious. It has indeed smitten many an old, wayward empire and crumbled it into dust. But we may hope that this nation will copy the massiveness of Egypt without her self-deification, the art of Greece without her sensuality, the imperial majesty of Rome without her selfish haughtiness — the best things which the wide world has shown, without the vice that cankered its heart and turned its gold to dross. Doing this, she will not miss life nor honor.

Looking at this nation where the Anglo-Saxon finds his highest task and his grandest opportunity, we are visited by a striking vision, that we must believe has a basis of fact. It is this: On high sits that Divine Providence which keeps the calmness of infinite strength, and deals with men and nations in infinite pity, but sends every faithless and irrecoverable empire tumbling into disgrace and ruin, as a warning to the world. At once sentinel and judge, it is summoning the peoples of to-day before it, and asking of each the countersign and watchword that defines its position and tells its purpose. The nations hear and come. Some of them answer boldly and badly, and are treated as spies or traitors. Others answer doubtfully, and are held for trial. In her turn comes Anglo-Saxon America, and hears the challenge. Pausing a moment to rally her purpose and put down her passion, she answers in a clear, firm, ringing voice, "Brotherhood and Faith." It is enough. The stern face of the challenger takes on a smile, the lips part, and these words fall like the tones of a bell: "Pass on, America! Thou art God's prophet and man's helper. The warring and weary world waits for thee, and thy work shall bind the nations into concord as the sea clasps the continents. Pass on! The flush on the sky that greets thee proclaims the dawn of that better day:

When the war drums beat no longer,
  And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
  The federation of the world."

THE END.

THE LIBRARY
UNIV[illegible] OF CALIFORNIA
LO[illegible] ANGELES

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

LD-URL JAN 11 1965

RECEIVED
MAIN LOAN DESK
JAN 7 1965
P.M.
9|10|11|12|1|2|3|4|5|6

Form L9—15m-10,'48(B1039)444

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 832 879 1